



Scrap Book

1940

1941

CLIPPING BOOK

of the

California History
and

Landmark Section

Arcadia Woman's Club

Mrs. C.E. Hoover

Chairman

Emilie M. Timerhoff
Founder

Helen M. Lumpkin
Clipping Book



California History - Landmarks Section
 of the
 Arcadia Woman's Club
 at the
 Ricardo Vejar Adobe, Spadra, Calif

Mabel Hoover, Chairman
 Emilie Timerhogg, Founder
 Ethel Frontress, Sec. & Treas.
 Helen Lumpkin, Clipping Book

Leilah Beynon
 Lillian Babcock
 Maxine Balling
 Leola Brown
 Harriet Barngrover
 Betty Craig
 Janet Crane
 Marcia Crellin
 Irene Culver
 Ellen Cridlebaugh
 Ruth Evans
 Caroline Ganther
 Marian Hobbs
 Ruth Harpole

Bess Hootland
 Zephra MacFarlane
 Florence Muller
 Ina Millspaugh
 Fanny Needham
 Ella Owen
 Margaret Perry
 Bertha Nichols
 Lillian Ross
 Susan Riess
 Juliet Renshaw
 Eva Reynolds
 Ethel Rubottom
 Irene Stoker
 Catherine Thomas



California History + Landmarks Section

PROGRAM
California History and Landmarks Section
ARCADIA WOMAN'S CLUB
1940-41

★

THEME
"Just California Stretching Down the Middle of
the World"
—MCGROARTY

★

ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA

Printed
by
John A. Renshaw Jr.

PUBLICITY

MABEL HOOVER ELECTED NEW CHAIRMAN OF HISTORY GROUP

Mrs. Mabel Hoover will hold California History and Landmarks section of Arcadia Woman's club this coming year.

She will be assisted by Mrs. Ethel Rubottom and Mrs. Bertha Nichols, vice-chairman; Mrs. Fanny Needham, secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Helen Lumpkin, music and clipping book chairman.

Mrs. Hoover succeeds Mrs. Emily Mann Timerhoff who organized the group and held the chairmanship for six years.

The meeting took place at "Sylvania" the Timerhoff home and concluded the season's work.

Mrs. Hoover, acting for the section, presented the retiring chairman with a handsome purse as a symbol of their affection.

In the oak arbor, where the guests assembled after a potluck supper, Mrs. Lumpkin led a salute to the flag, and John Vanderbur talked on the flag, its history and significance.

Taking part in the meeting were Messrs. and Mesdames Mark Mills-pugh, John Renshaw, Frank Hoagland, Charles V. Crellin, J. S. Craig, B. E. Rubottom, E. E. Balling, J. W. Owen, E. L. Perry, C. F. Ganther, J. S. Stoker, G. H. Thomas, Timer-

hoff, Vanderbur, Hoover, Needham, E. G. Frentress, H. E. Riess, J. C. Criddlebaugh, Miss Laura Criddlebaugh, and young Bob Hoover.

June 1940

Local History Section Praised

"The history section of Arcadia Woman's club is far ahead of any similar group in the district."

This flattering compliment was paid the local section by Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, District chairman, when Mrs. E. E. Timerhoff, founder and past chairman, presented Mrs. C. E. Hoover, the new leader, and Mrs. Marion Hobbs, section secretary, at the District History Conference, Monday in District headquarters.

Another honor paid the group was the appointment of Mrs. Hoover to the District Speakers' committee, which means she will speak at clubs throughout Southern California this coming year.

HISTORY SECTION PLANS PROGRAM

Taking "first things first," Mrs. Mabel Hoover, chairman, of California History and Landmarks Section of the Woman's Club, will hold her opening session next Thursday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock in the gardens of the home of Mrs. De Forest Stoll, 1315 Ramona Road. Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, district chairman, will be guest speaker.

John Steven McGroarty's history "California, the Hidden Paradise" will be studied this season. Mrs. John Renshaw, Spanish word drill leader, will review the preface.

Members are requested by Mrs. E. E. Timerhoff, clipping book chairman, to bring clippings of "current interest with historical significance" for the scrapbook she is compiling.

A musical program of Spanish music will be presented by four members of the Norris Family of Sierra Madre. Tea will be served. Mesdames George Barngrover, C. F. Ganther, and Timerhoff will assist as hostesses.

HISTORY SECTION

Mrs. De Forest Stoll will open her home for the first meeting of California History and Landmarks Section of Arcadia Woman's Club on October 24, Mrs. C. E. Hoover, section chairman, announced this week. Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, District Federation History Chairman, will be the guest speaker.

The E. E. Timerhoffs spent the weekend with relatives at San Jacinto, celebrating a birthday and visiting historical spots about the locality, where a museum of history is being established by the citizens. A home of General Pico, and one of Antonio Estudillo, an old Indian burial ground, and other spots, make the community of great historical interest.

Arcadia Tribune
and
Arcadia Bulletin

HISTORY AND LANDMARKS GROUP HOLDS SEASON'S FIRST MEETING

Current events of historical significance were revealed by roll call at the opening session of the California History and Landmarks division of the Arcadia Woman's club, held recently in the beautiful garden of Mrs. Dorothy Stoll, at her home 1315 Ramona road.

Mrs. C. E. Hoover, chairman, Mrs. Edith Hathaway of Monrovia, guest speaker on "California Dates," Mrs. John Renshaw in a drill of Spanish names and a review of J. S. McGroarty's preface to his "History of California," and Mrs. Frank Fox, who recounted a vacation story of Calico, of silver mining fame.

The program included musical selections by Alice Jane Quayle, cellist, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Wayne Quayle.

Yearbooks containing the scheduled study for the year, the work of Mrs. C. E. Hoover and Mrs. Jack Renshaw, were acclaimed by the group.

Mrs. George Barngrover, assisted by Mrs. C. Ganther and Mrs. E. M. Timerhoff, served seasonal refreshments of cider and gingerbread.

Mesdames Harvey Moss, Frank Fox, and Clyde Downing were guests of the section. Miss Ruth Evans and Mrs. F. A. Robinson were new members.

History Group Meets Today

Today at 1:30 P. M., in the lovely Santa Anita Oaks home of Mrs. De Forest Stoll, the first Fall meeting of the History and Landmarks Section of the Woman's Club will be held.

Edith Hathaway, District Federation chairman, and Juliette Renshaw will give a talk on California.

Mrs. Stoll will be honorary hostess with Mesdames Emille Timerhoff, Harriet Barngrover and Caroline Ganther assisting. Mrs. Mabel Hoover is chairman.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE ATTENDED

Arcadia representatives at Federation Headquarters last Friday were Mrs. Charles Hoover and Mrs. E. E. Timerhoff, who attended the District Conference of the California History and Landmarks Section of the Women's Clubs. Presiding at the meeting of nearly 200 chairmen of the district was Mrs. S. A. Hathaway of Monrovia.

Mrs. Hoover, Chairman of the Arcadia Section, has been appointed by Mrs. Hathaway as a hostess at the monthly meetings. Further honor has been done the Arcadia Section by the District's adoption of the "Spanish Name Drill" which was instituted here some time ago by Mrs. Timerhoff so that members might familiarize themselves with the derivation and pronunciation of Spanish names.

October 1940

BOOKS TO BE REVIEWED AT SECTION

By EMILY M. TIMERHOFF

A cheery fire in the grate, floral decorations, and Mrs. C. Hoover, chairman, will combine to welcome members and guests of the California History and Landmarks section, in the lounge of the Women's clubhouse on November 28, at 1:30 p. m.

Specially interesting will be the review of W. W. Robinson's "Ranchos Become Cities" by Mrs. Edith Roberts, justly famed along this line. An informing paper will be read by Mrs. Ercele Robertson—a new club member—highlighting the second chapter of John S. McGroarty's "When California Began," which is this winter's focusing point of study for the section.

Roll call by the secretary, Mrs. Marion Hobbs, will be answered by the members, with history-colored current events, and the Spanish Name Drill, Mrs. John Renshaw chairman, will add to the interest.

Tea, in memory of the old pioneer hospitality, and sociability after the program, promise fitting finale to the session. This will be in the capable hands of Mrs. Irene Culver, Mrs. Florence Muller and Mrs. Catherine Thomas assisting.

California History Section Woman's Club Meets

Twenty-four members and several guests enjoyed the month's session of California History section on the 28th in the Woman's clubhouse. During brief business the group was presented with an Ironwood gavel by Mrs. E. Timerhoff, speaking for Mrs. C. Crellin, whose gift it was. Mrs. Chas. Hoover, presiding chairman, graciously received it. Mrs. Eugene Harpole, secretary pro tem, called the roll, eliciting many historical dates and comments. The second chapter of J. S. McGroarty's "California" in review was Mrs. Ercele Robertson's contribution: early explorations; Cabrillo's activities and death; first Catholic service on the Coast, 1602, under Vizcaino; first settlements, Channel Indians, etc.

Mrs. Edith Roberts added luster and interest; a native Californian herself, her knowledge of various locations and their characteristics provided wealth of information, prelude to "Love

Tales of Old California" by Dakin, with word pictures of Hugo Reid and his beautiful wife, Victoria, whose abode "summer residence" by Santa Anita's lake was built in 1839; their home being in San Gabriel. Mrs. Roberts carried her audience through romance, business accomplishments and increasing indebtedness of "canny Scotsman" Reid, ending in his death, leaving the Indian wife to be robbed by his executor.

Books suggested for reading were Prof. John Caughey's "Romance of a Great State," "Bonanza Inn" by Lewis and Clark; "Here's Death Valley"

by C. D. Glascock; and "Scots Paisano" by Susanna Bryant Dakin, and about Reid. An educated man, Reid's papers are in the Huntington Library.

Mesdames Nina Blethen and Lucile Sabin, guest artists, favored at the piano with "Two Christmas Melodies" by Garland, and "Russian Melody" by Gopak. The social hour featured Tea with Mesdames Irene Culver, F. Muller and C. Thomas. Mrs. Hoover sold ten tickets to the Christmas event in Olvera Street on December 9th. This will take place of the month's session.

November 1940

MRS. C. M. ROBERTS TALKS AT MEETING

So pleased were the members of the California History section of the Woman's Club with the pleasant session in the clubhouse lounge on November 28, that it was voted to continue the meetings there for the future.

Following the Pledge to the Flag, Mrs. Charles Hoover, presiding chairman, was presented with an Ironwood gavel by Mrs. E. Timerhoff, a gift to the section from Mrs. Charles Crellin.

Mrs. Eugene Harpole, secretary pro tem called the roll with individual answers given and the Spanish name drill was conducted by Mrs. John Renshaw.

Mrs. C. M. Roberts, a "native

born," and who is well acquainted with the State's color and charm told of characteristics of various locations and the story by Mrs. Fremont Older, "Love Tales of Old California," with fine effect.

Advice as to good reading by Mrs. Roberts included "California-Romance of a Great State," by Professor John Caughey, "Bonanza Inn" by Lewis and Hall; "Here's Death Valley" by C. D. Glascock, and "A Scots Paisano" by Susanna Bryant Dakin.

Guest artists were Mrs. Milo R. Sabin and Mrs. Fred Blethen who played piano duets as a finale. With a social hour of tea Mmes. Culver, Muller and Thomas rounded out a good afternoon for the 24 members and guests.

Arcadia Tribune
and
Arcadia Bulletin

WOMEN ENJOY MEXICAN CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

Club women who were fortunate enough to attain reservations for the tenth annual Mexican Christmas luncheon and celebration arranged by the district California History and Landmarks section at La Golondrina Mexican Cafe in Olvera street, Monday, had a jolly and unique experience.

Mrs. Mabel Hoover, chairman of the local section and a member of the district committee under Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, district chairman, arranged the part that the Arcadia group took in the celebration and was seated at the speakers' table, with the district president, Mrs. Oscar Elvrum, and Franciscan Father Thompson of Santa Barbara, who administered the blessing in the early Mexican manner and later explained the old custom.

Senora Bonza, proprietor of La Golondrina, arranged the Mexican program and was the incentive for the gay fiesta spirit permeating the entire affair, from her Mexican welcome, to her participation in the cardones throwing at the heads of her foreign guests and the breaking of the pinatas in their midst.

To accommodate the club women of the district who wish to have the opportunity of participating, two more celebrations will follow.

Attending from Arcadia were Mmes. Charles Hoover, Ross H. Babcock, and her guest, Mrs. Harlow Girard, Arthur Brandes, Florence Muller, J. C. Criddlebaugh, Eugene Perry, Charles Lumpkin, Irene Culver and Mary Pulver.

History And Landmarks Section Meets At Olvera Street

A true picture of Xmas in old Mexico was given members of the Woman's club who attended the December meeting of California History and Landmarks section held last week in La-Golondrina cafe, Olvera Street.

Santa left a unique experience in the Xmas stocking of women fortunate enough to attend the 10th annual Mexican yuletide luncheon and celebration which took place in this historical and traditional spot. About 50 club women of the section throughout the district were present.

Colorful costumes and Mexican music added interest to the affair, dominated by Senora Bonza, proprietor of the well known cafe, who graciously welcomed her guests.

Mrs. Mabel Hoover, chairman of the local section, was seated at the speakers table with district president, Mrs. Oscar Elvrum and Franciscan Father Thompson of Santa Barbara who administered the blessing in early Mexican manner, later explaining the old custom.

Arcadians attending were: Mesdames Hoover Ross H. Babcock, Harlow Girard, Arthur Brandes, Florence Muller, J. C. Criddlebaugh, Eugene Perry, and Charles Lumpkin.

C. H. & L. SECTION MEETING JAN. 29

Mrs. Mabel Hoover, chairman of California History and Landmarks section, Woman's club, reminds members that the meeting date has been changed to Jan. 29 with the convening hour 1:30 p. m. in the clubhouse lounge.

STIMULATING TALKS TO BE GIVEN

By E. M. TIMERHOFF

With Mrs. Chas. Hoover presiding, members of the Women's Club of Arcadia, interested in the study of California History and Landmarks, and grateful for the advantages gained by citizenship in the state; also grateful to Mrs. Jessie Stewart, then presiding officer, for adding this section to the club in 1934, are meeting in the clubhouse lounge, January 29, 1:30 p. m., for continuance of John S. McGroarty's History in Review by Mrs. Alan Babcock, and a talk on "Mission Miniatures" by the section founder, Mrs. E. Timerhoff.

Mesdames Chas. Lumpkin, J. Renshaw, and B. Rubottom will assist. Mrs. E. Frenress will have charge of roll call, Mrs. Mark Millsbaugh of Spanish word drill. Hostesses for the tea which follows are Mesdames H. Riess, M. Rubottom, and J. Criddlebaugh.

In its seventh year, the section is progressing well under able chairmanship of Mrs. Hoover, who is also member of the District C. F. W. C. committee, with many duties and contacts in Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Officers of the section are vice chairmen Mrs. Bertha Nichols and Ethel Rubottom and treasurer Mrs. Ethel Frenress.

HISTORY AND LANDMARKS

The California History and Landmarks section meeting will be held January 29 of this month, but hereafter will be held every fourth Wednesday.

At this meeting Mrs. Emilie Timerhoff will give her splendid talk on "Mission Miniatures," which tells how each California Mission received its name. This was the speech she gave when speaker on the Federation District committee.

MRS. C. E. HOOVER ATTENDS MEETING

Mrs. Charles Hoover attended the regular monthly meeting of the District California History and Landmarks section at the Club headquarters in Los Angeles, Monday. Senora Isabella Fages was in charge of the program pertaining to early California and Mrs. Anna Bauman chairman of the Indian Welfare day program. Olive Ellis, dean of girls at the Sherman Institute was the speaker.

Tomorrow Mrs. Hoover will attend a reception at the Hollywood high school when the California History and Landmarks Club of Los Angeles will be hostesses to the district.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lumpkin, Betty and Bob and Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Lumpkin spent New Year's Day on an interesting automobile trip. Travelling back country to Warner's Hot Springs they visited old Butterfield stage station. This building was built in the 1850's and later was turned into a tavern. They also visited Pala, an Indian village where old customs still prevail.

December
1940

January 1941

Glascock; and "Scots" by Susanna Bryant about Reid. An education library. Nina Blethen and guest artists, favoring piano with "Two Melodies" by Gar- "Russian Melody" The social hour with Mesdames F. Muller and C. Hoover sold ten Christmas event tickets on December 1 take place of the on.

940

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California History And Land Marks Division Meets

Interesting current events of historical significance were revealed by roll call at the opening session of California History in the lovely garden of Mrs. Dorothy Stoll, honorary hostess, in her home 1315 Ramona Road, for the membership and three visitors.

Mrs. C. E. Hoover, chairman, whose worth previously demonstrated in program and motion picture chairmanships for the Woman's Club of Arcadia, presented the District chairman, Mrs. Edith Hathaway of Monrovia, guest speaker on California Dates, Mrs. John Renshaw in review of J. S. McGroarty's preface to his History of California, and the drill of Spanish names, Mrs. Frank Fox with vacation story of Calico, silver mining town of old days.

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Bulletin
Oct 31 '40

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1941

History And Landmarks Section To Hold No December Meeting

The California History and Landmarks section, Woman's club, will not have a regular meeting this month (the third Thursday) but will tour in a group, next Monday Olvera street, under the leadership of their chairman, Mrs. C. E. Hoover, who has reservations for about 15 already. Anyone planning to visit this historic spot is asked to contact Mrs. Hoover.

The next regular meeting of the group will be January 23, in the Woman's clubhouse.

California History Section Woman's Club Meets

Twenty-four members and several guests enjoyed the month's session of California History section on the 28th in the Woman's clubhouse. During brief business the group was presented with an Ironwood gavel by Mrs. E. Timeroff, speaking for Mrs. C. Crellin, whose gift it was. Mrs. Chas. Hoover, presiding chairman, graciously received it. Mrs. Eugene Harpole, secretary pro tem, called the roll, eliciting many historical dates and comments. The second chapter of J. S. McGroarty's "California" in review was Mrs. Ercle Robertson's contribution: early explorations; Cabrillo's activities and death; first Catholic service on the Coast, 1602, under Vizcaino; first settlements, Channel Indians, etc.

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Arcadia Bulletin
Dec 28

California History And Land Marks Division Meets

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Programs for the year's study the work of Mrs. Hoover and young Jack Renshaw, were also

presented and received acclaim as also musical numbers by 9 year old Alice Jane, cellist, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Wayne Quayle with fine effect.

Mrs. George Barngrover, as chairman assisted by Mrs. C. Ganther and Mrs. E. M. Timerhoff, served cider, and ginger cake topped by cream, the motif being Hallowe'en. The visitors were Mesdames Harvey Moss, Frank Fox and Clyde Downing. New members were Miss Ruth Evans and Mrs. F. A. Robinson.

Arcadia Tribune
November 40

Among the attractions for the Federation Day of the Arcadia Woman's club Wednesday, February 19 will be the spirit of fiesta days of Mexico that will predominate in costumes and program.

Mrs. Mabel Hoover with members of her California History and Landmarks section, are arranging details. Ed. Ainsworth, Senora Bonza of Olvera Street village are to be guest speakers. Mrs. Thomas H. Richards, state president of federation, will be the club's honored guest speaker at the afternoon session and federation section chairmen will be special guests.

Tribune Jan 30-40

Famous People, Music, Dancing, Feature Woman's Club Program

February 19 will be a banner day in the history of the Arcadia Woman's Club when Mrs. Thomas H. Richards, State president of California Federation of Women's Clubs, of Chico and Ed Ainsworth, columnist and author of "Pot Luck" will be the guests of honor and speakers at the lunch hour.

With the California History and Landmarks Section in charge of the club day and Mrs. C. E. Hoover directly at the helm, the afternoon promises to be a meeting unusually colorful. Members of the section will appear in costume and the rooms and stage of the clubhouse will be decorated with Indian, Spanish, Mexican and early California treasures.

Ed Ainsworth will tell more about his novel Pot Luck which relates the story of the founder and owner of the Pony Express Museum, W. Parker Lyon.

History Section Woman's Club To Celebrate

(By Mrs. E. Timeroff)

San Gabriel Valley has proven to be Land of Hearts' Desire for many years to many people and 1941 records the 100th year of Rancho Santa Anita's reign as a chief beauty-center and historical home-place. Hugo Reid built his home in 1841 by the lake. E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin added to it in 1875. And among the great oak settlers from all over are rearing homes and the "Balloon School" would be forgotten if such officials as Major S. V. Schermerhorn and others had not remained in Arcadia.

In 1934 Mrs. Jessie Stewart, president of the Womans Club of Arcadia, added the California History and Landmarks section to the club and appointed Mrs. E. Timeroff, chairman. The section grew slowly but surely to the present time and still progressive under chairmanship of Mrs. Charles Hoover. Meetings are being held each month and research papers contributed by members are filed for future reference. This will be the third year that the section has provided a California program for the Womans Club with speaker, music and pageant. The entire group feels that this February 19th is especially blest because Federation Day for the District falls upon the same date the State president and other officials are guests making it a dual celebration.

January's day for the section will be on the fifth Wednesday, which is the 29th. "Mission Miniatures" will be the theme for the 29th under Mrs. Timeroff, assisted by Mesdames C. Lumpkin, J. Renshaw and B. Rubottom who will give brief sketches of the naming of each of the 21 Missions, inheritances down through the years from 1769 to 1823. Mrs. R. Babcock will briefly review J. S. McGroarty's third chapter of History. Mrs. Mark Millsbaugh will have charge of the Spanish word drill and Mrs. E. J. Frestress of the roll call.

Members of the Womans club are welcome.

Bulletin-Jan-13
1940



Mme. Alphonse B. Fages.

Fages will sing Spanish songs in costume.

Professional dancers from Raoul De Ramirez studio in San Gabriel will give interpretive national numbers, Spanish and Mexican. "The First Waltz" in Alta California will be well staged and acted.

GUESTS ANNOUNCED

Officers from the Los Angeles Federation of Women's Clubs who are to be guests of the Arcadia Woman's club will include: Mrs. Elvrum, the district president; Eleanor Lucas Gibbs, president of the District Juniors; Mrs. August F. Barnard of Monrovia, district chairman of Indian Welfare; Mrs. Guy Gossard, San Gabriel, Natural Resources chairman. This group will be the guests of the club president, Mrs. James A. Stoker.

Mrs. Charles Short of Santa Monica, chairman of Art will be the guest of Mrs. Dorothy Stoll; Mrs. R. O. Catland, Glendale, chairman of Child Welfare will be the guest of Mrs. Marguerite Whitman; Mrs. E. J. Munger of Whittier, chairman of Federation Extension will be the guest of Mrs. Bessie Reid; Mrs. P. F. Greenough of Los Angeles, chair-

man of Motion Pictures will be the guest of Mrs. Harriet Armstrong; Mrs. C. J. Ernest, Los Angeles, district parliamentarian, will be the guest of Mrs. Harvey Moss; Mrs. B. L. Clogston of Los Angeles, chairman of Philanthropy will be the guest of Mrs. Margaret McMasters.

Mrs. P. E. Willis of Los Angeles, the district press chairman, and Mrs. Helen Raitt of the Arcadia Tribune, Mrs. Fletta Yelland of the Arcadia Bulletin, Mrs. Nina Blethen of the West Arcadia Press will be the guests of Mrs. Charles Stewart; Mrs. Rex Harbert of Monrovia, program chairman, will be the guest of Mrs. George Jones.

Mrs. S. J. Hathaway of Monrovia, chairman of Calif. History and Landmarks, will be the guest of Mrs. Charles Hoover; Mrs. C. D. Klingenspor, South Gate, chairman of Gardens will be the guest of Mrs. Elsie Muffett; Mrs. June Webster of Los Angeles, chairman of Music, will be guest of Mrs. Charles Lumpkin.

These guests will be seated with and will be introduced by the local chairmen during the luncheon. Mrs. Bertha Lewis, local chairman of Red Cross, Mrs. Nellie White of Radio, Mrs. Emma Meade of Legislature and Mrs. May Glover of International Relations will also be in this group.

Arcadia Tribune
Feb. 13-41

Woman's Club Will Celebrate Federation Day with Brilliant Program, Noted Artists and Guests

Fiesta time in the Santa Barbara Rancho de la Geria will be simulated at the Woman's Club house on Woman's Club Federation day, Wednesday, February 19. Members of the California History and Landmarks section are in charge of the program, which promises to be one of the finest ever staged by the club.

Alfonse Fages, of Sherman Oaks, and his charming wife, the former Isabel Lopez; Senora Bonza, of Los Angeles; Raoul Ramirez, and a group of dancers from his San Gabriel studio, will be featured artists. The club's own Helen Lumpkin will sing a group of Spanish songs.

"Pot-Luck," written by Ed Ainsworth, and its hero, Arcadia's own Parker Lyons of the Pony

Express museum, will furnish material for the luncheon talk by Mr. Ainsworth. Mr. Lyons has promised to be present to add his own comments to those of the Los Angeles Times columnist.

Mrs. Thomas H. Richards, state president of the Federation of Woman's Clubs, and Mrs. Oscar S. Elvrum, district president, will represent the federation at the meeting, which will celebrate the 41st birthday of the federation and the 100th anniversary of Arcadia's historic Rancho Santa Anita.

The program theme will be "The Introduction of the Waltz," inspired by Ralph Don Bandini's story "Fate of a Waltz." Mrs. C. E. Hoover, section chairman, will be narrator, providing the continuity for a series of gay events.

West Arcadia Press
Feb. 14-41

CALIFORNIA MISSION HISTORY TOLD AT SECTION MEETING

The history of Missions in review was revealed last Wednesday at the California History and Landmarks section when the group met at the home of Mrs. B. E. Rubottom and Miss Eva Reynolds.

Mission history antedating and leading up through the founding was given by Mrs. Ross Babcock, a new member.

Mrs. E. Timerhoff, the founder of the section here in Arcadia, related briefly the story of the naming of each mission, for one whose life had enriched that of others and so deserved perpetuation.

Among these were Francis, "Little Brother of the Poor," who founded the Franciscan Order, Charles Borromeo, a great reformer, who founded the Confraternity of Christian doctrine, Clara, the only woman taken in the order, and so on throughout the 21 missions.

EXHIBITS

Interesting exhibits at the meeting included the especially well arranged clipping book and a tile from La Purissima ruins salvaged by Mrs. Helen Lumpkin, a letter to Miss Eva Reynolds from England, a copy of "Desert Trail," newspaper of 29 Palms, where the Charles Cridlins have been relaxing for a week.

Mrs. Mabel Hoover, presiding, announced plans for the February 19 California Federation celebration.

Assisting in the Name stories were Misses John Renshaw, E. J. Fren-tress and B. E. Rubottom.

Serving with the hostess at the tea hour were Misses J. C. Cridle-baugh and Stephen Craig.

Members present were Misses R. L. Oliver, James A. Stoker, Florence Muller, G. H. Thomas, E. J. Beynon, Frank V. Hoagland, J. E. Brown, J. W. Owen, Ross Babcock, C. F. Gan-ther, Hogan Milleford, W. T. Ward, Helen Lumpkin, E. Timerhoff, John Renshaw, E. J. Fren-tress and C. E. Hoover.

Federation Day Will Be Fiesta Time At Womans Club

The annual program presented by the California History Section of the Women's Club is due on Wednesday, February 19th and Mrs. Charles Hoover, committee chairman, announces "all is in readiness". Ever a day of pleasure, this year it is doubly so, for Federation Day is also to be celebrated; the state president, Mrs. Thomas H. Richards, of San Francisco, and staff, also the district president and California History chairmen of Los Angeles district will be special guests of Mrs. James Stoker, club president. Mrs. Richards will be one of the speakers at luncheon, 12:15.

Mr. Ed Ainsworth, of the Los Angeles Times, and author of "Pot-Luck", a story recently completed, and of an historical character, W. Parker Lyon, owner and founder of the Pony Express. Mr. Ainsworth is guest speaker at the luncheon.

Atmospheric guests of Mrs. Hoover, are Senora Bonza, annual Christmas hostess of La Golondrina Cafe in Olvera St., Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Fages, and the district chairman of California History, Mrs. S. Hathaway of Monrovia. Members of the hospitality committee and of the California History section will be in costume.

At two p. m. the curtain will rise on the Fiesta scene at Don Jose de la Guerra's Rancho. Eventime and the last of a succession of five days hospitality to de la Guerra's friends. Dancing and song entertainment. Talented artists appearing, our own Helen Lumpkin, in a group of old songs.

Mr. Alphonse Fages, group of Spanish songs. Professional dancers from the Raoul de Ramirez Studios in San Gabriel, and their pianists will interpret the Spanish and Mexican dances. The finale will be "The First Waltz" in Alta, California. Donations of treasures from early times, Spanish Indian, Mexican, are asked to be brought to the clubhouse decorators Tuesday evening, Feb. 18.

Arcadia
Bulletin
Feb. 17-41

MISSION HISTORY TOLD AT HOLLY AVE. P.-T. A.

Mrs. Emilie Timerhoff, past president and founder of the History and Landmarks section of the Arcadia Woman's Club, and Mrs. Ross Babcock, new section member were the two speakers at the special meeting of the Holly Avenue P.-T. A. recently.

The history of the missions was told by Mrs. Babcock with Mrs. Timerhoff recounting the story of how each mission received its name. Also enjoying these talks were the pupils of the 4th and 5th grades.

On the musical program for the afternoon were pupils from the five primary rooms who sang, and the orchestra under F. J. Boyer.

Tea was served by Mrs. Percy Olds and Mrs. Harold Hawkins.

At the Holly Avenue board meeting last Thursday presided over by President Mrs. Arthur Brandes, Mrs. Fred Blethen, Mrs. John Wheeler, Mrs. Dick Almour and Mrs. Carl Randolph discussed "What is Wrong With the P.-T. A."

Arcadia
Tribune
Feb. 7-41

CALIF. PAST RELIVES AT BANQUET

Historical Society
Hears Lopez, West's
First White Man

Golden California history, with an interesting correction, was brighter in memory today for a group of some 300 persons interested in this state's glorious past.

It was brighter because the Historical Society of Southern California relived this past in ceremonies, poetry and speeches at the group's fifty-seventh annual banquet last night in the Wilshire Bowl.

And the interesting correction in history was made when Mrs. Ana Begue de Packman, secretary of the society and herself the fifth generation descendant of an early California family, explained that recent historical researches disclosed that Cardenez Lopez was the first white man to visit this state, 400 years ago.

SOUGHT WATER ROUTE

Previously either Cabrillo or Coronado, who came in 1542, were believed to have been the discoverers, but now it is believed that Lopez, searching for the legendary water passage through the continent, came in 1540.

Marco Newmark, president of the society, presided; former Superior Judge William Rhodes Hervey was a principal speaker; invocation was by the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher; Mayor Fletcher Bowron was represented by Marshall Stimson; Supervisor Chairman Roger C. Jessup brought greetings from the county.

After Mrs. de Packman spoke, John Steven McGroarty, poet laureate of California, delivered "The Call of California."

INTRODUCES PIONEERS

Charles Gibbs Adams, junior past president, then introduced officials of the Historical Society and a number of Los Angeles pioneers.

Mrs. de Packman's subject was "Entry of the First White Man Into California"; and former Superior Judge Hervey spoke on "Value of History." Mrs. Watkins discussed "The Society's Expansion Program."

Then L. E. Behymer introduced Miss Elizabeth Davis, coloratura soprano, who sang the "Songs of Jenny Lind"; William Farnum, noted actor, who talked of drama on the stage and in life; William Hamilton Cline, journalist and pioneer manager of the Orpheum Theater, who told of the rise of vaudeville in Los Angeles; Burr McIntosh, who spoke on "The Cheerful Philosopher"; Hobart Bosworth, dean of the silver screen, and Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond, famous composer, who spoke both brilliantly and briefly.

Fiesta-Time Charms Many At Woman's Club Meeting

Fiesta Time at the Arcadia Woman's Club with its members in gay costumes of early California, music and dancing, speeches and introductions punctuated with hilarious laughter, stands out as one of the highlights in the club year.

Responsible for this happy time in Federation day was the California History and Landmarks section with Mrs. C. E. Hoover, chairman.

Receiving popular acclaim was W. Parker Lyon, who has brought Arcadia fame with his Pony Express Museum.

Many introductions and short talks were made by honored guests: Mrs. Oscar Elvrum, District Federation president, Senora Bonza, Mrs. Raymond O. Catland, Mrs. Elwood J. Munger, Mrs. Guy Gossard, Mrs. Frank Greenough, Mrs. Charles Ernest, Mrs. P. E. Willis, Mrs. Rex Harbert, Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, Mrs. C. D. Klingenspor and Mrs. June Webster.

The press, guests of Mrs. Charles Stewart, were represented by Miss Ada Faye Post, Mrs. F. Harold Roach, Mrs. Helen Raitt, Mrs. Fleeta Yelland and Mrs. Nina Blethen.

ED AINSWORTH

Mrs. C. E. Hoover introduced Ed Ainsworth, dinner speaker, who stated that "his California history was a compound of Bancroft and Lyon," and that he collected the "coat-tails of news."

He pointed out that in California one can link up the present with the past and hoped that such will continue to be the case.

A serious note was injected in the afternoon's program when Mrs. Thomas Richards, state president, spoke on the work women can do in National Defense. Recently returned from a meeting in the East she presented concrete illustrations of just how club women can help.

PAGEANT PRESENTED

The Fiesta-Time Pageant was then staged with guest artists assisting club members in the presentation of the pantomime.

Mrs. C. E. Hoover in costume read the narrative adapted by Mrs. E. M. Timerhoff from the story of Ralph Bandini.

Vocal artists included Helen Lumpkin, who sang a group of old songs, accompanied by Mrs. LeRoy Anderson, and Senor Alphonso Fages, accompanied by Miss Mary Greever, in a group of Spanish songs.

Solos, duets and quartette numbers were presented by dancers of the Raoul de Ramirez studios of San Gabriel. "The First Waltz" in Alta California was danced by Don Juan Bandini and his wife.

Characters at fiesta time included club members: Mmes. Ethel Frentress and Florence Muller, Indians. Marion Hobbs, caballero, Margaret Perry, Senora Anita Baldwin, Virginia Hostutler, Senorita Clara Baldwin, Lillian Babcock, Senorita Lilletta, Leilah Beynon, Senorita Dolores, Bertha Nichols, Senora Del Valle, Ethel Watson, Lucky Baldwin, Ellen Cridlebaugh, the padre.

Woman's Club Notables Observe 50th Anniversary of Federation at Gala Affair in Arcadia

State and district Woman's club federation notables, Arcadia clubsters in Spanish and Indian costumes, guest artists, dancers and singers created a pleasant confusion of color and sound, typical of California at its gayest, Wednesday at the club house. The California History and Landmarks section sponsored a program celebrating the 50th birthday of the federation and the passing of the century mark for historic Santa Anita Rancho.

Mrs. Thomas Richards, state president, told briefly "What Women Are Doing in National Defense." She stressed the need for fearlessness, pride in personality, keeping a watchful eye on current legislation, and the necessity for promoting goodwill with foreign neighbors.

Attired in suitable costume of topper and tails, grey spats and paisley vest, which bore upon its ample expanse a time piece nearly half as large as London's Big Ben, Parker Lyons, hero of Arcadia, appeared in person. Ed Ainsworth appeared as the principal speaker.

"Not a decent news story since Amy McPherson was kidnapped,"

complained the laugh-provoking columnist, who claimed he was most interested in the coat tails of news and byway stories which link the past with the present.

Super showman Mabel Hoover provided a running pattern for a fiesta scene having for its theme the introduction of the waltz in California and enacted by members of the California History and landmarks section, of which Mrs. Hoover is president.

Alfonse Fages, singer and dancers from the San Gabriel dancing studio of Raoul Randrez, and section member Helen Lumpkin, were featured performers of the fiesta.

Officers from the Los Angeles Federation of Women's Clubs who were guests included Mrs. Oscar S. Elvrum, president; Mrs. Eleanor Lucas Gibbs, president of Juniors; Mrs. August F. Bernard, chairman of Indian welfare; Mrs. Guy C. Gossard, chairman natural resources; Mrs. Charles Short, chairman of art; Mrs. R. O. Oatland, chairman of child welfare; Mrs. E. J. Munger, chairman of federation extension; Mrs. F. F. Greenough, chairman of action pictures; Mrs. C. J. Ernest, district parliamentarian; Mrs. B. L. Clogston, chairman of philanthropy; Mrs. P. E. Willis, press chairman; Mrs. Rex Harbert, program chairman; Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, chairman of California history and landmarks; Mrs. C. D. Klingenspor, chairman of gardens; Mrs. June Webster, chairman of music.

Mrs. Helen Raitt of the Arcadia Tribune, Mrs. Hetta Gelland of the Arcadia Bulletin, and Mrs. Nina Blethen of the West Arcadia Press were also guests.

WOMAN'S CLUB CELEBRATES FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF FEDERATION DAY AND HUNDREDTH OF 1ST ARCADIA RESIDENT

The Woman's Club celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Federation Day and one hundredth anniversary of Arcadia, Wednesday at the club house, with the California History and Landmark Section as hostesses for the luncheon and program that followed, with Mrs. C. E. Hoover as chairman. The club rooms were artistically decorated with Acacia blooms and the luncheon tables were gay with sprays of kumquats, decorated gourds, charm strings, Indian baskets and small Mexican carts, carrying out the appearance of Fiesta Time. Each of the fifteen federation guests received attractive favors at their places.

Mrs. Thomas H. Richards the state federation of Woman's Clubs president, was honored speaker and touched a serious note when she pointed out to the club women the important part they now play in the crisis of the present time. Seated at the president's table, beside the state president, were Mmes. Elvrum, district president, who spoke briefly; Senora Bonza of La Golondrina, Olivera street, whose brief greetings were in Spanish, as was her colorful costume. Mrs. E. Timmerhoff, who was founder of the California History and Landmarks Section, also had a seat of honor. Parker Lyon, dressed as of '49 spoke of his million dollar museum where he is permitted to spend his idle moments and brought forth much laughter by his comical remarks and exhibits. Ed Ainsworth, who writes the column for the Times "Along El Camino Real", and author of the new book on the life of Parker Lyon, was a most entertaining speaker.

Others seated at the president's table were, Senor Alfonso Fages and his wife Senora Isabel Lopez de Fages, descendants of early California Spaniards. Federation chairmen guests who were introduced by local chairmen included Mrs. Raymond O. Catland, Child Welfare; Mrs. Elwood Munger, federation extension; Mrs. Frank Greenough, motion pictures; Mrs. Chas. Ernest, Parliamentarian; Mrs. P. E. Willis, of federation press, and local press representatives, Mrs. Harold Roach and Mrs. Helen Riatt, of the Tribune, Mrs. Nina Blethen of the West Arcadia Press, Mrs. Fleeta Yelland of the

Arcadia Bulletin, and Miss Ada Post of the Monrovia News-Post.

Other federation guests introduced were Mrs. Rex Harbert, program; Mrs. S. J. Hathaway, California History and Landmarks; Mrs. C. D. Klingenspor, Gardens; Mrs. June Webster, music; Mrs. Guy Gossard, Natural Resources; Mrs. Eleanor Gibbs, Junior District president; Mrs. Bessie Reid, federation extension chairman of the Arcadia club, was responsible for a large part of the success in the plans for the federation day arrangements.

The rest of the program was in the true spirit of gay fiesta and was presented by Mrs. Mabel Hoover, her section and guest entertainers of dancers and music. The stage had a setting of a hacienda garden prepared for the festivities. Senor Fages sang a group of Spanish theme songs, accompanied by Miss Mary Greever. Mrs. Helen Lumpkin, in her Spanish costume sang Spanish songs and four dancers from the Raoul Ramiz school in San Gabriel, were most entertaining. Every one present entered fully into the spirit of the old California fiesta gaiety which was a jolly success in every way.

Many stunning costumes were worn by the club women. The characters at Fiesta Time included club members: Mmes. Ethel Frentress and Florence Muller, Indians; Marion Hobbs, caballero; Margaret Perry, Senora Anita Baldwin; Virginia Hostutler, Senorita Clara Baldwin, Lillian Babcock, Senorita Lilletta; Leilah Beynon, Senorita Dolores; Bertha Nichols, Senora Del Valle; Ethel Watson, Lucky Baldwin, and Ellen Cridlebaugh, the padre.

The play "Fiesta Time" was adapted from a story written by Ralph Bandini, an early ancestor of Don Juan Bandini, who with his wife danced the first waltz. The adaptation of the play was made by Mrs. E. M. Timerhoff, past president of the History and Landmarks Section of the club.

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History Landmarks Section Womans Club Meets

March 26th was made memor-able for the California History and Landmarks section of the Woman's Club when Mrs. Chas. Hoover graciously presided thru pans to personally contact As-semblyman Bashore in refutal of the desire of Northerners to take over the State Association of History and Landmarks, which had its inception here in the Southland and its growth. Mrs. Ernest Beynon's competent Span-ish word drill; clipping roll call, Mrs. E. Frentress; and the very fine revealings of our Mrs. H. Nichols—Fifth chapter of Mc-Groarty's history — and Mrs. Mark White of the Los Angeles district, on the historical Bells of California. The successful repair-ing of bells, sponsored by Father Hutchinson, namely one 508 lbs., and one 890 lbs., led to the query, "Why not repair the Liberty Bell of our U. S.?" Dreams of "Old Timers" certainly have come true in the West as well as in the East, and in notable cases before the East. Cabrillo arriving in 1542 beat the Pilgrims of the East by several years, 1620. San Carlos antedated the Continental Congress. Oldest bell is a stone, was placed in Monterey court-yard 1743; first metallic bell Vizcaino, 1602, but Padre Jun-ipero Serra brought our beloved Mission Bells.

Ventura boasts three wooden bells; the Parson's bell of San Gabriel; the Unique Bell and two in Inyo county. So much un-mentioned for want of space.

The California History and Landmarks section of the Wom-an's club received a gift of 25 serving trays, the gift of Mrs. Charles Crellin of Fairview ave-nue. Mrs. Crellin being out of town, requested Mrs. E. E. Tim-merhoff, the founder of this sec-tion, to make the presentation

A resolution was adopted to send Mrs. Crellin a note of thanks for the useful gift.

Mesdames E. Perry, J. Owen and Ruth Evans were hostesses for the tea tour, this and their decorations being outstandingly excellent. A friendly, educational afternoon; 12 ladies present. Mrs. Helen Riatt was a guest.

The first tour of the year is planned for April 23, by the Cali-fornia History and Landmarks section of the Arcadia Woman's club, to the historic Charles F. Loomis home, 200 East Avenue 43, where luncheon will be serv-ed and an officer of the State Historical association will speak.

Anyone interested may go by making reservation by Monday, April 21, with Mrs. Catherine Thomas or Mrs. E. E. Timmerhoff. Cars will leave the club-house at 11. Anyone wishing to drive should call Mrs. Thomas or Mrs. Timmerhoff.

WOMEN FAVOR RETENTION OF HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Following the never-to-be-forgot-ten successful Federation Day, un-der the colorful History and Land-marks section, the group reassem-bled yesterday at the clubhouse for the March meeting.

Hostesses of the afternoon were Mmes. Eugene Perry, J. Owen and Miss Ruth Evans.

Mrs. Charles E. Hoover in a clever informal manner conducted the business meeting, and intro-duced Mrs. Helen Raitt, co-author of "People Say."

The section went on record in recommending to the state legisla-ture through Lee Bashore that ade-quate financial support be voted to the California State Historical As-sociation, by voting into the bud-get bill the amount asked for the association by the state department of education, namely, \$10,180, and an additional sum of \$5000 as pro-posed by bills S. B. 483 and A. B. 1529.

The group also decided to cast their weight to defeat bill S. B. 1093 which seeks to abolish the State Historical Association.

Mrs. E. G. Beynon charmingly led the word drill and Mrs. Bertha Nichols gave a most interesting re-view of the 4th chapter of the "Ro-mance of California" by John Stephen McGroarty.

Mrs. Mark White of the speakers' bureau of the California History and Landmarks section, gave the talk of the afternoon which was followed by tea and cake.

Plans were made for the April 23rd meeting of the section when the group will have luncheon at the Lummis home, an historic land-mark, in Los Angeles, near the Southwest Museum. All club mem-bers will be invited, it was decided.

HISTORY SECTION TO VISIT LUMMIS HOME

Plans are going forward for a California History and Landmarks tour scheduled for April 23 along the new Arroyo Seco Highway to the Charles Lummis home, 211 East Avenue 43 where lunch will be served at noon, 40 cents per plate if 20 members and friends go.

Mrs. E. E. Timerhoff, ATw. 7-2593 and Mrs. G. H. Thomas, ATw. 7-3489 are taking reservations for the luncheon which must be in by Monday, April 21.

Mrs. Charles Hoover in her car will lead from Arcadia at 11 a. m. with at least four cars following. The Lummis home is one of the few historical landmarks preserved today.

Charles F. Adams, president of the State Historical Society will be the speaker at the luncheon. This tour will be a highlight of the suc-cessful year under chairmanship of Mrs. Hoover.

Mrs. Hoover Represents Woman's Club At Conference

Mrs. Mabel Hoover, chairman of California History and Land-marks section of the Woman's club attended the monthly con-ference of that section held at club headquarters in Los Ange-les, Monday. The principal sub-ject of discussion was legisla-tion pertaining to the Califor-nia Society whose functions may be taken over by the Univer-sity of California at Berkley. Various clubs have taken a very active part in the development of the Historical society during many years past, particularly the Native Sons and Daughters.

Mrs. Fuller, legislature chair-man, presented the subject and asked the associated clubs' in-terested in this subject, to as-sist in retaining the California Historical Society as it now functions.

Mrs Hoover has attended all the conferences of her section during the past year and has brought the Arcadia club in-formation each month.

History Section To Take Tour

The only tour of this past season will be taken April 23, by the California History sec-tion of the Women's Club. Mrs. Charles Hoover, in her car will leave Arcadia at 11 sharp with at least 4 other cars following, will arrive at noon at the Char-les F. Lummis home, 200 East Avenue 43, where luncheon will be served at a nominal sum this is one of the most historical points in Southern California, and very revealing, will be the speaker chosen by the chairman. Any one interested in history will be welcome but reservations must be in by Monday, April 21st, as also transportation fac-ilities. These will be taken care of by Mesdames E. Timerhoff, AT 7-2593, and C. Thomas, AT 7-3489. Those willing to take cars for transportation please note and call one of these lad-ies. We are nearing the close of section activities which have successfully been under Mrs. Hoover's able management as chairman.

ATTENDS DISTRICT MEETING

Mrs. Mabel Hoover, chairman of California History and Landmark section of the Arcadia Woman's Club, attended the district monthly conference of that section held at club headquarters in Los Angeles, Monday.

The principal subject of discussion was legislation pertaining to the California Historical Society, whose functions may be taken over by the University of California at Berke-ly. Various clubs have taken a very active part in the developmen-t of the Historical society during many years past, particularly the Native Sons and Daughters.

Mrs. E. Fuller, legislative chair-men presented the subject and asked the associated clubs interested in this subject to assist in retain-ing the California Historical So-ciety — as it now functions.

Mrs. Hoover has attended all the conferences of her section during the past year and has brought the Arcadia club information each month.

AUTHORITY TO SPEAK

California History and Land-marks Section, at their meeting, March 26 in the clubhouse, is to enjoy a talk by Mrs. Mark White, well known authority on California history.

History Section Holds Luncheon At Lummis Home

by Emilie Timerhoff

Presiding with her usual sweet dignity, Mrs. Charles Hoover, chair-man, sat at luncheon with twenty-three members and friends of the California History section last Wed-nesday in the dining room of the Chas. F. Lummis home in the Ar-royo Seco (L. A.), and listened to "Absent Members," while Mrs. Helen Raitt read Lummis' own words "A Toast To the Absent." She followed it with humorous "A Spanish Lesson," to the delight of all present.

Transportation by motors down the new highway had been fine prologia; the welcoming wood fire in ye old fireplace was backed by Mrs. Lummis' daughter-in-law, whose informing talk later proved a high feature of the program.

After an inspection of the sur-roundings, the group again sur-rounded the table and Mrs. Hoover presented Mrs. Raitt in a quiz which elicited much of history and was punctuated by fun, Mrs. Lumpkins winning the prize.

Mrs. LeRoy Shaum, formerly a neighbor of the Lummis family, ad-ded interesting bits about their life in the Arroyo, while from every wall in every room hung silent testi-mony of the Lummis endeavors and achievements.

Present, were Miss Ruth Evans and Mmes. Lillian Ross, Anna Lumpkin, Sarah Harbaugh, Irene Stoker, Helen Lumpkin, Esther M. Hough, Elizabeth A. Hagen, Mabel Hoover, Grace Childs, J. C. Crid-diebaugh, Thomas Connor, Eliza-beth Walker, C. Roy Shaumleffel, C. L. Newel, Florence Muller, Caroline Ganther, E. J. Frentress, G. H. Thomas, E. E. Timerhoff, Sydney Prescott, Boyd Brown and Helen Raitt.

Club Women Attend 21. District Convention At Biltmore

Convention is reunion, reunion of friends, workers, thinkers, and last week was complete demonstration at the Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles. Fine ideas, new and old provided topics for those well suited to discuss them; entertainment for young and old; reminiscence and plans for future, all making progress and promise of better things to be hoped and worked for.

Arcadians enjoying the feast of reason and flow of soul included Mesdames J. Stoker, H. Moss, C. Hoover, S. Craig, J. Stanley, M. Trew, C. Bon Eske, E. Jones, C. Van Ausdol, C. Mundy, F. Blethen, R. Lucas, W. Gibbs, K. Zinn, E. Timerhoff, Miss Ruth Evans, and a host of others. The hit of Tuesday evening was the Hi Jinks "Suppressed Desires" which featured the "Beautiful Dreamers" most of whom were Arcadians led by Mrs. C. Hoover, and inclusive of Lola Trew, C. Mundy, N. Blethen, L. Bon Eske, Irene Harrison. Costumed gaily, they sang "Arcadia" and other songs, evidently yearning toward the goal of their dreams to be vocalists of note. Applause became a storm as they finished, black face comedy and a play rounded out the program. John S. McGroarty on California History as a dinner speaker, was his usual genial self as to mood but his evident physical feebleness hurt his many friends.

The quiet loveliness of Eleanor Gibbs as she gave her report and later in formal at banquet, was commented upon favorably as was the fact that she goes to the state convention at San Jose, endorsed for vice president of the Juniors, stepping up from presidency of the Arcadia Juniors a few years ago to her present office as district chairman of Juniors.

Mrs. E. Timerhoff was the guest of friends during her two days stay in Los Angeles.

Convention Impressions Told

By MRS. E. E. TIMERHOFF
Stylish stouts and glamorous slims; high ideals and varied whims; salads and salads; roasts and boasts, humor and seriousness, each and all parade through the mind of an average human, after attendance—short or long—at a convention, masculine or feminine, especially the latter.

Even with but two days to spare from urgent duties nearer home, one gets helpful reactions. Evidences of diligent efforts during the year, and careful planning that the few days together from "all over" the district shall add up to sums of information and forward moves toward real goals. Convention spells post-graduation-advantages for each woman. The friendly contacts, too, rearrange one's disposition, curve lips upward.

Guest speakers, such as Bishop Stevens and John S. McGroarty, Lane D. Webber, expose and warning; Mrs. Walter Lauder milk, long-stepper from Africa to India, high officials, presiding genial, were all appreciated.

Our Juniors are a group of whom we are proud under presidency of Virginia Hostutler, with our past president Eleanor Lucas Gibbs stepping on, endorsed for vice president of the State. Juniors are the life-giving arteries of any endeavor.

Tribune April 24

ATTEND DISTRICT SESSION

Mrs. Charles Hoover and Mrs. E. Timerhoff motored to Hollywood last Thursday to attend the closing session of the California History and Landmarks Club, of which the latter is an honorary member. Present headquarters for the club is in the County Auditorium in historic Plummer Park. Two notables, Senora Lopez Fages and Hobart Bosworth, provided historic interest as speakers.

History Section Womans Club Visits Charles Lummis Home

(By Mrs. E. Timerhoff)

Presiding with her usual sweet dignity, Mrs. Charles Hoover, chairman, sat at luncheon with twenty-three members and friends of the California History section on Wednesday in the dining room of the Chas. F. Lummis home in the Arroyo Seco (L. A.), and listened to "Absent Members," while Mrs. Helen Raitt read Lummis' own words "A Toast To the Absent;" she followed it with humorous "A Spanish Lesson," to the delight of all present. Transportation by motors adown the new highway had been fine prologia; the welcoming wood fire in ye old fireplace was backed by Mrs. Lummis' daughter-in-law, whose informing talk later proved a high feature of the program. After an inspection of the surroundings, the group again surrounded the table and Mrs. Hoover presented Mrs. Raitt in a quiz which elicited much of history and was punctuated by fun, Mrs. Lumpkin winning the prize. Mrs. LeRoy Shaum, formerly a neighbor of the Lummis family, added interesting bits about their life in the Arroyo, while from every wall in every room hung silent testimony of the Lummis endeavors and achievements. In the dining room wall a compartment contains his ashes. Various snapshots were taken against the background of the home, one being a length of wood perforated completely by woodpeckers, who thus stored their food for future use. The museum room is especially educational with Indian, Mexican and early American objects. The material for this home was supplied by nature in this glen and near, ready to hand for such an inspirational workman, and he was assisted by representatives from tribes and country, with the exception of a few. The timbers are hewn for the home and its adjacent buildings. A plaque gives this:

"Chas. Fletcher Lummis"

March 1859 to Nov. 25, 1928:

He founded the Southwestern Museum;

He built this house;

He saved four Missions;

He studied and recorded, Spanish American;

He tried to do his share."

He was called a Bronco Pegasus, and we add: His mind alert for human needs; he balanced his life with labor, planning kind deeds for fellow men, and proving "Good Neighbor."

California History And Landmarks Section Sees Famous Park

One has but few miles to cover in this state, to find nuggets of great historic value, and foolish it is to quote, "It isn't what you were but what you are today" that counts. This was borne in anew upon Mesdames Chas. Hoover and Emilie Timerhoff, last session of the club season at Plummer Park, Hollywood, the present headquarters of the Los Angeles California History and Landmarks club; the club having successively changed from the District Federation Home at Hobart and 21st street, Los Angeles, when Mrs. Timerhoff was its president, to the Wilshire district, then to Plummer Park, the latter being an historic County building in what was a Rancho.

Here Senora Lopez Fages, direct descendent of the old line, was giving data most interesting, inclusive of the Palomares, Dominguez (1807) when a Land Grant from Spain carried with it the arbitrary necessity of building a house within a year, and stocking the places with a full stock of ranch animals, Rancho La Brea (1827), the Peruvian, Bandini, Lugo (1852), and whose descendents still perpetuate the old songs and dances in Fiesta, that were in vogue in old days.

From there Hobart Bosworth was presented and went on with revelations. In 1909 he met an Indian of 26 years, who had been baptised in infancy by no less a notable than Padre Junipero Serra. Had been in the Legitimate Theatre as Macbeth before that in the navy, had practically educated himself, taught dramatics, in Virginia City, Nevada, won high recognition as Macbeth, taught two scenarios from Mary Pickford for \$15, Mary was then a child, known as the sweetheart of America, aroused interest in Motion Pictures, wrote script, acted parts, staged scenes, made the first picture of "The Sea Wolf" an authentic story by Jack London, declares the last one is not authentic, and thrilled his audience to the point of forgetting the heat.

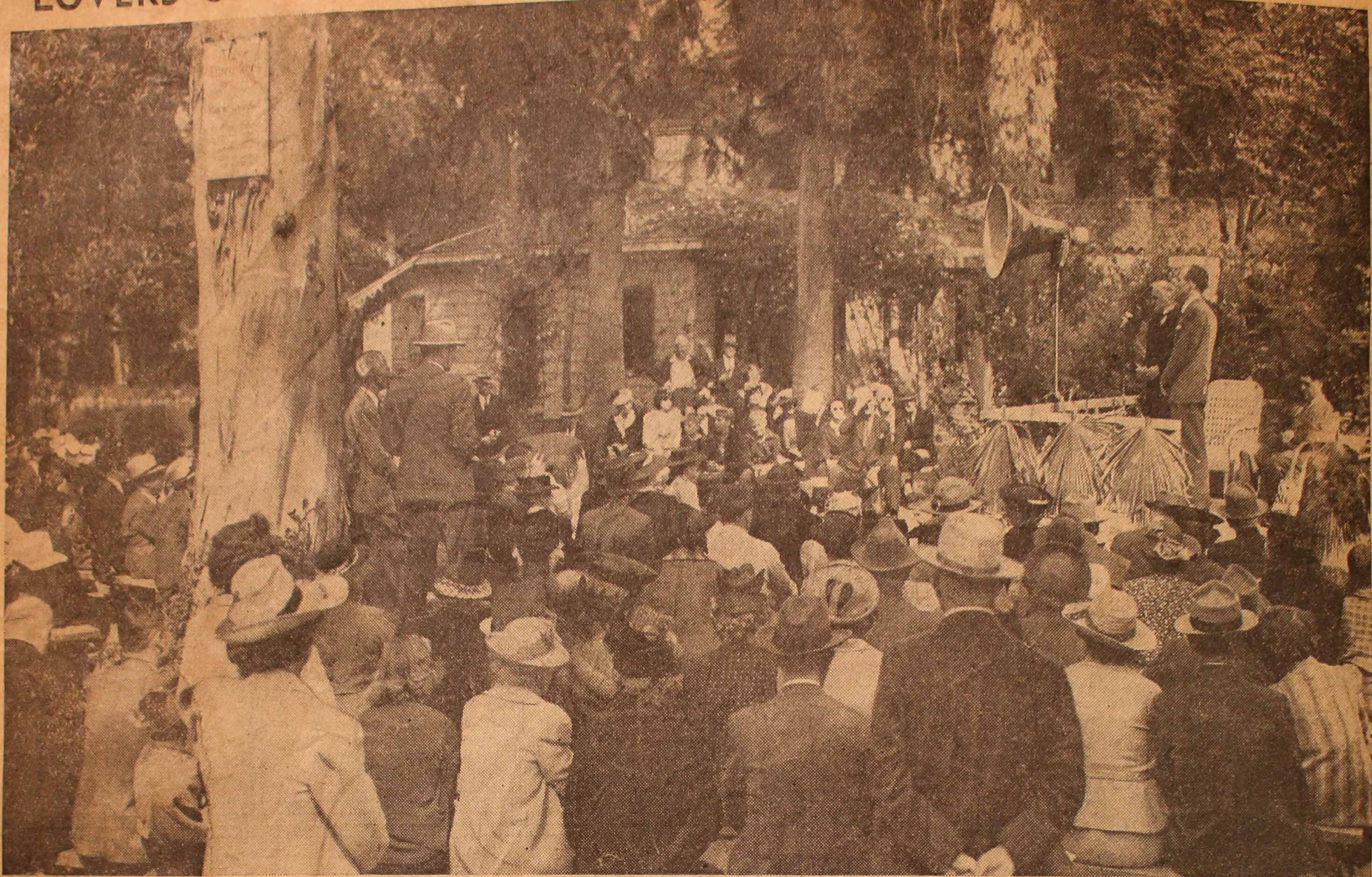
History of California was followed by a social tea hour.

Bulletin

May 1924

Arcadia
Bulletin
April-28

LOVERS OF CALIFORNIA TRADITION MEET ON HISTORIC SOIL



CENTENNIAL OF A VISION—Here are some of the several hundred lovers of early California tradition who gathered yesterday beneath the rustling trees on Santa Anita Rancho to celebrate the 100th anniversary

of the original grant to Hugo Reid. At the exercises yesterday a plaque was placed in commemoration of this grant which began the historic and picturesque saga of Santa Anita.

Times photo

Plaque Marks Rancho Fete

**Santa Anita's 100th
Anniversary Observed
at Simple Ceremony**

Rancho Santa Anita!

The historic name conjures visions to many persons of E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin's lush reign. To others the race track on part of the old estate is of paramount interest.

But the several hundred lovers of early California tradition who gathered yesterday beneath the rancho's rustling trees dedicated their day primarily to Hugo Reid, the wandering Scot who recognized the spot's beauty 100 years ago and received the original Rancho Santa Anita grant.

PLAQUE DEDICATED

In simple ceremonies near

Reid's own rambling adobe they dedicated a plaque which reads:

"This plaque placed in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the granting of Rancho Santa Anita by Juan B. Alvarado, Mexican Constitutional Governor of California, to Hugo Reid on April 16, 1841."

Not that Lucky Baldwin or any other part of the rancho's saga was neglected in the program sponsored by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce through its art and historical landmarks committee.

UNDERLYING MOTIF

But the rancho itself and the graceful, bounteous Southland era it represents provided the underlying motif as well as the background.

Palmer Conner, title expert and author of "The Romance of the Ranches," was introduced by Marshall Stimson, authority on Southern California history.

Conner traced the rancho's history from the days when it was part of the lands of Mission San Gabriel to the present.

BARGAINING SCOT

"In applying for the grant, Reid described it as 'near-worth-

less land' and indicated he would use it as grazing land for his stock," Conner related, adding that there is a question as to whether Reid was giving an honest judgment or using his Scottish bargaining ability.

The speaker related the rancho's subsequent rise in fame and value—from the next sale to Henry Dalton for \$2700 in 1847, to 1875, when Baldwin bought it from Harris Newmark for \$200,000.

ACREAGE SHRINKS

At the time Dalton purchased the rancho it included more than 13,000 acres. The number of acres didn't matter much in those days of large expanse, Conner ventured. By the time Baldwin purchased the rancho to develop it into a show place of the State it had shrunk to 8000 acres through sales.

Dalton's grandson, Roger Dalton, president of the Azusa Chamber of Commerce, was among old-timers introduced by Stimson. Mayor Arthur H. Perkins of Arcadia was another. His community includes portions of the original grant.

Following his account of the rancho's past as a small empire, Conner paid tribute to Harry Chandler and his associates for

opening parts of the oak-studded estate for homesites.

ASKS PRESERVATION

"But I hope that this lovely original home place will be preserved as it is now for all to enjoy," he said. "I'm sure that is what Mr. Chandler intends to do."

"It might be kept as a monument to those who owned it during the past century. A monument, perhaps, to Harry Chandler for preserving such a historic spot. Or a monument to Hugo Reid for his vision. Or to William Wolfskill for these beautiful eucalyptus trees he planted in 1865. Or to Baldwin for this beautiful lake and the Queen Anne Cottage."

SMITH PRESIDES

Don Smith, president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, presided. Other members of the group sponsoring the plaque and program were Ozro W. Childs III, chairman of the landmarks committee; Austin Martin, Robert Barry and Robert Robertson.

In keeping with the atmosphere of Baldwin's famed stables were numerous horses tethered along near-by bridle paths by persons of the audience.

L.A. Times

April 20-41

100th Birthday Of Rancho Celebrated In Impressive Fashion



BIRTHDAY OF RANCHO NOTED

Arcadia Tribune
April-24-'41

Thousands of devotees and lovers of early California history last Saturday afternoon participated in the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the land grant to Hugo Reid, wandering Scottish pioneer, of beautiful and spacious Rancho Santa Anita.

Forgetting not the part played by E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin, founder of the city of Arcadia, and others who played major roles in the developing of the Rancho, the day primarily was dedicated to Reid.

Near his rambling adobe—now one of California's true landmarks—the chief portion of the program was held. Virtually in Reid's front yard, the plaque was dedicated which reads as follows:

"This plaque placed in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the granting of Rancho Santa Anita by Juan B. Alvarado, Mexican Constitutional Governor to California, to Hugo Reid on April 16, 1841."

The event was sponsored by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce landmarks and history committee, aided by similar organizations throughout the southland. The History and Landmarks section of the Arcadia Woman's Club played a prominent part in the ceremonies, presenting in vocal chorus, the song, "Arcadia."

CELEBRATE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF RANCHO SATUR.

An elaborate program is being planned for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the first land grant issued for the Rancho Santa Anita which falls on next Saturday, April 19th, beginning at 2:00 p. m.

The program is being sponsored by the History and Landmarks committee of Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, assisted by local and other historical societies in Southern California, according to J. H. Harvey, chairman of the committee in charge.

This will be a great day for all old timers in this section and it is expected that Leo Carillo will be present to serve as master of ceremonies.

The chief speaker of the day

will be Palmer Conner, of Alhambra, president of the Land Escrow and Safe Deposit company. Mr. Conner is famous as a California historian and author.

Mrs. Anna Begue Packman, is chairman of the celebration and her committee includes John B. T. Campbell, Leo Carillo, Phil Townsend Hanna, Marco Newmark, whose grand parents were at one time owners of the Rancho, Ed Ainsworth, Erwin Widney, John C. Mott, Marshall Stimson, Joseph Mesmer, Stewart O'Meldeny and Joseph Scott.

A bronze plaque which has been placed in a huge boulder brought down from Santa Anita canyon will be unveiled by Mayor Albert H. Perkins.

The old adobe house of Hugo Reid on the Baldwin homestead area will be the setting for the entire celebration ceremony. Entertainment during the afternoon will include gala musical numbers by famous entertainers.

History classes from the various schools of the valley are especially invited to attend this historical affair.

Arcadia Bulletin

HISTORY SECTION TO BE ENTERTAINED

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dickinson have invited the California History and Landmarks section of Arcadia Woman's Club to meet in their garden in South Santa Anita, May 28 for their final session of the year. Chairman Mrs. Mabel Hoover announces that new officers will be elected.

HISTORY SECTION TO HOLD FINAL MEETING

New officers will be elected when the California History and Landmarks Section of the Arcadia Woman's Club gather for their final meeting in the gardens of the Ray Dickinson home, 1820 S. Santa Anita on Wednesday, May 28.

Interesting features of the afternoon program will be a talk on the Mexican era and the Bear Flag Republic by Mrs. Helen Lumpkin, and a review of the fifth chapter of John Steven McGroarty's History of California by Mrs. Arthur Brandes.

Installed Here



MRS. JAMES STOKER

CLUB OFFICERS ARE INSTALLED

With Mrs. Augusta Barnard, district chairman of Indian Welfare, serving as installing head, officers who will serve Arcadia Woman's Club through the year of 1941-42 were inducted into office yesterday afternoon at the clubhouse.

Those installed, many of them re-elected to succeed themselves, were: Mrs. Irene Stoker, president; Mrs. Wood Glover, first vice-president; Mrs. Kenyon Zinn, second vice-president; Mrs. Charles Van Ausdol, recording secretary; Mrs. E. J. Fren-tress, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Stephen Craig, federation secretary; Miss Ruth Evans, treasurer; Mrs. George Jones, program chairman; Mrs. Harvey Moss, parliamentarian;

History Section Re-Elects Mrs. C. E. Hoover, Chairman

Mrs. Charles E. Hoover was re-elected chairman by a unanimous vote last week when the California History and Landmarks Section of Arcadia Woman's Club met in the Ray Dickinson garden. Other officers elected were Mrs. Horace Nichols, vice president, Mrs. Bert Rubottom, second vice president, and Mrs. Grover Harbaugh, secretary and treasurer.

Guests presented were Mrs. Ray Dickinson, hostess, Mrs. Richard Fitzpatrick and Mrs. E. Walker.

Current events referring to historic themes during roll call dealt with Rancho Topanga, pioneer shooting of wild horses, origin of San Dimas, discovery of California by Cabrillo and others.

Combining the Spanish word drill by Mrs. John Renshaw with Mrs. Eve Brandes' review of McGroarty's chapter on Governors proved especially interesting.

Feature of the program was Helen Lumpkin's review of Bess Garner Adams' "Window of an old adobe." She told of the Palomares family whose slogan was "we enjoy to live." Self styled the "successor to God who made everything and appointed himself as such," this strongly individual character ruled gently—but ruled his 14 children and the nine families added, and also the local citizens with such fairness that Pomonans still give obeisance to the name and fame of Hosea Palomares.

Tea hostesses for the day were Mmes. Lillian Ross, Marcia Crellin and Leola Brown.

Present were Mmes. Emilie Timmerhoff, Sarah Harbaugh, E. Walker, Caroline Ganther, Ethel Fren-tress, Helen Lumpkin, Eve Brandes, Irene Culver, Leilah Beynon, Lillian Babcock, Bertha Nichols, Leola Brown, Harriet Barngrover, Marcia Crellin, Florence Muller, Flora New-ell, Ina Dickinson, Joanna Fitzpatrick, F. Falconer, Ina Mills-paugh, Gertrude Conner, Juliet E. Renshaw.

Mrs. Clara Morris and Mrs. Clarence Crane, trustees.

Mrs. Barnard during the installation ceremony gave to each officer on the stage a streamer, each one of a color of the rainbow, while music was played by Mrs. Florence Anderson, violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Helen Lumpkin at the piano.

RECEIVES GIFTS

Gifts from various sections of the club and members of the board were presented Mrs. Stoker, who responded with her installation talk, keynote of which was the lauding of the harmony and close association and work of the board and club

members the past year. Mrs. Eleanor Eastwood, president of the Junior Woman's Club, presented the club a transparent glass bowl, a gift from the junior division.

Snappy and brief one-minute talks were given by all committee chairmen as the year's work was completed. No regular meetings of the club will be held until the October meeting.

Following the installation and filing of reports, tea was served by the hospitality committee, composed of Mrs. Ina Millsbaugh, chairman, and Mmes. Georgia Spragins, Lucile Sabin, Harriet Armstrong, Luthera Keenan Renshaw, Zephрина MacFarlane, Ethel Watson, Edith Roberts and Winnie Tester. Mrs. Renshaw and Mrs. MacFarlane poured.

MRS. C. E. HOOVER HOSTESS TO SECTION

As a grand finale to a successful year, the History and Landmarks Section of the Woman's Club will entertain their husbands at a pot luck supper Thursday evening, June 12, at the home of their chairman, Mrs. C. E. Hoover.

On the program for the evening is a short talk on the history of the section by its founder, Emilie Timmerhoff.

HISTORY AND LANDMARKS SECTION WILL BE HOST TO HUSBANDS THURSDAY

Members of the California History and Landmarks section of the Arcadia Woman's club will entertain their husbands the eve-

ning of June 12, with a 6 o'clock pot-luck picnic supper, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoover, 419 Fairview avenue.

The historian's report of the section activities for the year will be read by Mrs. E. E. Timerhoff, during a brief business meeting which will be included in the program for the evening.

Husbands Entertained By History Section Womans Club

Pot luck supper in the C. E. Hoover patio on the evening of the twelfth, complimenting husbands of the California History section members proved a most pleasant session; beneficent branches of a fine elm formed the patio ceiling, like a master umbrella, and laid its reaching leaves upon the embracing walls of the L-shaped home. Brick flooring forbade dampness, and tables for thirty bore floral decorations which vied with those which leaned from wall brackets. Velvety leaved vines clung to the walls, forming patterns of interest, and catching illuminating rays from lamps at vantage points.

Arriving guests were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, son Bob, and Mitzi, the dog, and special dishes added their tempting odors as baskets were emptied and tables filled. It could easily be seen and understood that "what husbands like" had been the motif, followed in preparation for the event. This is an annual feast of the section as a finale and was thoroughly enjoyed. During the evening Mrs. Hoover, recently re-elected as chairman of the group for the ensuing year, presented her official aids, and Mrs. E. Timerhoff, founder of the section, who gave a brief resume of the past year. Mrs. Hoover also thrilled the group with the announcement that Mr. Parker W. Lyon has offered to open his entire Pony Express Museum on the day chosen for a California History Benefit Day; all proceeds from entrance fees to be turned over to Mrs. Hoover for the Section. This offer is much appreciated and will be acted upon soon. One more benevolent act by Mr. Lyon, who knows California from pioneer days and enjoys helping his fellow citizens. Those who are chosen to "carry on" with Mrs. Hoover, are Mesdames H. S. Nichols and B. Rubottom, vice chairman; Grover Harbaugh, secretary and treasurer.

Among guests who were presented was Miss Florence Reynolds, from Indianapolis, Ind., where she was teaching in the School of the Blind. Miss Reynolds will remain with her sisters in the future at their mutual home on Longden.



MISSIONS 

OLDER THAN THE U. S.



Los Angeles County's "Madre" mission today will come into its own once again with the opening of San Gabriel's gala three-day fiesta.

Colorful Fiesta To Celebrate San Gabriel's 169th Birthday

Viva, la Fiesta!

Hail to the Mission San Gabriel Archangel!

Celebrating the 169th anniversary of Los Angeles county's "madre" mission, residents of San Gabriel today will shelve workaday cares and launch their famed annual three-day jubilation.

Ringed of the mission's ancient bells at 6 o'clock this morning will officially open the fiesta, which is expected to attract more than 200,000 visitors.

Descended From Dons

An 18-year-old native San Gabriel girl, pretty Senorita Panchita Murrieta, whose ancestors came to California from El Altiplano, Mexico, and participated in the early development of the state, will resign as queen over the festivities.

The gala fiesta parade, which will include more than 700 individual riders and approximately 20 famous riding groups, led by Sheriff Eugene Biscalluz and his mounted posse, will be held tomorrow.

Colorful Parade

The cavalcade of prancing steeds mounted with beautiful silver saddlery, charming señoritas attired in the colorful costumes of their ancestors, gay caballeros and dashing vaqueros, decorated floats and dozens of bands and marching units will form at Myrtle avenue and San Gabriel boulevard at 10:30 a. m., march up San Gabriel boulevard to Las Tunas drive, west to Mission drive, south to Junipero street and disband at the city park on Broadway avenue.

Governor Olson and other state, county and city officials will witness the parade from a reviewing stand in front of the Mission Playhouse.

Sheriff Biscalluz will be grand marshal again this year. Leo Carrillo and Gene Autry, popular western movie stars, will ride as guests of honor.

Queen Murietta will ride on the feature float of the parade.

Senors From Pasadena

Pasadena will be represented by two old-time carriages driven by E. Felton Taylor and George S. Campbell. Tournament of Roses directors, who will be dressed in early-day costumes.

Following the parade, more

than 300 fine horses from all over Southern California will compete for prizes and honors at a horse show at 2 p. m. at Smith Memorial Park on Broadway avenue.

Some 3000 pounds of choice beef will be served to parade and horse show participants by Frank J. Romero, the widely-known "barbecue king."

Light Birthday Cake

Later, several hundred descendants of pioneer California families will attend a reception from 4 to 5 p. m. at the Art Gallery and will gather in front of the mission rectory at 6 p. m. to light 169 candles on a huge birthday cake.

Winding up tomorrow's program, the fiesta grand ball will begin at 9 p. m. in the Mission auditorium to the strains of music by Juan Zorraquinos and his Spanish troubadours.

Today's program will open at 1 p. m. when some 300 school children from western San Gabriel Valley communities will hold a pet and hobby parade on the Plaza.

Night Pageant

A brilliant pageant of authentic Spanish, Mexican and Gypsy dances, under the direction of Raoul de Ramirez, will be staged tonight at 8 o'clock in the Mission Playhouse patio. The pageant will be repeated tomorrow and Sunday nights.

Scores of Mexican shops and carnival attractions will line El Paseo and three famous groups of strolling musicians under the direction of Zorraquinos, Jose Arias and Jimmy Lewis will play for street dancing and entertainment by scores of dancing señoritas.

Other events include a fiesta breakfast at El Pocho cafe at 8 a. m. Sunday, sponsored by the San Gabriel Woman's Club, and a tea which the San Gabriel Artists Guild will sponsor at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Art Gallery.

Where Padres Made Soap



Historic Vats At San Gabriel Mission Now Being Restored

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

The huge, four-vat "soap factory" at San Gabriel Mission, oldest in the west, and one of the oldest soap-making plants in America, is being reconstructed, as it was 120 years ago. For almost a century it has lain in ruins with the broken remnants of shops, craftshouses, grape and olive presses that once were the scene of active operation during the flourishing era of the famous mission.

Withstands Earthquakes

The mission church itself, built of brick instead of adobe, with walls eight feet thick at the base, has remained intact through the several earthquakes that have shaken it since 1771. Most of the adjoining structures either have fallen down, or were torn down. The mission fathers, now in charge, are reconstructing much of the long-abandoned "back yard" where the working plant stood, and where hundreds of Indian neophytes were employed. The ancient churchyard, close to the mission, has been completely rehabilitated and converted into an attractive garden, with the old markers replaced, indicating the burying spot of some 6,000 Indians. An adobe wall has been set up around this, and an extended portion of the abandoned area.

Metal Craft Shops

The "soap factory" consisted of four large cisterns, or boilers, with a capacity of from 2,000 to 2,500 gallons. These big vats, circular in form, were built of kiln-dried brick, made at San Gabriel. The brick were cemented with lime, also a mission product. The vats themselves were lined with iron, the metal work having been done in the San Gabriel shops, by Indians who had become skilled in metal craft under the supervision of the padres.

Beneath the vats were the heating furnaces, where wood fuel was burned for the boiling of the soap mixture, consisting of lye solution and melted tallow. In those early days, from 1810 to 1840, San Gabriel, richest of all the California missions, owned 100,000 head of cattle. These herds ranged the whole valley, from San Bernardino to the sea. Vast numbers of the cattle were killed for their hides

and tallow which were disposed of through barter with the "Yankee trade ships." Richard Dana gives a graphic description of this commerce between the Boston clippers and the missions in his book, "Two Years Before the Mast".

How It Was Done

Extensive as was the exchange of American dollars from the east, for the "leather dollars" of California, it did not consume all the hides and tallow produced by the missions. A great quantity of the tallow was turned into soap. Lye was made from wood ashes.

Ashes were scrupulously collected and put into v-shaped containers, with troughs set at the bottom. Water was poured into them, and allowed to percolate, to drip from the mouth of the trough as strong lye, necessary for the making of soap.

The mixture of lye and tallow was kept at a slow boil in the big vats for twenty-four to thirty hours. Indian soap-makers stirred the boiling mass with long, wooden paddles.

When it had boiled sufficiently, the soap was allowed to cool.

Fancy Soap, Too

Hardened, it was cut into convenient cakes, for use at the mission, and for barter. Much of the soap was a coarse-grained product, efficient as a cleanser, but none too gentle on the skin. But the mission actually manufactured some choice "toilet soap," by using olive oil instead of tallow. A tincture of wild mint, or other aromatic leaves, was stirred into the boiling mixture both to color it and to impart a pleasant fragrance. The toilet soap was molded into circular and oval-shaped cakes, as is done today.

The diary of Harrison H. Rogers, an American, who visited San Gabriel in November, 1826, con-

tains this entry regarding the mission's soap-making plant:

"I walked over the soap factory, and found it more extensive than I had an idea. Its four large boilers will hold from 2,000 to 2,500 gallons each. It is built in the shape of a sugar loaf, made of brick and stone. There is a large kettle fixed in the bottom, where the fires strike them."

At that early time, the San Gabriel vineyards numbered 150,000 vines; its orchards contained over 2,300 trees, most of them seedling oranges. In addition there were many thousand lemon trees, pomegranates and olives. The gardens were surrounded with adobe walls and impenetrable hedges of prickly-pear cactus, mainly to keep out the long-horned Spanish cattle, whose hides made the "leather dollars," and whose tallow went into the soap of California's first factory.

Pasadena
Independent

Sep 8, 1940

July 26, 1940

Mission Yields Mystery Vats

Intriguing Discoveries
Made at Deeper Level
at San Juan Capistrano

BY ED AINSWORTH

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, Jan. 10.—The most intriguing discoveries yet made in California's "Buried Colony" here at old San Juan Capistrano Mission were disclosed today by Father Arthur J. Hutchinson, mission pastor.

Workmen under the direction of Rudy Yorba have uncovered two enormous plastered vats at a deeper level than anything yet found on the mission grounds, where the first buildings were erected in 1776 by Father Junipero Serra. The vats are just west of the large tanning vats uncovered in recent years on the edge of the inner courtyard. They are at a lower level than the tanning vats or the circular tiled "drain board" 19 feet in diameter which in itself has proved a puzzle.

NEAR HOSPITAL

The vats are close to the original 136-foot long and 46-foot wide hospital building, the rock foundations of which already have been traced by Father Hutchinson and Yorba. One of the vats is 11 feet long, 8 feet wide and 5 feet 6 inches deep. The other is 15 by 8 feet and the same depth. Alongside of them is a tile work floor 18 feet long and 8 feet wide.

In the vats were found a number of steer horns which now are in such condition that they crumble at a touch.

The plaster lining of the vats is in good condition.

USE UNKNOWN

Speculation as to the use to which the vats were put is caused by the nature of the lining. Apparently, despite the finding of the steer horns, they were not a part of the tanning plant because they differ from the construction of the other vats identified as part of that process.

Father Hutchinson plans to call in experts on enterprises of the early missions in an effort to decide what it is that he has discovered. It is possible that the vats had some connection with the mission winery, as pieces of pottery were found in the debris near by. Father Hutchinson's own impression is that the newly found vats were for water, possibly for soaking the hides.

The excavations will continue to determine the extent of the various structures.



PAST UNCOVERED—Father Arthur J. Hutchinson, right, supervises work of restoring mysterious lime-plastered

vats which were found by excavators beneath site of first San Juan Capistrano Mission buildings. Times photo

L.A. Times Jan 10-41

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION, Aug. 19. — A new mystery has been uncovered here at the home of the famous "punctual swallows" which arrive March 19 every year. But this one hasn't anything to do with birds . . . It's an excavation puzzle. Father Arthur J. Hutchinson, mission padre, already had uncovered many extraordinary features of the original mission in his program of "diggings." Tallow vats, hide-tanning apparatus, furnaces, water systems, foundations had been discovered and made available for public inspection . . . But the latest "find" will require a Druid and a chemist to solve the riddle.

WHAT IS IT?

The Druids, as everybody knows, were the ancient priests who built the baffling stone Druidical circles in England. And a mysterious stone circle is exactly what Father Hutchinson has found deep underground here between the workshops and the old hospital . . . The stonework is perfect. Of course, the Druids didn't help with the job; it was done by the early Indians here. And it may even have had as prosaic use as drying cattle hides. But nobody knows yet. It's still a mystery . . . And there's another one, too . . .

STICKY

About 9 or 10 feet deep near the great stone vats have been found two layers of odd substance . . . One is jet black, sticky, pliable. The other is gray and ghostly looking. There's a lot of each. The question is: What are they, what phase of mission life do they represent?

August, 19, '40

State's Missions Outstanding In Historic Landmarks; San Gabriel Mecca of Hundreds

Outstanding among California's historic landmarks are the old Spanish missions, whose ancient walls stand in sharp contrast to the ultra modern structures that comprise the California of today, telling a story of dramatic beginning and a thrilling transformation.

When the Franciscan padres brought a Caucasian civilization and the cross of Christ to Alta California and planted them at the San Diego Mission, they little dreamed of the amazing destiny awaiting the land of California.

If Junipero Serra, who fathered the chain of missions that cradled our western civilization, could tread once more the ancient mission trail, he could scarcely believe the orchards and ranches, the vast tapestry of blossoms that carpets the ground which he knew but as arid waste, with rare oases only along the banks of streams.

Into Virgin Lands

For it was a virgin land into which the Spanish Expedition came in 1769—a land peopled only with savage aborigines. It was the task of the padres to colonize this wilderness, to supplant barbarism with civilization, paganism with Christianity.

Although no era of invasion was more peaceful than the Spanish invasion of California, yet both blood and tears have seeped into the soil which nurtures the mission gardens; and one sees an occasional cross honoring the memory of some sainted martyr who fell at the hands of the Indians he sought to serve.

Early Trade Schools

The missions of California were far more than chapels; they were really trade schools. The Indians were taught to weave, to cook, to plant and harvest crops, to raise horses, sheep and cattle, to tan leather, to make adobe bricks. They were taught games, songs and dances. They were taught music, sculpture and art.

The mission was the hub and

center of the colony. The converted Indians lived at the missions and they helped to build dwellings there for themselves, as well as for the artisans, guards and servants.

In selecting the sites for the missions, the padres chose the most fertile spots they could find, and to this day the mission gardens blossom as with joy at growing from this hallowed land. Thus was the San Gabriel Valley selected to be the site of one of the most famous of the missions.

Each mission was located a day's journey apart from its neighbor, but today the distance which was an all day trudge for the padres, who traveled only on foot, is covered by an hour's motor ride.

San Diego de Alcalá was the first in this historic chain of missions dotting the highway to El Camino Real. Proceeding up the coast from San Diego, one reaches the Mission of San Luis Rey; and next, San Juan Capistrano, famed for its lovely gardens and the miracle swallows which nest the summer in its walls.

Mother Of Los Angeles

Near Monrovia is Mission San Gabriel, mecca of thousands of tourists annually, and beloved by all as the mother of the Los Angeles pueblo, whose pobladores set out from San Gabriel Mission on their historic march across the valley to found the pueblo at the order of the Spanish King.

Also in Los Angeles county is Mission San Fernando. Proceeding northward, the beautiful highway El Camino Real leads to San Buenaventura at Ventura; and Santa Barbara, whose sacred altar fires have never dimmed since they were first lighted in 1786. Ynez is the site of the Santa Ines Mission; Lompoc,

Monrovia
News-Post

World Famous Mission Play To Be Revived At Riverside

With virtually every theatrical record already in the bag, California's world famous Mission Play is to continue its unique career on Washington's birthday next month, when it will open a new season at the Civic Auditorium in Riverside, under the personal supervision of its author, John Steven McGroarty, beloved poet laureate of California.

Announcement of the reopening of the play, which has already had 3,193 performances, a world's record for all time, was made yesterday by the Sage of Verdugo Hills, the 75-year-old author and former Congressman from this congressional district.

The Mission Play, telling a dramatic and moving story of the beginnings of California, was first produced 22 years ago at San Gabriel where it ran for many years. It has been witnessed by more than 2,000,000 persons from every

state in the Union and from every civilized country on the globe.

Tragedy Ends Run

McGroarty revived the play in Pasadena in 1939 with a brief run at the Civic Auditorium that was interrupted by the illness of his wife which terminated in her death. Her loss left him stunned and listless, but recently friends and admirers have persuaded him to undertake a further revival of his great classic and so it will be opened at Riverside February 22 with a matinee under the sponsorship of the local Chamber of Commerce and the All Year Club of Southern California.

Performances will be given every afternoon except Monday, but including Sunday, and on Wednesday and Sunday evenings.

Life At Pala Mission Moves Slowly In A Hurrying World

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

It was Sunday morning, and the ancient bells hanging in the graceful arches of the garden in old Pala Mission, were toning the hour of worship. Solemn-faced Indians, gray-haired old men, bent-backed squaws, alert and bright-eyed boys and girls, toddling tots barely beyond the papoose age—all wearing their best finery—filled through the open door of the tile-roofed chapel, as the swarthy neophytes of Pala have been doing since the days of Father Peyri.

Only a few of the many sight-seeing motorists who follow the main highway to the summit of Mount Palomar, take the time to stop, or even trouble themselves to slow up, when passing through the quaint mission town of Asistencia de San Antonio de Pala. It can easily be passed unnoticed, for the mission itself, which sets off the road, is only a squat structure, with a low tower, and is surrounded by a cluster of low-roofed adobes and the tiny, unpainted dwellings of the Indians. All hidden by dense clumps of oaks and sycamores.

We were the only visitors this Sunday morning, and we could almost believe we had been ushered into a different world—or carried back to the tranquil, peacefully-moving era of a hundred years ago. Except for considerable reduction of its Indian population, Pala is much the same as when the good Padre Peyri was its ruling spirit. He founded the chapel in 1816, as

a branch of Mission San Luis Rey, locating it in the Valley of Pala, at the foot of Palomar Mountain to be near the haunts of the Indians. That he brought many of them into the fold is evident by the records, whose age-yellowed pages contain the names of thousands of neophytes, 1000 of whom were enrolled during one year—1820.

Primitive Art

The year 1820 seems a long time ago. During the 120 years that have passed, much of the ancient mission has fallen in ruins. Some of the crumbling adobe are under reconstruction. The dusky workers who are rebuilding them are the descendants of the original builders of Pala. The chapel itself remains almost as it was at the beginning. You go through a garden gate and up a stone-laid walk to its heavy-paneled doors.

When your eyes have become accustomed to the subdued light, which filters into the low-beamed room, the first thing to catch your attention are the Indian frescoes on the thick walls. These were painted more than a hundred years ago, and portray scenes and inci-

dents in the life of the Christ. Considered only as art, the frescoes are primitive and crude—yet they are remarkable in that they were the handwork of savage artists, using pigments made from mountain plants and flowers. For many years these pictures were hidden by a coat of whitewash!

Bells Echo On Mountain

The campanile stands apart from the chapel, in the old cemetery. It, too, has been restored, and is now joined to the main building by an arched gateway. In two of these arches, hang the mission bells. For generations they have called the Indians to prayer. Morning and night their clear notes rise upon the mountain silence like the voice of God. Old mountaineers will tell you that at times the bells of Pala are heard on the high slopes of Palomar, twenty miles away. Always they have borne a note of peaceful benediction, recognized and respected by all who heard them.

Even the rough-and-ready brush riders of the cattle ranges, reined up their cow ponies, and uncovered their heads, when the bells of Pala echoed across the mountain valley.

Pos. Independent
Jan. 10

La Purisima Mission Restoration Proceeds

LOMPOC, Jan. 1.—La Purisima Mission, in course of restoration by State and Federal action, came through the recent 4-inch rain without damage. E. D. Rowe, foreman, said this proves that C.C.C. crews have builded well.

Foundations have been completed for two former infirmary buildings that lie along the roadside in La Purisima State Park. C.C.C. crews now will construct the adobe brick walls. While the ground is still moist, a grove of 400 live oaks will be planted on the westerly side of the park.

L.A. Times

LEE SIDE o' L.A.

BY LEE SHIPPEY

John Steven McGroarty's Mission Play is to be revived in Riverside beginning Feb. 22. This will bring memories to many of us. For 20 years we took our visitors to the Mission Play and were proud of the fact that no other play had run season after season in the same theater as that one had. It made California history live before our eyes, and all who went to San Gabriel to see it, in the shadow of the old San Gabriel Mission, felt as if they had been privileged to turn back the hands of time to the most colorful and romantic period of California's past. But many of us do not know that the Mission Play was first written for Riverside. It was Frank Miller of the Mission Inn who asked our present poet laureate to write a playlet for presentation at the inn. The joy of the job carried the author away so that he wrote a play too big for the inn.

Times Jan. 31
See next
page

San Diego Resumes Mission Services After 100 Years

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 2.—In the first of the 21 missions established by the Franciscan padres in California, worshipers today returned after a lapse of 100 years.

Restored at a cost of \$81,000, the old adobe Mission San Diego de Alcalá, dedicated July 16, 1769, by Junipero Serra, today once again became the scene of regular Catholic services.

The mission was restored from virtual decay over a period of 18 months. Destroyed by hostile Indians in 1775, the mission was rebuilt by the padres and a period of prosperity followed. Then, after Mexico won her independence in 1821, the clergy was stripped by the government of most of its holdings and the mission, secularized, was abandoned.

Today several original features remain, including the facade and

two wings leading to the entrance, the cobblestone base of the campanile, three mission bells and three paintings, one of which shows signs of the scorching it received in the 1775 fire.

Pos. Independent
Jan. 17-1941

Capistrano Also Has Pigeons!

California's Yesterdays

Still Live

at San Luis Rey

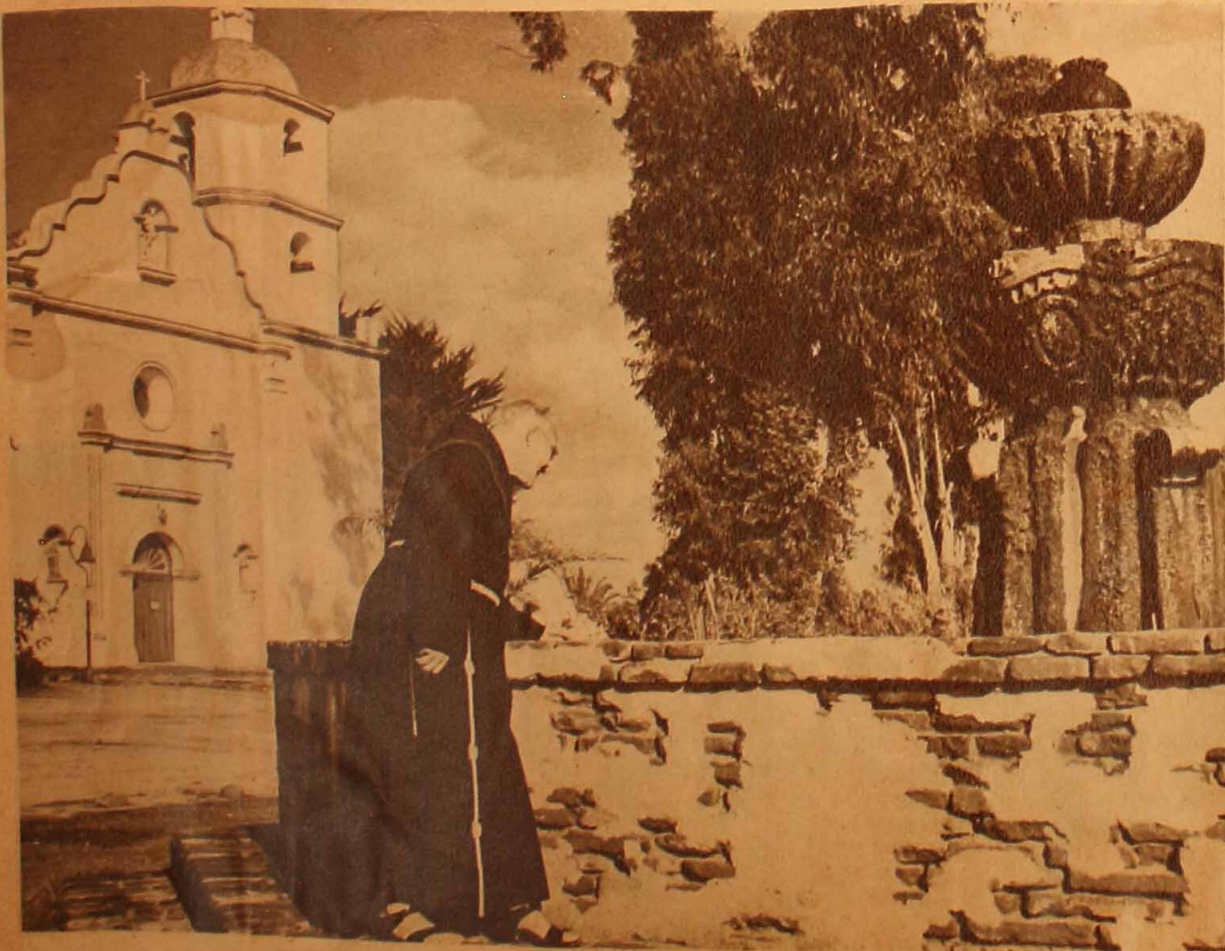


SAN LUIS REY VALLEY as seen from the old bell tower of the Southland mission



WHETHER THE SWALLOWS come back to Capistrano or not, the old mission will not lack feathered visitors. Fluttering and cooing pigeons have established themselves near the mission gate. When the flag is lowered at sunset they fly en masse to roof.

Los Angeles Times



THE SIMPLE ROUTINE of daily life at Mission San Luis Rey has changed but little during the 143 years since its founding. Within its old adobe walls live 35 students in training for Franciscan friars and 10 Franciscan brothers who manage the mission community. The old fountain (above) stands in front of the mission.



CALIFORNIA'S FIRST pepper tree, planted in 1830, stands in the mission grounds. It is seen above through a crumbling archway. Franciscan brothers serve as butcher, baker, shoemaker and tailor for the little community, conduct daily classes in theology and philosophy and carry on the religious work of the parish.



Drama of Spanish Days

CALIFORNIA'S best-known pageant drama, John Steven McGroarty's Mission Play, will open for its 23rd year at the Memorial Auditorium in Riverside next Saturday afternoon. First produced at San Gabriel, April 29, 1912, the play has had a total of 3198 performances to date, and been seen by more than 2,000,000 people. Above is one of the dramatic sequences in the production. The role of Junipero Serra is to be played by R. D. MacLean.



WHEEL BELL—Gloria Widmann shown with old wheel bell, which was used more than a century ago by the padres who ruled over the mission at San Juan Capistrano.

Times Photos

Los Angeles Times Feb. 16, 1941



ANCIENT MISSAL—Marion Hollenbach displays missal used in celebrating mass at Mission San Luis Rey in 18th century. It is one of items to be exhibited at Los Angeles County Museum during celebration of centenary by Catholic hierarchy.

Capistrano Swallows Return to Mission Ahead of Schedule

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, March 6.—Even this little mission community far removed from the war zone had its refugees today.

The "punctual" swallows of San Juan Capistrano Mission which legend says have returned regularly to their mud nests under the chapel eaves for more than 160 years on March 19 have broken their precedent. And to top it off, they are homeless!

According to Rev. Arthur J. Hutchinson, pastor of the mission, the birds began coming in Wednesday ahead of their scheduled arrival by 14 days. Their coming caused a great commo-

tion among the swifts which live in the cracks of the old stone church that was shaken down in the earthquake of 1812. The swallows do not live in cracks and insist upon having nice mud homes, but the swifts always get excited anyway.

The trouble with the swallows this year is that the extremely heavy rains had washed away their mud nests from last season. Now they are going to have to start all over again to build their little residences.

Other sections in this region also have reported the arrival of swallows, this fact being taken as an indication of an early spring.

L.A. Times

It Happened Around Here

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

How much the destiny of a human being, or of a community, hinges upon that significant little word, "if!" If a certain thing, seemingly trivial and unimportant, had not happened, then the whole future course of an individual or of a town, would either have been frustrated or gone an entirely different way.

In an old, out-of-print booklet titled "Crown of The Valley," the story of Pasadena's beginning is told. "If it had not been for a cough and a sneeze, the original Indiana Colony might not have been founded here."

Though not a new tale by any means, it does show how an apparently small incident may develop into a matter of vast dimensions. Here is the story.

Unusual Tale

In the fall of 1873 a committee of easterners composed of John H. Baker, D. M. Berry, Nathan Kimball and Albert Braxton, set out by rail to San Francisco, and thence by steamer to Los Angeles, there being no railroad south at that time. They had made the long trip to Southern California to find a suitable location for a colony. It was no easy task. In the first place it took them almost as long to get to Los Angeles from San Francisco, as it did from their home town of Indianapolis to San Francisco.

But they had no trouble finding land—land, land, land in superabundance. Land, spread in a vast demesne around the pueblo of Los Angeles, almost in its primal state, and still held in great cattle or sheep ranches. The four emissaries from the Hoosier state rode by all other means of conveyance and travel, back and forth across this immense territory, searching for the "dream place" they had hoped to find. Nothing they saw, seemed altogether suitable. Berry wrote back to the anxiously waiting folks in Indiana: "I'm tired of knocking round in canyons, cactus, nettles, jungles and dry river bottoms. It's no longer funny, and I beg to be relieved of the responsibility as well as the heartbreaking effort this task involves."

Disastrous Days

The panic of 1873 saved him the trouble of resigning. That financial crash, the story relates, "fell upon the country like a clap of thunder from a clear sky; failure, disaster and bankruptcy swept like a tidal wave over the whole land, and the bright hopes of the Indiana colonists went down into the frightful vortex."

The four discouraged Easterners found themselves stranded in "the little Mexican pueblo with only \$130 between them." But the folks back in Indiana would not give up their cherished dream. They kept writing the "promised land searchers" to keep on searching. For several years the famous

old "Easter Day" or San Pascual Rancho had been shuffled around from one owner or overseer to another.

Judge Eaton, trying to sell it, "happened into a real estate office in Los Angeles," there to be introduced to a slender, pale, round-shouldered individual who wore a stove-pipe hat and carried a cane. He was D. M. Berry, one of the four Hoosiers. The judge invited him out to his place, "Fair Oaks." Berry accepted the invitation—reluctantly. He frankly stated that he was through with looking for "dream spots," and wanted to return home.

Changes His Mind

The ride across the sun-parched lands of the San Pascual did not enliven his spirits. The rancho had been pastured with sheep. There had been no rain for many months, and the hills were seared a dead brown. Dust rose in stifling clouds around the buggy. Berry, a victim of asthma and hay fever, sneezed and sneezed. But at "Fair Oaks" a more pleasing sight greeted his tired eyes—wide-spreading shade trees, groves of oranges and lemons, and spread in green verdure around the vine-covered house, a grape vineyard laden with ripe clusters. The guest ate his first hearty meal for several weeks, and was given a bed that night in an open-air room.



Dennis H. Stovall

One of the chief indoor sports of this old scribbler is to dig into musty archives—ancient records, age-yellowed letters, rare old newspapers, out-of-print books and long-forgotten reports of historic meetings and organizations. Invariably these excursions into the dim past, when directed

and guided by authoritative sources, lead to surprising results. As an example, I have always ac-



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cepted it as gospel truth, because I have heard it told so many times (and have repeated it more than once myself) that the first Easter service ever held in California, occurred in the benign shade of our beloved old "Pascual Oak," on the banks of the Arroyo Seco, in the spring of 1770; the ceremony being directed by Governor Gaspar de Portola and Father Crespi, who halted here during their second expedition north toward Monterey. The historic event, according to the accepted legend, resulted in the name "La Sabinilla de San Pascual" being given the rancho which later was established here.

Dates Mixed

But the facts are, as proved by the journal of Father Zephyrin Elgelhardt, that Portola was not within many miles of here on Easter Sunday, 1770. He didn't leave San Diego until April 17th, and that year, "according to the record," Easter came on April 15th.

Any how, it is a pretty legend, and no doubt was only accepted as such by the Oneonta Park Chapter of the D. A. R., who placed a bronze plaque on the old oak in 1937. This reads: "Under this oak, the legend runs, the first Easter services in California were held by Father Crespi, in 1770."

Shoshones Were Residents

Still another jolt to my credulity was in discovering that the first inhabitants of our town of South Pasadena, the original Indians, were "Gabrielinos." They actually belonged to the great Shoshone tribe, and were probably the most cultured of all the Indians in the southern part of the state. This sort of upset my idea that they were low-type savages whose principal diet was locusts and grasshoppers.

The next morning he was a new man! When greeted by his genial host, he cheerily answered: "Do you know, sir, last night was the first night in three years that I slept soundly—without sneezing, or being obliged to get out of bed and sit in a chair. It's wonderful—glorious. This climate, this country out here! It's the place I have been looking for. Get me paper and ink! I must write a letter at once—to the folks in Indiana!"

So, a sneeze, or the lack of it, determined the location of the Indiana Colony.

I have often wondered why there are no old Indian burial grounds around here, and have learned that our first South Pasadenaans didn't bury their dead. They cremated them. After the establishment of the missions, of course, when most of the Indians of this area were united with San Gabriel, the custom was changed.

Accurate Accounts

The best and no doubt the most accurate account available concerning the early Indians of this district, is to be found in the articles written by Hugo Reid for the old Los Angeles Star, during the fifties. Reid, a native of Scot-

land, came to Southern California in 1834, and married a native Indian woman at San Gabriel in 1839. In his story, "Indians of Los Angeles County," Reid, who never failed to give the red man credit for being something more than a savage, said the Gabrielinos, or Hahamognas, were a peaceful and contented people before their subjugation by the Spaniards.

"They comprised one great family, and spoke nearly the same language, with the exception of a few words. They were sadly afraid when they saw the Spaniards coming on horseback—thinking them gods. The women ran to the brush and hid themselves, while the men put out the fires in their huts. They remained still more impressed with this idea when they saw a Spaniard take a flint, strike a fire, and commence smoking, and another one level his musket at a bird and kill it. Though greatly terrified by the report of the piece, yet the effect it had of taking life led them to reason that these men were merely doing what they themselves did with bows and arrows."

Beautiful Names

"And," concluded the reporter from San Gabriel, "the Indians gave the Spaniards the name of 'Chinichinabros,' which means 'reasonable beings.'"

It Happened Around Here

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

PASADENA INDEPENDENT

In the northwest corner of the Mojave, rising from the level floor of an alkali plain, is a barren mound of yellow rock known as "Charley's Butte." There is a reason for its peculiar name, and like many other landmarks on the desert, a story of human interest is connected with it. It is given here as it was heard from the lips of an old-timer.

During the sixties the Piute Indians waged a five-year bloody war against the invading whites. At that time the tribe claimed as their territory all of the country between the Panamints and the Sierras, and as far south as the San Bernardino. They jealously guarded this vast demesne through many generations, and they bitterly resented the coming of the palefaces, most of whom were miners and cattlemen. Scores of prospectors traveling alone or in small parties, were pounced upon by the savage warriors and ruthlessly slain; others were killed from ambush; entire families of immigrants, caught unprotected on wagon trails, were massacred.

In an effort to quell the outbreak, the government sent out a small detachment of soldiers, who set up a military post near what was then known as "Fort Carson." But the one comparatively small troop had little effect on the widespread red carnage. The Piutes kept right on with their war of hate.

But the fort did prove a haven of safety for many of the scattered settlements, who fled there for protection when threatened by the savages. One family of southern immigrants, when warned of an intended attack upon their newly-established camp, left their wagons and most of their goods to the Indians, and mounting their fastest animals, went fleeing to the fort. In the party was an old Negro servant named Charley, who had been with the family for years. He climbed on a mule, and took a little white girl with him. Outdistanced by the others, who were riding horses, the aged colored man and his gray mule were hard pressed by the pursuing savages.

When he realized that he would be overtaken, and possibly the whole party cut off in the frantic effort to escape, the Negro swung his mule toward a yellow butte that rose above the lower hills. He dismounted and gave the little girl the reins, urging her to ride on as fast as she could make the mule go.

He watched, till she was safely out of sight, then he stationed himself on the bald hilltop, and dared the red men to advance. The main purpose of this was to make the warriors halt—and give the little white girl and the others needed time to escape. Armed only with a muzzle-loading musket and single-shot revolver, Charley, the Negro slave, had little chance against the red swarm.

Yet he held them off for more than an hour—till his last shot was fired. By which time his little charge, and all the members of the fleeing party, reached the safety and the protection of Fort Carson.

The old Negro slave, who alone had dared to face the whole swarm of Piutes, unflinchingly stood his ground. The hill on which he bravely died is known as "Charley's Butte."



Dennis H. Stovall

Government Agencies Create Reserve To Protect Joshuas

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

A "forest reservation" on the desert! Seems incredible, yet one has been created through the combined agencies of the county of Los Angeles, the state of California and the United States government in setting aside of the reserve officially known as "The Giant Joshua Forest."

It comprises almost a thousand acres of what is probably the largest single group of "patriarch," or very old Joshua trees, on the Mojave, or anywhere else. The reservation is located some 35 miles east of Lancaster, a short distance from the highway to Victorville.

No "Civilization"

Unlike all other "forest reservations," this one has no running streams; not even a spring; no paved roads; no camps; no filling

stations; no hamburger stands. Nor has it a check in station with a warden to take your entrance fee. You are as welcome to the Giant Joshua Forest as you are to any other part of the wide-open desert; you may camp there, if you wish, but you will bring your own water, and you will build no fire near a Joshua tree. Nor will you kill any game, for the "forest" is also a game preserve, where even the

long-eared, fast-running jackrabbit is given a safe haven.

The main purpose of this unique reservation on the desert, is to protect the slowly-vanishing Joshuas. Common as are these grotesque things on all parts of the southwest desert, the largest and best of them are disappearing — victims of water, the ax, and fire. They cannot be easily transplanted, nor propagated, and it is feared that they will go the way of the buffalo, the antelope and other once familiar things of the desert and plains.

Found in Mountains

In one form or another, the Joshua tree is found through the mountain regions of Death Valley, and eastward into Nevada and Arizona. But most of them are small as compared with the "big trees" that comprise the Giant Forest. Here can be seen single specimens as large as full grown oaks, with trunks two feet in thickness, and that reach a height of 30 to 40 feet. Instead of being found in dense clumps and thickets, as in other places on the desert, most of these old patriarchs stand alone, and at almost regular distances apart, as if carefully and systematically planted.

Age of largest Joshuas cannot be accurately determined. Botanists fix their maximum age at 500 to 1,000 years. Though it has a rough, hard bark, much like the oak, its outer trunk and limb portion is but a tough shell, the inner part being a fibrous, spongy mass quite similar to the palm, that is a marvelous conservator of moisture.

Biologists At Work

The creation of this reserve has given biologists and botanists a splendid working field for delving into the mystery of what is regarded as the most mysterious of all growing things on the desert; delving into its root system, and collecting the insects which congregate about the blossoms and green off-shoots of the strange plant.

One fact already learned, in research made, is that the Joshua tree might have no branches, were it not for the peculiar little yucca-boring weevil. The larvae of this beetle, when ready for pupation, build in the ends of the terminal

buds, after the flowers die, the tough cases of "frass," as the chewed-up, fibrous refuse from the boring insects is called.

Another thing learned about the Joshua tree, is that it has two ways of propagating itself: One is by means of seed, that fall from the dry seed pods, and the other by sending out long, underground runners.

There is a peculiar little butterfly, called the Navaho or Mohave moth, which can actually distinguish between a seedling Joshua, and one that has grown up as a runner plant. This butterfly lays her eggs only on the latter, selecting the youngest and juiciest. When the eggs hatch, the energetic larvae bore into the young plants and make their way to the underground stems, where they feed and later pupate. This wise and rather drab-colored butterfly of the desert knows that if she lays her eggs on the small-rooted, small-stemmed trees that spring from seeds, there will be scant feed for her larvae. With an uncanny wisdom, or instinct, she makes a distinction which the wisest human biologist cannot readily do.

Just such observations as this, relating to the mystery of the Joshuas, will be carried on through the years in the Giant Forest. Artists will find out there the best possible subjects for camera and brush. It is the Mohave, in all its natural beauty, unmarred and unscarred, where the friendly old trees can grow and thrive as the Creator intended they should. When the Angeles Crest highway is completed and open to the public, Pasadena will be some 30 miles closer to the "big trees" of the desert.

Nailed to the gnarled trunk of a juniper tree, on a dusty side trail that runs from the main-traveled road up Red Rock Canyon, was a board sign on which was painted this peculiar announcement:

"We sell um Thunder Eggs. 25 cents small. 75 cents Big Eggs."

Thunder eggs for sale on the desert! What sort of a bird laid them? Were they good to eat? The price at which they were offered — 25 to 75 cents each — put them in the ostrich egg class.



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We drove on up the winding trail, and soon came into the barren yard of a rock-and-mud cabin, with a brush-thatched porch and an uncovered lean-to at one end. The door was closed. So was the one window, and not a living soul in sight. But there was ample evidence of the shack being occupied — two fresh coyote skins nailed to the outer wall, fresh tracks on the dusty ground near the step, and piles of desert rocks, mineral specimens and a woven basket half filled with juniper berries.

But there were no "thunder-birds" scampering round.

Nothing but silence answered a loud rap on the door. We waited a while and rapped again. Then we heard a slight noise in the cabin. A third summons caused the door to be suddenly opened.

There, on the threshold, staring through deep-set eyes, was the oldest Indian I ever saw. So old was he that his wrinkled face was like burnt leather. Yet in spite of his age, he stood straight and erect, a ragged blanket draped from his shoulders. His coarse iron-gray hair was long enough to be made into two braids, tied at the ends over his thick chest.

He kept burning holes in us with those coal-black orbs. Finally I said:

"We saw your sign down by the road — about thunder eggs for sale? We thought we might buy — one or two..."

"Yes I sell um thunder egg!" the ancient redman replied. He

pointed a bony finger, indicating a dozen or more oval-shaped rocks piled near the door.

"Thunder eggs" he grunted. "Small egg 25 cents. Big egg 75 cents!"

We examined them with curious interest. We discovered they were of opaque quartz, with inch-thick shells, and hollowed interiors. The smallest were half the size of coconuts, the largest almost as big as watermelons.

"Did a bird lay these things?" I wondered loud enough for the old tribesman to overhear.

"Sure! Thunder-bird lay um — long time ago!" he gravely asserted.

"Some bird!" we doubtfully remarked.

"Sure! Thunder-bird big as mountain" spoke the aged Indian. "He live in great cave. Only come out when it storm upon the desert —

and thunder boom. Thunder was voice of the big bird. Lightning flashed from his eyes. He lay egg — and go back to cave in mountain. That was long time ago!"

Quite a while ago we silently agreed. We realized by this time we were witnessing the symbolic evidence of an almost forgotten Indian legend — oldest fairy tale of the desert. The fable of the Thunder-bird.

"Just what use are these eggs now?" my companion wanted to know.

The old Indian became eloquent. "Thunder eggs bring good luck. Sickness stay away — hunger stay away. Even thee devil stay away from house whose door they guard..."

"Sold" my trail partner cut in. "I'll take two of 'em... a big one and a small one!"

He handed the tribesman a dollar bill and took two from the pile. As we lugged the heavy "eggs" down to the car, the old Indian stood in the door of his cabin and watched our departure. I ventured a backward glance, and was certain I detected an amused grin overspreading his leathery face as he tucked the dollar bill into his leather breeches.

Among the collection of old-time relics to be seen in Mission San Gabriel are rusty branding irons. These long-handled, hand-wrought irons tell a mute and almost forgotten story of the days of rawhide and tallow, when Pasadena, and the whole valley of the San Gabriel, was the finest cattle range in all California. Those were the colorful



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First in California

Being a Texan, I was taught to believe that the Lone Star State, with its vast prairies and limitless boundaries, its uncounted numbers of longhorns, most of them wild, was the original American cattle range. Here was where the west began. The dashing vaqueros, in their bell-crowned sombreros, were roping long-horned Spanish cattle on the hills of the San Pasqual, half a century before the Texas cowboy came into existence. The first long-horns came into Southern California from Mexico — as they did in Texas. But they got here sooner. The high-heeled boots, the "chaps," the ten-gallon hat, the fancy shirts and neckerchiefs were originated by the California vaquero.

Little Actual Money

Hides were actually the "leather dollars" of the ranchos. Tallow and soap formed the main industry of the country. The amount of money the early Californians possessed has been greatly exaggerated. There never was much money here before the Americans swarmed in and took possession. Most of the trading that was done from 1820 till 1850 by the Yankee ships that made the long voyage round the Horn to the California coast, was with "Yankee goods" in exchange for hides.

When in the 1830's an edict was issued by the dominant Mexican government secularizing the missions, which drastic order virtually placed the control of these great enterprises into the hands of inexperienced "administrators," the missions promptly began a slaughtering of cattle. Not by the hundreds but by the thousands. How many were rounded up and killed for their hides and tallow, nobody knows. Each hide was worth a dollar in "Yankee barter."

Buried for Safe Keeping

The value of the tallow depended on the fatness of the slaughtered critter. The tallow was packed in rawhide bags, each containing approximately 25 pounds called an "arroba." There was too much of the tallow for immediate disposal, so great quantities were either

stored in the crude warehouses, or buried in pits underground. Considerable of it was boiled down for soap — and also buried.

Some of those old tallow and soap caches still lie undisturbed

beneath the modern-day mansions of San Marino. Many were uncovered during the boom days of the eighties. Major Horace Bell relates one such "discovery" in his book, "On the Old West Coast."

Soap Mine

"When the San Gabriel boom got under way, and cellars and wells were being dug here and yonder, a settler rushed into Los Angeles with the information that he had struck a soap mine — a great vein of natural soap! He brought samples with him, and the Chamber of Commerce experts pronounced it veritable soap, and no mistake. What a sensation! A solid lode of beautiful soap — right at the city's door!"

"On the heels of this excitement, came more sensational news. Another citizen had located a mine of pure tallow! That started a rush. Why go to the desert in search for gold when soap and tallow could be had for the digging right here at home? Dig, burrow, gouge and tunnel almost everybody proceeded to do, until the vicinity of old San Gabriel Arcangel was pitted deep and pitted wide.

"From such small rumors do mighty movements grow — in a new and miraculous land!"

We hear a great deal these days about "chain stores," "chain banks" and various other kinds of linked-together places of business operated under one main stem. They are regarded as something that belongs to the modern era, like the streamlined train. But the plain facts are that the chain stores were superseded by the "string line commission merchants" of the seventies, and the present-day five-and-ten emporiums developed from the "racket counters" and "Yankee notions" salesmen of forty years ago.



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Bound All of which leads me to state that there resides in a cottage in upper Altadena, a white-haired little woman, almost eighty, whose father, B. F. Luce, owned and operated a line of "string stores" in the big state of Texas during the seventies. Those were the boom years of the southwest—Southern California included. My own dad made and lost a good-size fortune during that hectic period in the Lone Star state. The Luce stores went down in the ultimate crash. Luce, along with many others who had gone through the economic hurricane, salvaged what he could from the wreckage, and "pulled stakes," heading toward California.

"We arrived in Los Angeles in 1875," Miss Cora Luce relates. She is still a "Miss" and as young in spirit as during those long-ago years when she breezed over the Texas prairies on a racing mustang.

Grand Impression

"My father thought it a good time to come to California and make a new start. Little did he realize how different and how difficult would be the conditions he found here. He was known from one far corner to another of Texas, as he had stores in many of the principal towns.

Here he found himself a stranger. There was no railroad then from San Francisco to Los Angeles. He went to San Francisco first, found it a business shambles because of the panic, so he turned south. We took a boat to Santa Monica, which was making a desperate effort to be the port down there, instead of San Pedro.

A flat-car train brought our little family into the sleepy pueblo of Los Angeles in December, 1875. What a ride! A girl of 13, I sat with my feet hanging over the edge of the open

flat-car between mother and dad. Yet I can't forget the impression made on my childhood mind—the rich green of the rolling hills, the beauty of the mountains, the golden brightness of the sunshine. After all, it was California!"

She recalls that among the picturesque characters she saw on the streets of Los Angeles at that time was a swarthy fellow who wore a long-flowing robe, and looked like an Egyptian prince. He was well educated, and spoke Spanish fluently. He made a livelihood by writing ornate calling and business cards. Sayed Mehrem, as he called himself, was a free-hand artist with a pen. He was called a "gosamer Spencerian orthographer." He followed his calling here for a number of years, and drifted on to other parts of the world, still writing cards and penning ornate verses.

Still Going Strong

Miss Luce has in her possession some of the cards he wrote in the seventies. Also, she has later ones made by him only a short while ago. Believe it or not, Sayed Mehrem, the pen-slinging Egyptian prince, is 129 years old! Anyhow, he claims to be that old.

"I am certain he is the same Sayed Mehrem I saw in Los Angeles in the seventies," Miss Luce declares. "I had a letter from him recently when he was in Chicago, enclosing a newspaper clipping, a picture of himself, and samples of his writing."

It seems incredible, but the clipping, taken from the Chicago News, said this about Sayed Mehrem, the early-day penman of Los Angeles: "He was born in Cairo, Egypt in 1811—which would make him 130 now. Says he could prove it if he had not lost the records of his birth back in Alexandria more than 100 years ago. He doesn't look more than 75—a slight stoop to his 5-foot frame, squinting eyes, a gray fringe around his bald pate, and a few wrinkles on his dark face. Yet he says he can recall having heard of Napoleon as a

contemporary when in school at Cairo. Sayed came to the United States in 1870, going west to California."

It must have been the California climate that made him live so long!

He is a veteran employee of the Huntington. A quiet-spoken, gray-haired man who works in the paint shop of the big hostelry. He knows a lot about the famous people, rich and great, who had a part in making Pasadena. Years gone by he was chief laundryman at the Raymond, when General Wentworth was its manager, and that world-famous hotel was at the height of its glory.



Dennis H. Stovall

Eventful Life

But Louie Garnsey has done other things, too—in a way other things—during his long and eventful life in Southern California. Rancher, cattleman, miner, postmaster, contractor, builder. His father was a boyhood chum of Mark Twain back in the old river town of Hannibal, on the Missouri—scene of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer." His grandfather, he declares, was the actual character of "Colonel Sellers," in Mark Twain's first successful book, "The Gilded Age."

Louie Garnsey's uncle brought the first herd of pure-bred Durham cattle into Southern California all the way across the then uncharted west. That happened in 1851. There were 700 blooded milk cows and a number of registered bulls in the drove. Up until that time, the only cattle in this section of California were the rangy, Spanish longhorns, of little or no use for dairy purposes, and not much better for beef. They ran wild by the thousands over the brown grass hills.

Pioneer Cow Man

The coming of the Garnsey herd changed the cattle business in this country. Those blooded Durham cows sold for what was at that time a fabulous price—from \$250 to \$300 a head. The sires brought much more. Yet the "cow man from Missouri," as Garnsey became known, had done more than make a profit on his valuable milk herd. He had successfully demonstrated that large herds of highly bred cattle could be driven across the western desert into California. Such pioneer eastern packers and stockmen as Armour, who never had attempted a longer drive of "blue bloods"

than 200 or 300 miles, now knew the American thoroughbreds "could take it." So other herds of registered stock came over the "long trail" into the big, new "land of gold."

"Years later I came to know many of those millionaire easterners who spent their money with lavish abandon in Pasadena and Southern California," Louie Garnsey smilingly relates. "The Armours, the Cranes, Adolphus Busch and his retinue—and many others equally rich and famous. The sliding, down by the little Raymond depot on the Santa Fe, sometimes held as many as three private palace cars, the rolling homes of these elite eastern visitors—winter guests at the hotel."

Starchy Linens

"I came to know them in a peculiar way," the veteran hotel worker relates, his eyes twinkling reminiscently. "I did their washing. In those days the Raymond operated its own big laundry, which took care of all the hotel's soiled linen, and the 'white clothes' of the guests."

"We used a lot of starch. For

those were the gay nineties—of grand balls and million-dollar social functions—when 'billed shirts' and standing collars were the chief feature of gents' full dress attire, and the ladies wore yards and yards of starched and ironed ruffles in their ball room gowns. White was the standard winter color for Pasadena then."

"The weekly laundry bill of Adolphus Busch was seldom below \$40 or \$50. Which seemed too much for his thrifty wife—then a proud grandmother. Their married son, with his wife and young babe often accompanied them in the Busch palace car, and shared their \$1500-a-month quarters at the Raymond."

"Grandfrau Busch, who was then planning the sunken gardens of the Arroyo Seco, which later were to be one of Pasadena's world-famous beauty spots, insisted on doing the baby's things herself—and hanging them to dry on the hotel bungalow!"

It Happened Around Here

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

The story has been told many times—at desert places, and by desert men. It is one of those tales that never lose interest. I heard it again from the lips of one who for 40 years or longer has kept close to Death Valley. We were enjoying the freshness and the balmy warmth of the Mojave night when he pointed to

a beacon which was blinking its changing lights on a distant peak.

Devoted Couple

"I never see a green light without being reminded of how a green blaze proved a token for the best strike ever made in Death Valley. It wasn't gold, but it brought deserved fortune to a man and woman. Aaron



Dennis H. Stovall

Winters and his faithful wife for many seasons had made their home in a rock cave, high above the sweltering valley. Aaron had taken Rosie, a frail, delicate little woman, into the desert to regain her health. That's how the devoted pair came to live in their cave house at Ash Meadows during the eighties. They were a hundred miles from the closest neighbor, and twice that distance from the nearest town. What stuff they had in their rock shack, was packed over the long trail from Mojave.

"While Rosie occupied her time

as best she could in and around the cave, sitting hours at a stretch in the healing sun, Aaron prospected the red hills, or ventured down to the blazing bottom. Down there, on the alkaline marshes he found a quantity of peculiar white balls, crystalline in character and of a soapy nature. He brought some of them to the shack. Rosie quickly discovered that the white cakes could be used like soap—for cleansing her hands, washing dishes and clothes.

"An idea flashed into her mind. 'Those soapy cottonballs may have real value,' she told her sun-browned, treasure-hunting husband. 'If you could find enough of them...'"

Good Soap

"A few days later a wandering desert rat stopped at their cave house for dinner. A slender meal it was, for the pair had used up their beans, bacon, and most of their flour. Yet Rosie contrived to set an appetizing meal. At its

conclusion, Aaron and the stranger remained at the table to talk and smoke. He showed the wanderer the mysterious white balls, and asked him if he knew their substance.

"The desert wanderer examined them critically. 'Looks like borax to me,' he remarked. 'I've seen similar stuff in Nevada. They're minin' it over there—and frieghtin' it out to market. It makes good soap.'

"How can I determine whether it's borax or not?" Aaron wanted to know. Rosie slipped in at this moment, and hovered near the table, listening with bated breath.

"There's one test that never fails," declared the desert rat. "You pour certain chemicals over the cakes and light a match to it. If it burns green, it's borax. I made the test myself on some of the white balls in Nevada. If you'll get me a sheet of paper, and pencil, I'll write the names of the chemicals..."

"Here is paper—and a pencil!" Rosie excitedly brought in, placing them at the wanderer's hand on the table. She stood by, her eyes shining like brilliant stars while the guest laboriously scrawled the magic words.

Ready For Test

"He no sooner had departed, than Aaron Winters began preparation

for the long journey to Mojave where he would purchase the chemicals. More than a week passed before he returned. Trail-weary as he was, they got an outfit ready, and set out for the alkali beds of Death Valley. Rosie herself carried the precious vials.

"That summer night they made camp at Furnace Creek, prepared and ate a hurried meal, and then trudged together to the vast white fields which covered one corner of the sweltering basin. Here were millions of the 'cottonballs.' Aaron selected one and placed it on a tin plate. His hand shook when he poured the solution over it, and scraped a match across his boot. The match went out. They looked at each other and groaned."

"Never mind—Girlie!" Aaron muttered. "I'll get it with the next one."

Riches At Last

"Another match crackled into flame, breaking the hushed silence. In that moment of anxious suspense the hopes and prayers of the faithful couple were lifted to heaven. Their whole future—their fortune depended upon the result. Aaron's voice suddenly burst forth in a hoarse cry of joyous exultance:

"Green blazes—Rosie! She burns green! We're rich! We're rich!"

It Happened Around Here

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

"Was Kit Carson a Pony Express rider? Who was the greatest rider of the early west?" A boy reader asks these questions in a letter to this column. Kit Carson was not a Pony Express rider, though he made many notable saddle trips as a courier and scout, back and forth between California and Missouri before the Pony Express was inaugurated. There were some great riders on that famous pioneer mail route, but none of them attained the marvelous record made by Fred Aubrey, "greatest rider of the west," several years before.



Dennis H. Stovall

Aubrey rode the danger trails before the pony express was heard of. A close friend of Kit Carson, the two were often seen together at western frontier posts. Both were slight of build, five-foot-two in height, weighing but a hundred pounds, clear-eyed, wiry and tireless as saddlemen.

Tireless Riders

Several times they made wagers on long distance rides. Carson won a \$300 bet on one ride from Fort Bent to Taos, with a message for General Armijo, in 1841. He rode the 400 miles, through an Indian-infested country in three days — without changing horses, and with only a few brief stops.

Determined to beat Carson's ride, Aubrey, who knew every mile of the old Santa Fe trail as a caravan leader, made the trip from Independence west to Santa Fe, 780 miles, in eight days! That ride established him as a top-notch horseman throughout the west. Still he wasn't satisfied. He believed the trip could be made in quicker time. He set out to prove it — and placed an open wager that he could ride from Santa Fe to Independence in six days, if he could use relays of horses. There were several takers — and Fred Aubrey was "put on the spot" — he either had to make good on his boast, or "take a back seat" — something he never had done in all his adventurous career.

There were no relay stations, no dependable trail posts where horses were regularly kept, no communication between one isolated camping place and the next on the lonely Santa Fe route.

Aubrey's idea was to "throw in" for a meal and a few hours' sleep under a wagon with some emigrant or freight outfit, and "swap" his tired horse for a fresh one. He was familiar with the location of every water hole and camp, and could follow his course by starlight.

He was given a rousing sendoff when he left Santa Fe on an early morning, in the summer of 1848. He could not have chosen a more dangerous time. The Apaches, Kiowas and Comanches were all on the war path, and were taking dreadful toll along the trail. But the intrepid rider did not falter. Every landmark he passed on that memorable ride was a scene of tragedy and bloodshed — Rio Galinas, now Las Vegas; Pecos, the Rio Colorado and Indian-raided stations along the Cimarron. Emigrant caravans he had expected to meet were annihilated or scattered.

Through scenes of desolation and pillage, Aubrey pounded. His most desperate fight was against an almost overwhelming desire to sleep. Hour after hour in the saddle — on a galloping horse — day and night, unceasingly. Such food as he ate was hurriedly snatched from freight camps. With these he effected a few changes of mounts, but his "relay scheme" was proving a slender hope. Still he kept hammering, on and on. Just three emigrant trains were passed the whole way to Independence. With these he made "swaps" for fresh mounts. They were eager to help him in his daring feat.

Sets Unbeaten Record

Five and one-half days from the time he left Santa Fe, Fred Aubrey, swaying in the saddle, almost dead with exhaustion, rode his sweat-foaming horse into Independence! The "greatest rider of the west" had beat his own record — eight hundred miles by saddle, in less than six days!

That record has never been beaten. It was more than a stunt. Aubrey's idea of "relays" — with regularly established posts and stations, later became the predominant reason for the Pony Express. Fred Aubrey never lived to ride on the famous route.

He was stabbed to death in a saloon fight at Santa Fe in 1854.

Santa Clara Valley

It is a country of fine old ranch homes, shaded by immense eucalyptus and pepper trees, with green lawns and attractive flower gardens. The atmosphere of early California still pervades. Yet it is passing out here, as everywhere else. The highway is being widened and improved to accommodate the increasing traffic. It no longer is the quiet, little-traveled road of days gone by. More and more cars are taking this way to Ventura, though it is eight miles farther from Los Angeles than over Ventura boulevard. Captain Gaspar de Portola gave the Santa Clara river and valley its name when he and his men journeyed down that way in the summer of 1769. Another instance in which the name of a saint was bestowed upon the camps and places where his exploring party halted or passed over.

On three succeeding nights the tents of the Spaniards were pitched near the Indian villages in the neighborhood of Piru, Fillmore and Santa Paula. He named the lat-

ter place in honor of Saint Paul. There he found a large village of friendly natives who, Father Crespi relates in his journal, "gave us welcome and brought gifts of seeds, acorns, and baskets of pine nuts in exchange for beads."

Portola was a soldier and exploiter, looking always for treasures and rich gifts to send his viceroy and king. Crespi, the patient padre, kept his eyes on the good earth and the plants and trees that grew along the trail. He noted the productive soil of the Santa Clara, the abundant water supply the river provided, the balmy climate, the green hills. When the party made camp at Buenaventura, he wrote in his diary:

"Such a fine site! Nothing is lacking. A wonderful location for a mission."

There, at a later time, Father Serra established the Mission Buenaventura. Crespi named it La Asuncion de Nuestra Senora. We know it at the city of Ventura.

Are you a Canogan? Or a Brean? . . . These sound like new breeds of sheep or a special kind of crooked-neck squash but they are really designations of people, in common use in Southern California. Canoga Park and Brea are responsible for these particular ones but there are lots of others just as awkward . . . What we need is more beauty in the place-names under which our residents are classified—like Canogilinas or Breanistinas, rich, flourishing, Spanish-sounding names. Why be backward about a few extra syllables if they will add class?

MISSION PLAY

Where is the Mission Play going? . . . John Steven McGroarty, who not only is the author of California's most famous historical drama but who also served a couple of terms in Congress, is being urged to take the Mission Play to Washington this fall. Numerous universities and public institutions in and around the capital have been telling him it would be a big success there . . . The late Speaker Bankhead, father of Tallulah, the actress, was so impressed with the Mission Play when McGroarty was in the House that he learned the entire part of Father Serra in the hope of playing the role some day. Death rang down the curtain before he had the chance . . . The revival of the Mission Play here in Southern California last year was a success, despite a rampaging rainstorm the night of the opening. Shouldn't we demand that it remain here this autumn? . . .

Sep 26, 1940

AT PEACE

Some people can still think quiet thoughts even in these tumultuous days . . . Grace Bush returns to an old theme as she sends in these lines providing a possible lesson in tranquility for Californians:

THE TOMB OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA

Here in this sunny peace he lies asleep,
Within the quiet of the ancient church,
Around the mission towers
pigeons coo
And spread their white wings
in the radiant air,
Blossoms of gold and scarlet
and deep blue
Make a bright tapestry before
the door
And flaunt their beauty to the
traveler's eye.
But here there bloomed a life
more fair than they,
Simple and sweet and strong!
Close to his God
With each day's dawning and
at sunset time,
His tired hands clasping still
the worn old cross
He carried with him where-
so'er he went,
And his lips murmuring a last
faint prayer
So, at the last, within his hum-
ble cell
He fell asleep! Surely for such
an one
God was so near throughout
his earthly life
That when at last the labor and
the strife
Were ended and the heavenly
victory won
He heard a voice that whis-
pered to his heart,
"Thou hast been faithful in all
things! Well done."

GRACE BUSH.

The Southern California Historical Society will conduct Saturday its 10th annual landmarks pilgrimage—going to the Rowland - Workland - Temple Rancho at La Puente; Julia Slaughter Fuqua's restored Rancho Buena Vista near Chino—soon to be on the shore of a Metropolitan Water District lake; and the Carrion and Palomares adobes near Pomona. This will be a party on which you get the best food of the year—chile and enchiladas and other old favorites according to ancient recipes of Florence Dodson Schoneman and Ana Begue de Packman and many who have treasured gastronomical secrets of their grandparents.

MORE FOOD

Then Saturday afternoon there's to be more food as a prelude to San Fernando's Mission Fiesta . . . Marie F. Walsh reports that the Friends of the Mission headed by Dr. M. B. Harrington, will hold a barbecue at 6 p.m. with Holling C. Holling, as deft an expert as ever seared a slug of steer over oak coals, in charge of the meat. A feature will be blessing of one of the hospice rooms which has been restored, and the laying of the final floor tile . . .

June 13-40

WORTHY CAUSE

Incidentally, speaking of quests did you know that E. Clampus Vitus, the semi-serious society of historically minded Californians is going out this summer to hunt the bones of Cabrillo on a channel island. It would be something of a pity if they were found too soon, though. Why not wait until 1942—the 400th anniversary year of California's discovery by Cabrillo—and have a bang-up bone hunt with a grand prize so everybody could get in on the fun? . . .

No man ought to look a given horse in the mouth.

—John Heywood (1497-1580.)

Proverbs about the mouths of gift horses have been current at least as far back as the fourth century . . . But did you know that early California slickers had a system to capitalize on the general custom of looking in a horse's mouth to tell his age? Harlow Jones of 29 Palms and John Hilton of Thermal, antique collectors, have just found in an Arizona ghost town an instrument identified as a "horse tooth pointer"—an emery file for pointing the back teeth of ancient nags to make them seem younger when trading time came . . . Personally, I'm of the opinion one of these gadgets has been used on some centenarian horses at Santa Anita . . .

Jan 26, 41

Those concerned with the current increase in major crime might derive some consolation from a comparison of our present per capita rate of homicides with that which more or less distinguished us in the roaring '30's.

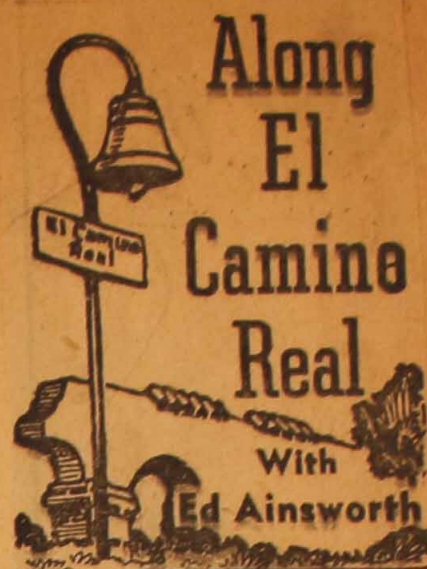
According to an old newspaper in the Public Library, in 1851 there were 31 killings here within nine months. In no instance were any of the slayers punished. The population of Los Angeles at the time consisted of less than 3000 people, making our yearly murder rate about 1378 per 100,000. In 1940 we had 86 murders, or about 5.7 per 100,000. To equal the 1851 rate we would have had to have about 8265.

In 1854 it was even worse. According to the same newspaper Los Angeles averaged a killing a day for an entire year. This time law and order got busy and made a gibbet out of the old "gallows tree" on Ft. Moore Hill. For several years a perpetual hangman's noose on the tree blew to and fro in the wind, except when in use, which was frequently. One year 22 bad men were hanged, either from the gallows tree or from the tall corral gate at the old horse and mule sales yard on the hillside that is now between the new Postoffice Building and the Hall of Justice.

Today's congratulations go to Alma Whitaker, married 22 years yesterday to Jerome Reynolds. How's that for newspaper constancy in Hollywood? . . . One of our amateur desert explorers, Joseph Park of Glendale, returns from the wilds of Death Valley with strange tales of goings-on up there. Down a side road he went to see famous old Midway Wells, scene of many a blood-curdling adventure in the early days. He was fairly panting to view the mud hole or rocky spring or whatever it was. When he got there he discovered that Mr. Ickes' jolly helpers had built a great stone floor around the historic site—and installed an Iowa iron farmyard pump! Nature-loving Mr. Park, frothing like a shaving soap ad now suggests that Mr. Ickes go a step farther and gild the desert lilies and paint the Funeral Mountains pink and blue . . .

LOSS

One of California's longest-lived "feuds" has ended with the death of Harry C. Peterson of Sacramento, curator of Sutter's Fort Museum. Peterson and W. Parker Lyon of the Pony Express Museum here were always trying to beat one another to California historical relics. Each could smell an antique 50 miles away . . . Peterson was accused of being able to identify an old horseshoe as having come from the left hind hoof of Fremont's favorite mount or the right front hoof of the animal of a certain member of the Donner party. He also was said to have gathered 19 tons of "the genuine clothes that Jim Marshall was wearing when he discovered gold" . . . Standing peeve of Peterson was that Lyon cleaned out the gold country by paying cash while he had to wait for gifts and few-and-far-between appropriations . . . May his soul rest in a happy hunting ground filled with nothing but relics of the Old West . . .



Los Angeles Times

CORONADO

Marco Newmark and Charles Gibbs Adams and Mrs. Ann Begue de Packman and a lot of other California historical wizards who can tell you how many warts Pio Pico had and what Jim Marshall said when he picked up that first chunk of gold are really going to get down to some serious genealogical digging next week, the evening of Nov. 25 to be exact. At the Wilshire Bowl that night they will be observing two events of great importance—one the 400th anniversary of "the first Californian" and the other the 57th birthday anniversary of the Southern California Historical Society itself . . . "The first Californian" was Coronado, who came traipsing up from Mexico hunting fabulous stores of gold and found the Grand Canyon and took a peep at our own golden realm. Coronado, the gold-hungry old rascal, was a couple of years ahead of Sailorman Cabrillo, who didn't come along the California coast until a couple of years later, but got most of the glory . . . The society also might make a note of the fact that 1540 also was the birth year of Sir Francis Drake, the English sea terror who later on dropped in on us for a friendly call, too . . . His visit now is recalled by the famous metal plate found up north a couple of years ago and since declared to be authentic . . .

with deep appreciation
to the History and Landmarks
Section of the Arcadia
Woman's Club
for preserving
these bits . . .
Ed Ainsworth
Feb 19,
1941

EL CAMINO REAL

William M. Connelly, who is working on a project for a permanent outdoor exhibit of California's missions in miniature, has an eye for items along El Camino Real. But the strangest one he has encountered, he says, was the famous bell marker, so familiar in California, across the street from the post office in Mariemont, a suburb of Cincinnati, O. On it was the inscription, "2676 miles to Los Angeles." And he sends a picture to prove it:



QUIZ PROGRAM

How's your California history today? Here's our semiannual quiz program:

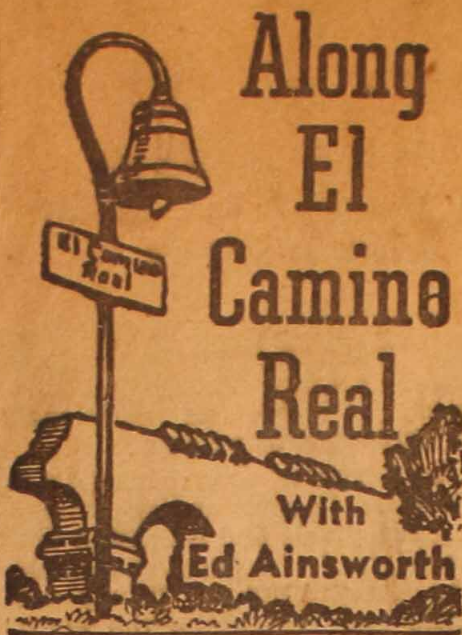
(1) What was the "money" of trappers here in the early days? (2) What were the real first names of Joaquin Miller, the poet, author of "Columbus"? (3) Who wrote the first enthusiastic description of the San Joaquin Valley, before it had been taken over by movie stars? (4) By what treaty did California become a part of the United States? (5) How were cattle identified by law in the earliest days of Statehood? (6) What was the penalty for serenading without a permit when Los Angeles was just a pueblo? (7) What were the years of the Great Drouth in the Southland, the worst in recorded history? (8) Who named the San Bernardino Valley? (9) The flower of what Southern California tree has no odor, necessitating hand pollenization? (10) How did the town of Needles get its name? (Answers at bottom of column.)

DEDUCTION!

Item in the Redondo Beach paper: "More reports reached Redondo police today of missing poultry in the North Redondo Beach district. Coming close to the holiday season it looks very much like chicken stealing, says one of the officers at the City Hall." . . . Amazing, my dear Watson, amazing! . . .

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Answers to quiz questions above: 1. Beaver skins. 2. Cincinnati. 3. Heine Miller. "Joaquin" was a nickname bestowed when Miller wrote an article defending Joaquin Murrieta, the bandit. 4. Father Juan Crespi. 5. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. 6. By three separate brands: the "fiero," of ownership; the "senal," or earmark, and the "venta," of sale brand. 7. A fine of \$1.50. 8. The Great Drouth years of 1862-63, 1863-64. 9. Father Dumetz of San Gabriel Mission. 10. The date tree. 11. From the Pinnacles, the peaks near by which guided early railroad builders.



Preparedness is the word for Puente.

It was clear back last November that the town started preparing for its centennial celebration, the 100th anniversary of the arrival of the Workman-Rowland party there.

The celebration will be held this November, and the program is taking shape, according to the following sent in by Faye Ferguson, The Times correspondent there:

To Puente pioneers 1941 means more than a lot of resolutions to make and break. It means the thrill of a birthday celebration of real proportions, to be staged in the fall to mark the 100th anniversary of the coming of the first emigrant train into Southern California and the selection of the Puente Valley for establishment of the homestead.

RANCHO ESTABLISHED

For it was 100 years ago, on Nov. 5, 1841, that William Workman and John Rowland, cocaptains of the Workman-Rowland party, arrived in this valley to establish their rancho. A grant of land, without limitation, was made by Governor Pio Pico in July, 1845, to Rowland and Workman; land, according to the grant, "which they had possessed during three years' time."

Today the bodies of Governor Pio Pico and his wife, Maria Ygnacio Alvarado, rest in the Walter P. Temple Memorial Mausoleum, erected in 1920 on the homestead's old burial ground.

The first house built for the emigrant party in 1842-43 was a huge affair, 75 by 150 feet, of sun-dried adobe bricks with walls three feet thick.

ENGLISH TYPE

It was remodeled in 1872 to resemble an English manor house, Workman being of English extraction. A new house, "La Casa Nueva," was built on the property in 1921 by Walter P. Temple, great grandson of William Workman, but the original house in its remodeled form still stands. Recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown of Monrovia, the new house has been converted into a sanitarium and the old adobe will be made habitable for their home.

However, the old Workman homestead will be the center of interest for scores of direct descendants of the Workman-Rowland emigrant party at the centennial this fall, as well as for thousands of students of early California history.

Preparations for the birthday fete have been under way for three months.

SUCCESSFUL HERE

Down at San Juan Capistrano Mission an extremely interesting experiment has taken place during the last two weeks. Two of the cracked bells in the celebrated "Bell Wall" have been taken down and repaired with amazing success. The bells, cast in 1797, had been useless for years. Then Father Arthur J. Hutchinson heard about the development of a new bronze rod developed in electric welding. He had Rudy Yorba, the mission's majordomo and overseer take down the middle-sized bell which weighs 508 pounds . . . Over in H. N. Patterson's blacksmith shop hooded figures went to work. Eerie lights spluttered. Sparks shot out. Molten metal hissed . . . The brass and silver of the bell was fused with the similar repair metal . . . The bell was struck with the hammer. It rang out clear and true. The job was an enormous success . . . Then the big 890-pound bell was tackled. It's having its finishing touches put on today. Then, tomorrow, the long-muted throats of the bronze monsters will swell once more with the loud clear notes that used to come from them in the old days . . . Why not the Liberty Bell next? . . .

SAINT

What do you know about saints? . . .

To residents of San Dimas, according to Faye Ferguson, yesterday was more than just the fifth day of spring. It was St. Dismas Day and importance of the occasion to the community lay in the fact that San Dimas derived its name from St. Dismas . . . The story goes something like this: In the early '50's Ignacio Palomares, wealthy Spanish Don, whose herds of cattle roamed the mesa lands, was troubled by Indians crossing the mountains to the north and driving off his stock. One day Senor Palomares received word that the thief had repented and he would find his cattle in the near-by canyon. When Palomares recovered his stock, so the story goes, he commented that the thief, like St. Dismas, the thief on the cross, had regretted his misdeeds, and therefore it would be appropriate to name the canyon "St. Dismas," later contracted to San Dimas . . . From that time the canyon assumed the name and years later the township did likewise. Today the name is known all over the country, for the 17,000-acre San Dimas Experimental Forest, where the government is conducting a study of soil erosion and water conservation, is the largest project of its kind in the world . . .

MISSION PLAY

Washington, D.C., still has its cherry trees for Washington's birthday, but Southern California gets to keep John Steven McGroarty's Mission Play. When the famous spectacle opens Saturday afternoon in the Riverside Memorial Auditorium it will mark a triumph for California pride . . . Efforts had been made to take the play to Washington and the late Speaker Bankhead of the House actually had planned to perform in it. But California now will carry on with the play which already has been seen by 2,000,000 persons.

WHO DISCOVERED CALIFORNIA?

BY HAROLD M. FINLEY

The Historical Society of Southern California may be taking a bit of a chance in celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of California at its 57th annual banquet tonight. Certain solemn academic gentlemen who pry into dusty archives are apt to complain that the organization is rushing things by a couple of years, despite the fruits of its own long and able researches.

Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, not Francisco Vazquez Coronado or Cardenez Lopez, has been long honored as the "Columbus" of our State. Proof that the navigator actually landed at San Diego Bay in 1542 will be paired with the usual demand for evidence that any of Coronado's adventurers got here at all. But the society has a perfectly good comeback.

If on nothing better, it can base its case on the sound ground that to see a thing for the first time is to discover it. A part of Coronado's 1540 expedition under Hernando de Alarcon sailed up the West Coast of Mexico to the head of the Gulf of California while the main force plodded north over the deserts. Alarcon's forces, like some Navy men of today, apparently thought that the best way to celebrate shore leave was to take a boat ride on the first fresh water they could find. That happened to be the Colorado River where it emptied into the Gulf. Nobody knows, of course, how far they oared up that muddy stream, but the final researcher can hardly doubt that they saw the hazy outlines of our California mountains to the north.

For all anybody knows to the contrary, indeed, those Spaniards may have rowed on up to what is now our State line, or, tiring of that exercise, walked that far. It seems more likely than the theory that some of Coronado's explorers hiked on to California after having visited the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Our own historical society experts are convinced that Lopez, one of several

explorers commissioned by the Spanish crown to seek the supposed water passage across the continent, actually crossed a corner of Southern California on his way to the Grand Canyon. It is on that belief, supported by new historical researches, that their 1940 observance is chiefly based.

Coronado most certainly penetrated in 1541 to the middle of what is today Kansas. To admit that the Jayhawkers—of all people—were discovered before we were would mess up our prized traditions no end. It must be pretty trying to the Plymouth Rockers to reflect that Coronado visited Wichita 66 years before there is any record of a white man having been in Massachusetts and 79 years before the Mayflower anchored with its load of ancestors.

When Coronado and a few horsemen finally wound up in the Wichita Indian area in Kansas, incidentally, they probably were the maddest men of whom history has any record. They had refused to quit even when the "seven cities of Cibola" turned out to be so many Pueblo Indian towns—the same the tourist sees in New Mexico today. An aborigine was going to lead them—no fooling—to Quivira, the real city of gold. Gazing upon the Wichitas stolidly gnawing buffalo bones in front of brush and grass huts, Coronado's men suddenly closed in on their guide and hanged him to the first tree they could find.

It is likely that the most famous of Coronado's contemporaries in American adventuring, Hernando Cortes, had a hearty laugh when he heard about it all. The greatest of all the conquistadores had dreamed of adding the "seven cities," Quivira and California, with their "treasures," to his own bag after taking over Mexico. He had been deterred from leading or sending out an expedition of his own only by the jealousy of New Spain's Viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza, who wanted the glory and pelf for himself.

History records that there was thereafter a coldness between Mendoza and Coronado. And no wonder.

CALIFORNIA CITIES AND LANDMARKS

Drive Starts to Perpetuate Fremont Pass as Landmark

San Fernando and Newhall Unite in Attempt to Beautify and Restore Old Cut Through Hills

SAN FERNANDO, Nov. 3.—Uniting two communities in a campaign to mark, beautify and restore Fremont Pass, one of the Southland's oldest landmarks, two San Fernando Valley newspapermen today were enlisting the support of civic leaders in their communities.

Taking the lead in the campaign to make the hand-hewn cut accessible to motoring tourists are Bill Dredge, editor of the San Fernando Sun, and Fred W. Trueblood, publisher of the Newhall Signal.

NEAR HIGHWAY

Fremont Pass is sliced through the range just a stone's throw from the recently constructed cut that replaces Newhall Tunnel, midway between San Fernando and Newhall.

Thousands of cars, pouring over the modern high-speed highway, roll by each day, just out of sight of the historic pass where Gen. Fremont first marched his conquering troops into the Southland in 1842.

MONUMENTS SOUGHT

Trueblood and Dredge, with aid of history-conscious residents of their communities, are accelerating interest in reconstruction of the old pass wagon trail, to be linked with the highway and plainly marked with road signs and monuments.

Hewed by hand with pick-axes and shovels, between 1842 and 1863, the pass stands in as perfect condition today as when it first was cut through the mountains. There are no evidences of slides or earth slippage which marked engineering efforts in more recent cuts through the mountains for motor highways.



HISTORIC—Fred Trueblood, left, and Bill Dredge discuss plans for restoration of historic Fremont Pass. Times photo

HISTORIC FRAME HOUSE ON WAY TO ARCADIA LOCATION

Enroute to Arcadia today from Hingham, Mass., is the famous "Perrys Lincoln House"—built in 1633 and recognized as the oldest frame dwelling in America.

Announcement of the shipment of the dismantled solid oak house was made this week by the Trans-Continental Freight Bureau, handling the movement of the historic homeplace.

Accompanying the house here are the grave stones from the original property—the stones dating back to the early 1600's. There will be approximately two carloads of

materials in the shipment, including the earth fills between the walls and partitions.

A plot of land in Arcadia has been donated and the intention is that when the dwelling is reassembled here it will be turned over to some organization like the Red Cross for exhibition purposes, with a nominal admission charge to cover maintenance and some profit for such organization as may take over the property, freight bureau officials said this week.

The exact location selected as the new site for the 300-year-old dwelling is not known.

REMOVAL OF FT. MOORE ON BROADWAY NOW FAVORED BY OFFICIAL

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 1. (CNS)—Historic Fort Moore Hill on North Broadway soon may disappear.

That was the opinion voiced today by County Administrator Wayne R. Allen as he recommended to County Supervisors that it disapprove requests to lease a section of the land at Spring Street and Sunset Boulevard for a parking lot.

Allen told the board that if the City Council approved the pending Civic Center plant, Fort Moore Hill and the North Broadway Tunnel would be eliminated to make room for a County Court building.

Allen said removal of the hill would cost \$139,000.

The board accepted his recommendation, rejected proposals for leases.

L.A. Examiner

November 25, 1940

Arcadia Tribune
Oct. 3-'40

Hancock Research Building Dedicated at Los Angeles



Restored Music Room

This room is one of four moved from the old Hancock mansion and restored in its original Louis XV period. It is finished in dull ivory with gold trimmings and tapestries to match. This section of the new Hancock Hall will serve for receptions and musical events.



Western Elevation

The academic entrance of the building, directly across University Avenue from the Student Union, is shown. The research structure is a gift to the University of Southern California by Dr. Allan Hancock, President of the Board of Trustees. Its cost is estimated at more than \$1,000,000.

Oil and Brea From Swampland Lead to Research Building

Special to The Christian Science Monitor

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 4—Out of the streams of "black gold" which Capt. G. Allan Hancock took from once worthless swampland in the outskirts of this city has come a \$1,000,000 building, dedicated yesterday as the Allan Hancock Foundation for Scientific Research.

Natural scientists and university presidents from all over the nation, in Los Angeles for the annual convention of the Association of American Colleges to be

held in Pasadena Jan. 9 and 10, were guests of the University of Southern California, to which Captain Hancock, now President of the University's Board of Trustees, presented the research building as a gift at a two-day ceremony.

Among the university and college presidents attending the dedication were Dr. Daniel L. Marsh, Boston University; Dr. John C. Merriam, Carnegie Institution of Washington (emeritus); Dr. K. C. Leebrick, Kent State University; Dr. Rufus C. Harris, Tulane Uni-

versity, and Dr. Clyde E. Wildman, DePauw University.

In addition to Hancock Hall, which seats approximately 500, and is wired for sound, radiocasting and motion picture projection, the Foundation building includes a novel and completely equipped lecture hall seating 250 persons, a lounge and radiocasting studio.

Large Conventions Possible

Augmenting Bovard Hall as they do, the Hancock auditoriums make additional facilities available for large conventions on the campus. Architectural design is in contemporary style with a feeling in harmony with Italian-Romanesque buildings on the campus.

Effecting an interrupted frieze of noble proportions around the main part of the building, sculptures represent the most unusual forms of plant and animal life encountered on the Hancock Expeditions to tropical American waters, including the sea horse, Galapagos tortoise and land iguana.

Considered one of the most massive sculptures in the West is the pre-historic group on the north face of the auditorium wall, above the entrance, dominated by a huge panel of pleistocene mammals—the imperial elephant, largest known herbivorous mammal; the bison, saber-toothed tiger, a huge condor, great lion and giant ground sloth. All these are now extinct, some of them known only by their bones excavated from the famous brea pits on Rancho La Brea along Wilshire Boulevard. It was on this rancho that Captain Hancock first became interested in research, and it was oil

from this property which contributed most to the benefactions for which he has become noted.

Dug Brea in Youth

Captain Hancock, as a youth, dug brea from the tar pits and sold it for fuel, his first income from the land that later was to provide a fortune which has largely been devoted to the advancement of natural science and the arts.

The value of fossil deposits on Rancho La Brea was discovered by Captain Hancock's father, Maj. Henry Hancock, who became curious about the canines of saber-toothed tigers which he found in the pits. He called the deposits to the attention of natural scientists as early as 1875, the year Captain Hancock was born, but not until about 30 years later was any extensive research undertaken.

From paleontology Captain Hancock's interest turned to marine exploration. He owned and operated several boats, always searching for material of natural scientific interest. From his experiences evolved the floating natural scientific laboratory, the Velero III, which he built and still operates to serve the purpose of research. Early in 1940 he presented the Velero III to the University of Southern California and made provision for its continued operation.

Over a period of eight years voyages of the Velero III accumulated a vast store of research material and data, and out of these collections incubated the idea for a permanent research institution, the \$1,000,000 building just dedicated.

Christian Science Monitor

Cultural Shrine Restored at University



A NOTABLE FEATURE of the recently dedicated Allan Hancock Foundation Building at the University of Southern California are the four rooms from the old Hancock mansion which were moved intact to the campus. Above is the music room, restored in its original Louis XV period, finished in ivory with gold trimmings and tapestries.

L.A. Times

Jan. 26, '41



From Hancock Foundation
Building at U.S.C. (See
preceding page)

THE MARBLE staircase with
examples of sculpture and
stained glass window have
been preserved as a portion
of this noted cultural shrine.

NUESTRO PUEBLO

By JOE SEEWERKER and
CHARLES OWENS



THE BATTLE OF LA MESA

Speaking of battles—who was?—there was a honey fought on Jan. 9, 1847, at the present site of the Los Angeles Union Stockyards building.

That was during the period when Commodore Robert F. Stockton was marching on Los Angeles for the second time to take it away from the Californians and claim it for Uncle Sam.

The commodore had been having trouble with the Californians for some time and had several engagements with them on his way from San Diego. The two "armies" finally met on the plains and the resulting melee was something to talk about.

To begin with, the Californians had few, if any, firearms. They were armed with lances and had one cannon, known as the "old woman's gun." It seems this gun stood on the plaza for years and had been used in firing salutes on feast days and special occasions.

When the Americans first took Los Angeles in 1846 an old lady, Dona Clara Cota de Reyes, decided the gringos should not have the church

gun. So she buried it in her back yard, near the present site of Alameda and First Sts.

It was resurrected for use against Stockton's forces, mounted on the axle of an old wagon and sent out to battle. Aiming it was easy. The gunners simply raised or lowered the pole of the wagon and banged away.

Their aim was terrible. So was the aim of the Americans, for that matter. In fact, historians intimate Stockton was so disgusted with the marksmanship of his marines and sailors that he was about ready to give up and let the Californians have Los Angeles.

But the Californians quit before he did, so Stockton marched into town to the tune of beating drums. When the cost of the battle was reckoned, it was found the Californians had lost three men and a mule. The Americans' losses were the same with the exception of the mule.

The sketch above shows three boulders which have been placed before the stockyards building to mark the site of the battle.

San Diego Marks Birthday Today

**Celebration to Center
on Site of Early Fort;
Park Picnic Scheduled**

SAN DIEGO, July 15.—On the picturesque hill overlooking Old Town and the San Diego Harbor, where Christian civilization was established in California, San Diego will celebrate its 171st birthday tomorrow.

ONCE SPANISH FORT

The area which once was a Spanish fort and the first site of San Diego Mission today is given over to beautifully land-

scaped Presidio Park and the Serra Museum, where relics of this region's long history are stored.

On July 16, 1769, after a period of waiting for overdue supply ships from Mexico, during which despairing Spanish soldiers almost abandoned plans for the settlement, the vessels arrived and Father Junipero Serra dedicated himself to construction of the mission, later moved several miles east to its present site in Mission Valley.

PICNIC IN PARK

Tomorrow's program will feature an open house at the Serra Museum and a picnic in Presidio Park sponsored by the San Diego Historical Society. Hostesses will include Miss Grace Bowers, niece of Alonzo E. Horton, who founded the new San Diego a century after the Spaniards arrived.



WHAT GOES ON?

By Chapin Hall

[This is the second of a series of thumbnail sketches on a detour into some of California's historical nooks and crannies.—Ed.]

A MORNING THOUGHT—
"The erection of markers on or near sites of historical interest brings the present and future generations in closer touch with days long past, which is as it should be."

Let us go down San Diego way, where California began, for our start in seeking out some of the State's hidden points of historical interest which are tucked away in unsuspected places all the way from the lofty peaks of Alpine County to Coronado's silver strand.

California's history begins in San Diego Bay, the "Harbor of the Sun." Four hundred years ago this very month Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo daringly sailed his little armada into the quiet waters of the bay and claimed the fair new land for Spain.

Another Squadron

More than 200 years later, in 1782, another Spanish squadron cautiously felt its way around the sentinel peninsula which we know as Point Loma to cast anchor within a stone's throw of the present site of the city of San Diego.

During these nearly two and a half centuries this magnificent land-locked harbor had slumbered, a world apart, gathering cosmic strength, perhaps, for the strenuous years which lay ahead.

But now history's alarm clock had sounded. During the fleet's stay, the bay was surveyed and charted for the first time by the second pilots of the ships *Princesa* and *Favorita*, Juan Pantoja y Arriaga and Don Josef Tovar. These Spanish boys knew their stuff, for that early chart is still good enough to get a careful navigator through the channel.

Dead Man's Point

During the stay of the fleet, several sailors and marines died and were buried on a sand spit not far from where the Coronado ferry boats churn their way back and forth across the narrow strip of water. In an article in the *San Diego Sun* in 1887 William Heath Davis locates this first white man's cemetery as "adjacent to where my wharf stood." It was called "La Punta de Los Muertos," or, "Dead Man's Point."

Passing strange that our cherished original port of entry on these shores is anchored in a graveyard of men who

braved the perils of the sea to die at the moment of attainment.

Of course "civilization" in California really began several years before the *Princesa* and the *Favorita* anchored off La Punta de Los Muertos, for the next spot dignified by a State marker is the Presidio overlooking the harbor chosen in July, 1769, by Father Junipero Serra for the civic and ecclesiastical center which became the core of the modern city of San Diego.

History's Birthplace

Here Father Serra raised a crude wooden cross and began the work of the first of all Franciscan missions in Upper California, that of Mission San Diego de Alcalá de Henares.

Within the adobe walls which superseded the first rude stockade thrown about the huts which served both priests and military, much important California history was made. The first Governor to be sent from Mexico City, Don Jose Maria Echeandia, lived there and Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican Governor, spent most of his youth.

At the Presidio, Jan. 11, 1776, there was a memorable meeting of Spanish pathfinders, the first military commandants, and the friars, to decide what steps should be taken to bring to justice the Indian culprits who had destroyed mission buildings and caused the death of Father Jayne and others.

End of the Trail

Here on Jan. 1, 1827, the great American "Pathfinder of the Sierras," Jedediah Strong Smith completed his long trek from the Atlantic to the Pacific when he appeared before Governor Echeandia to ask permission to remain in California with his company of trappers, whom he had left at San Gabriel while he made the trek to the seat of government at San Diego.

On March 27, 1828, another semi-historical finish was written here when the "Pattie Party" completed the trail from St. Louis over untried southern routes. Most of this party remained in California, to become the first American pioneers.

The Junipero Serra Museum, just east of the old Presidio inclosure, as well as "Presidio Hills" which include a number of historic landmarks was given to the city by George W. Marston. The museum was dedicated July 16, 1929, celebrating the 160th anniversary of the founding of the first settlement of white people on the Pacific Coast.

Los
Angeles
Times

September 18, 40

California Gold Country



RELICS OF THE '60's still line Main St. in Coulterville, old mining town in Mother Lode region.



AN OLD STAMP MILL is one of the few landmarks of Butte City. In its day it stamped out several fortunes in gold.



A HOMESTEAD of the Mother Lode country stands
beside a winding road near Volcano.



CHINESE CAMP, gold town of the '50's, was also religious. Its abandoned church still stands.



WHAT GOES ON?

By Chapin Hall

(This is the first of a series of thumbnail sketches made on a detour into some of California's historical nooks and crannies. Ed.)

A MORNING THOUGHT—
"History never embraces more than a small part of reality."

California is dotted with history ticks. Little indentures upon the main scroll most historians deem too unimportant to immortalize in heavy tomes, yet vibrant with human interest and appeal.

Just as a rip in Willie's pants is of more immediate concern to Willie's mother than the wreck of the Hesperus, so these often obscure places, marking the occurrence of some momentous or not so momentous event, once loomed large in their perspective and had a bearing upon the complete story of the community, or even the State itself.

Never Heard of That

A number of years ago, relates J. W. Halleen, director of the highway department of the State Chamber of Commerce, a member of that useful organization, whiled away a lounge car interim talking with an easterner about places of interest in California.

It seems the man from the East had been periodically touring California by private automobile and, over a period of several years, had come to the conclusion that he had seen everything of importance. "Very interesting," said the Californian, "what do you think of the Soledad Mission?" "Never heard of it," replied the wise man of the East.

This was the beginning of several conferences which resulted in the realization of both of them that there are many points closely connected with the historical development of the State which are either not mentioned in standard histories, or not properly identified.

Historical Spots Marked

From this beginning legislation was secured which authorized the Department of Natural Resources to register these landmarks, at the same time directing the State Division of Highways to erect di-

rectional signs on the main routes of travel closest to the landmark.

It is estimated that there are about 500 of such historical and semihistorical spots, more than 300 of which have been marked.

These represent the "hidden history" of California in which lie the material for a supplemental volume or volumes that might be made more interesting than a novel, if not indeed the bases of many a thrilling story, for they are really "teasers" implying unsuspected wells of romance, adventure and occasional tragedy.

Locations Obscure

In its present form data about many of these "forgotten" tabloids are decidedly sketchy. Details are missing and exact locations often obscure. In at least one instance the spot where a soul-stirring happening occurred may be reached only via a private right of way through a decrepit corral.

Beyond directional signs which, in many cases have been lost or shot down or removed and, less frequently replaced by more elaborate permanent monuments, some of these interesting and historic spots are likely to lapse into the limbo of time, their stories lost to futurity.

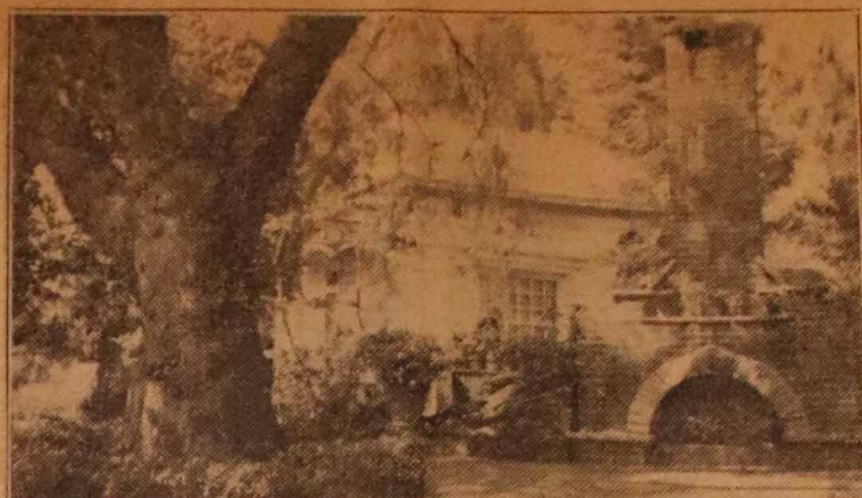
Thumbnail Sketches

Further legislation is needed, together with funds, to decently mark and perpetuate the remainder and to reidentify some of them. It is a distinctly worth-while job; one to which the genius of the W.P.A., under competent direction, might well be directed.

With the aid of the scattered and not always satisfactorily complete notes made available by the Department of Natural Resources Division of Parks, the State Chamber of Commerce, and perhaps a bit of independent pathfinding, "What Goes On" proposes to thumb sketch some of these historical nooks and crannies and perhaps wash out a few small nuggets of half-forgotten knowledge about this marvelous State of ours that the gentle reader may not have "met up" with and may consider worth while.

Rosa Grant and was ruled over by Don Julian Estrada. Finally, when the United States annexed California, a large tract along Santa Rosa Creek on the present site of Cambria became a Swiss settlement. . . . The completion of the Cambria Pines-Carmel unit of Roosevelt Shoreline Highway two years ago transformed the sleepy county village into a teeming community almost overnight. Since then thousands of out-of-State motoring tourists have visited Cambria, lured by the new road's scenic beauty.

PASADENA BEGAN HERE



SITE OF THE OLD GARFIAS HACIENDA
Located in the Garden of Charles Gibbs Adams in South Pasadena

Plan To Reproduce Pasadena's First Home On Original Site

A dream of Charles Gibbs Adams, nationally known landscape architect, is to reproduce on his attractive Arroyo Drive gardens, a modernized adobe like the original Garfias Hacienda—Pasadena's first residence.

The historic home of Colonel Manuel Garfias occupied the site now covered by the Adams' gardens. Himself a native son, with a keen interest in the preservation of all historic objects and landmarks in Southern California, Mr. Adams is especially desirous of maintaining the location of the fine old hacienda of the Rancho San Pasqual.

Only A Memory

Unfortunately, nothing remains of the ancient adobe. It was built and became a crumbling ruin before the days of photography and picture-taking. The only picture of it, of which there is any record, shows merely what remained of the ruins in 1882, when the land came into the possession of Judge G. W. Glover, pioneer editor of South Pasadena. The Glover family came to South Pasadena in the early eighties. The Glover house was moved to a corner of the present gardens and reconstructed into a studio and office.

The Garden Club, Southern California Historical Society, and many other civic organizations hold meetings in the gardens. It is an ideal spot for such gatherings, as well as for the entertainment of friends, because of the large barbecue pit and commodious patio, of the real beauty of the place, and of its historic location. It is directly across Arroyo Drive from the ancient Pasqual oak, under which the first Easter service is believed to have been held by Portola and Father Crespi in the spring of 1771. The new parkway is but a short distance off—thus connecting the dusty trail of the padres with the speed boulevards of the present.

It was on Easter Day, 1827, that the 14,000 acres comprising the northeast corner of the San Gabriel mission lands, now all of Pasadena and South Pasadena, was deeded by Fray Zalvidea to Dona Perez de Guillon as a reward for her long and faithful service as nurse, midwife and teacher to the Indians. Dona Eulalia was in her ninety-second year when she received the gift. She was too poor in purse to carry out certain provisions of the grant requiring her to stock the huge rancho with cattle. About all she did with it, before she died in 1878, was to bestow upon it the name it always bore—Rancho San Pasqual.

The rancho was re-deeded, in November, 1840, as a wedding gift

to a gallant and dashing young officer of the staff of Governor Micheltorena, Lieut.-Colonel Manuel Garfias, who needed an estate in order to win the hand of Senorita Louisa Abila, reigning belle of the pueblo of Los Angeles. The young officer got both the land and the belle but gave so much of his time to the ragged Mexican army that he did little in the way of improving the rancho. This task was assumed by Dona Garfias. She designed and directed the building of the hacienda, which for a long time was regarded as the finest country establishment in Southern California.

The best description of the vanished structure was given by Judge B. S. Eaton, of Pasadena. In 1877 Judge and Mrs. Eaton, who had crossed the plains by ox-team in 1850, built a home on the hill that later became the location of the present residence and grounds of Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt. In the construction of his home, Judge Eaton made use of some of the heavy redwood and oak timbers which remained in the ruins of the Garfias hacienda.

"That old adobe," he described at the time, "was a one-and-a-half-story building, all nicely plastered inside and out, and had an ample corridor extending all the way around. It had board floors and green blinds—a rare thing in those days. The structure cost \$5,000—in fact, cost Garfias the Rancho San Pasqual. When interest on the borrowed money amounted to \$1,000, and he saw no way to repay it, he went to Dr. Griffin and told him if he would give \$2,000 more he would make him a deed for the ranch. Griffin did not want the place, but to oblige Garfias, the extra \$2,000

was paid over for the 14,000-acre estate.

"To make the legality of their title to the Rancho San Pasqual beyond any question, those who acquired it from Colonel Garfias had the United States Government issue a patent for it to Garfias, even after he lost it.

"This patent, signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1863, stands back of the title to every city lot in Pasadena and South Pasadena."

LA Times September 13, 40

CELEBRATION

How old is your town? . . . Cambria up in San Luis Obispo County is going to have its 75th birthday anniversary this year. The Chamber of Commerce plans to put on a celebration of the city's Diamond Jubilee early in the spring. . . . When Mexico declared its independence from Spain the territory which is now the State of California was divided into huge Spanish grants and given to noblemen. Cambria Pines was included in the Santa

Pasadena Independent
Aug 10, 1940

Old River Railway Station Will Fall Before Wreckers

History of Landmark Uncertain Before 1885;
Spot Once Saw Boom Crowds During Rate War

Down by the river they're going to start wrecking Los Angeles' third railroad station tomorrow.

It's the old River Station, a dingy, old-fashioned, gray-painted pile of brick now, but once the scene of countless greetings and farewells, of riotous political meetings, of boom-time activity . . .

But that's another story. That's yesterday's story. That's the story of the little Los Angeles of 1885 with some 4000 population and growing pains and of the iron horse that made it the metropolis of today.

Memory hunting is a tedious job at best.

The old River Station? Surely folk know about it. It's that funny building with the high, arched hoodlum-broken windows across from the Southern Pacific freight yards. Used to be a mission, didn't it?

A mission it has been since 1934. And its bricks and timbers will continue in religious service. The materials of the old station—they always called 'em depots, 'way back when—have been sold by the Southern Pacific to Dr. C. P. Madsen and will be used to build a new home for a Pan-American publishing house, specializing in Spanish language religious books.

But probe time's concealment far enough and you get doubt, uncertainty about even as well known a landmark as this one.

MEIGS LOOKS BACK

Back to 1885 the doubt is dissolved somewhat by S. V. Meigs, engineer for the new \$11,000,000 Union Station, a far, far removed relative of the debris-strewn depot they'll knock apart tomorrow.

That was the year that the building was purchased by the Southern Pacific and made a station, said Meigs, and he should know because he's written a history of Angel City railroading.

In 1869 the city's first rail terminal was built at Commercial and Alameda Sts. for the first Los Angeles railroad which ran to Wilmington and was promoted by Phineas Banning. Later this road was absorbed by the Southern Pacific.

In 1876 Southern Pacific threw up a long wooden station near the site of the present brick building and named it River Station. This was demolished to make room for storage and the depot moved to the brick building nine years later.

ONCE GENERAL STORE

Before 1885 facts fade a bit. Paul Robinson, 1811 Toberman St., who is 64 and started as a fireman for the Southern Pacific in 1895, strained his memory to wring from it the recollection that prior to becoming a station the little structure was a general store owned by Norton & Drakes Co.

This isn't difficult to believe, because the edifice looks more like a general store of days gone by than a busy depot.

Robinson remembered that the spot was pretty much the center of town, but later was the city's rim and was affectionately known to railmen as "Dogtown." During his time on the road Robinson knew the station as a place where engineers and firemen got their orders.

He incidentally remembered riding one of the trains from Los Angeles to Santa Monica in 1897 when the engineer went so written.

fast to beat the bicycle racers to the beach that he ran right off the end of the track!

Joseph Mesmer, who ran one of the city's first shoe stores, recalls a number of meetings at the station, at one of which he nominated Jim Hanley for the City Council. Hanley was elected, too.

Originally, the site was part of Ramon R. Sotello's rancho (you're right—the street was named after him) and was deeded to P. W. Dooner in 1875.

During the time the about-to-be-wrecked building was in full use as a depot, Los Angeles was in the cocoon state in the change from pueblo to town to city. People were awakening, stretching and starting to do things.

CITIES CONNECTED

In 1876, amid great ceremony, the golden spike that completed the linking by railroad of this city with San Francisco was pounded home at Soledad.

Bright rails streaked into the erstwhile soporific village. Easterners came here to see what the West looked like, many of them first setting foot in the Southland at River Station.

Then, in 1886, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe railroads went pfffft! They fell out—and things started popping. The far-famed rate war ensued and folk rode the battling rail lines for 2800 miles to Missouri River points and back for as low as \$15 and at least on one day for \$1!

The stout walls of the little station by the river bulged with early day tourists, quick to snap up the roads' offers of low fares. Many of them made public ceremony of burning their return trip ticket in the typically California patio of the depot.

SLEEP ON BENCHES

Housing conditions, out of tune with the sudden tourist spurt, forced transients to sleep anywhere they could and many decorated the wooden benches of the station.

In 1888, when the boom threatened to become permanent, the Southern Pacific abandoned the small station as a main passenger terminal and built the old Arcade Station at Fifth and Alameda Sts. This was rebuilt in 1914 and was in use until occupancy of Union Station.

Trains still stopped at River Station until 1915 and at Commercial St. Station until 1896. After that, however, Southern Pacific used it mostly for storage.

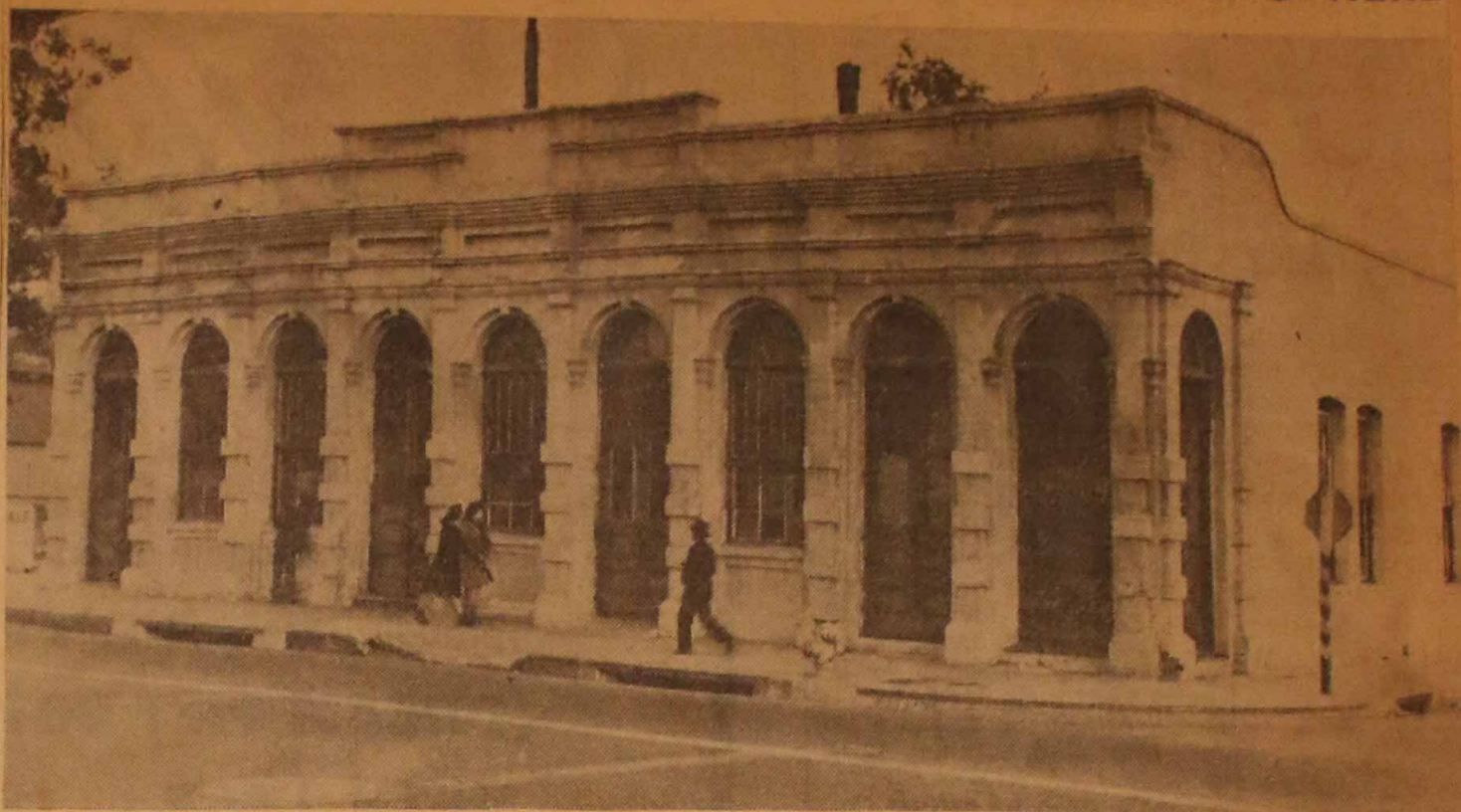
Six years ago they leased it to Mrs. Madeleine Robinson, a missionary worker, for \$1 a year and since then it has held the name of Pan-American Mission.

MANY FORGET IT

Melancholy train whistles still moan as they pass the old structure, but not every engineer who passes knows he's tooting at a romantic old depot.

Because the old River Station has been forgotten and if they weren't going to tear it down this story never would have been written.

COUNTLESS GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS ECHO HERE

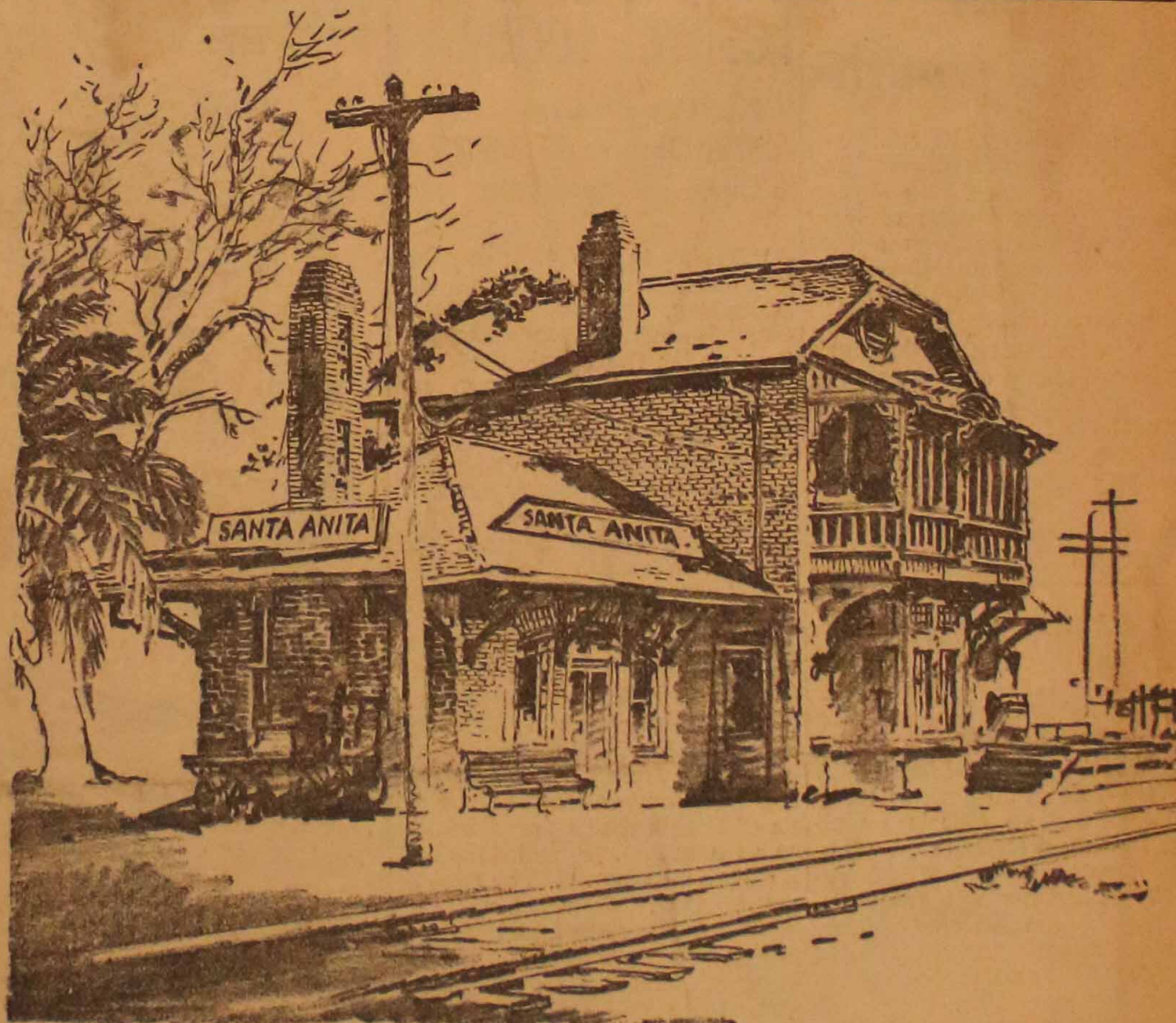


November 25, 40

Los Angeles Times

NUESTRO PUEBLO

By JOE SEEWERKER and
CHARLES OWENS



SANTA ANITA STATION

Nobody could tramp on the toes of E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin and expect to get away with it. Not even if Lucky was reputed to have marched into California in his bare feet in the early '50's to wrest millions from the Golden State.

Historians relate that Baldwin's shoes were completely worn away when he arrived at the gold fields in Placerville after a tough covered-wagon trek across the plains.

He made his millions in mines and then came to Southern California to acquire more acres than a jackrabbit could cover in a week. One of the properties Baldwin acquired was the Santa Anita Rancho.

The Santa Anita station above, built in the

'80's, is on the site of the rancho. It was shortly after the turn of the century that the Santa Fe Railroad inadvertently tramped on Baldwin's toes and promptly regretted it.

It seems that the picturesque old pioneer was in San Bernardino one day when a ticket agent told him certain trains did not stop at Santa Anita.

"What!" roared Lucky. "They can't do that to me."

Whereupon he wired his superintendent at Santa Anita:

"Put 200 men to work at once tearing up Santa Fe tracks through my ranch."

The railroad saw the light and to this day every Santa Fe train but the Chief stops at the Santa Anita station.



ANACHRONISM—This would be the scene if time stood still and De Neve's founding party of 1781 arrived at the Plaza in the shadow of the City Hall today.

City's Birthday Pageant Ready

Indians Impatiently Waited for Ceremony Here 159 Years Ago

On Sept. 4, 1781, the sun rose according to schedule to bathe proud Mission San Gabriel Archangel—fourth of Father Serra's 21—in the glory of morning.

The great bell in the mission tower announced that mass soon would begin. Indians straggled into the chapel, genuflected, blessed themselves. "In the name of the Father . . ."

EAGER CONGREGATION

A slight undercurrent of anticipation hovered over the adobe mission as the dawn climbed. The red-skinned congregation was almost eager for the final "amen."

For this was the day. Felipe de Neve, third Governor of California, had so announced.

And it was De Neve himself who led 11 men, 11 women and 22 children nine miles from the mission patio to a desolate little clearing where cactus and chaparral had grown a few days before.

Here, with great ceremony, Don Felipe plunged a sword into the ground and as the steel blade shivered spoke the words: "El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles."

MODERN TREK

A city was born! Wednesday—159th anniversary of that birth—another party will leave San Gabriel. It will travel over El Camino Real, paved now and clattering with traffic.

DESOLATE LITTLE CLEARING

Headed by Mrs. Christine Sterling, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce's birthday committee, the pilgrimage will retrace the historic steps of those original 11 families on horseback and in early California vehicles.

A stagecoach will rattle anachronistically over the concrete pavement to remind motorists of yesteryear's travel means.

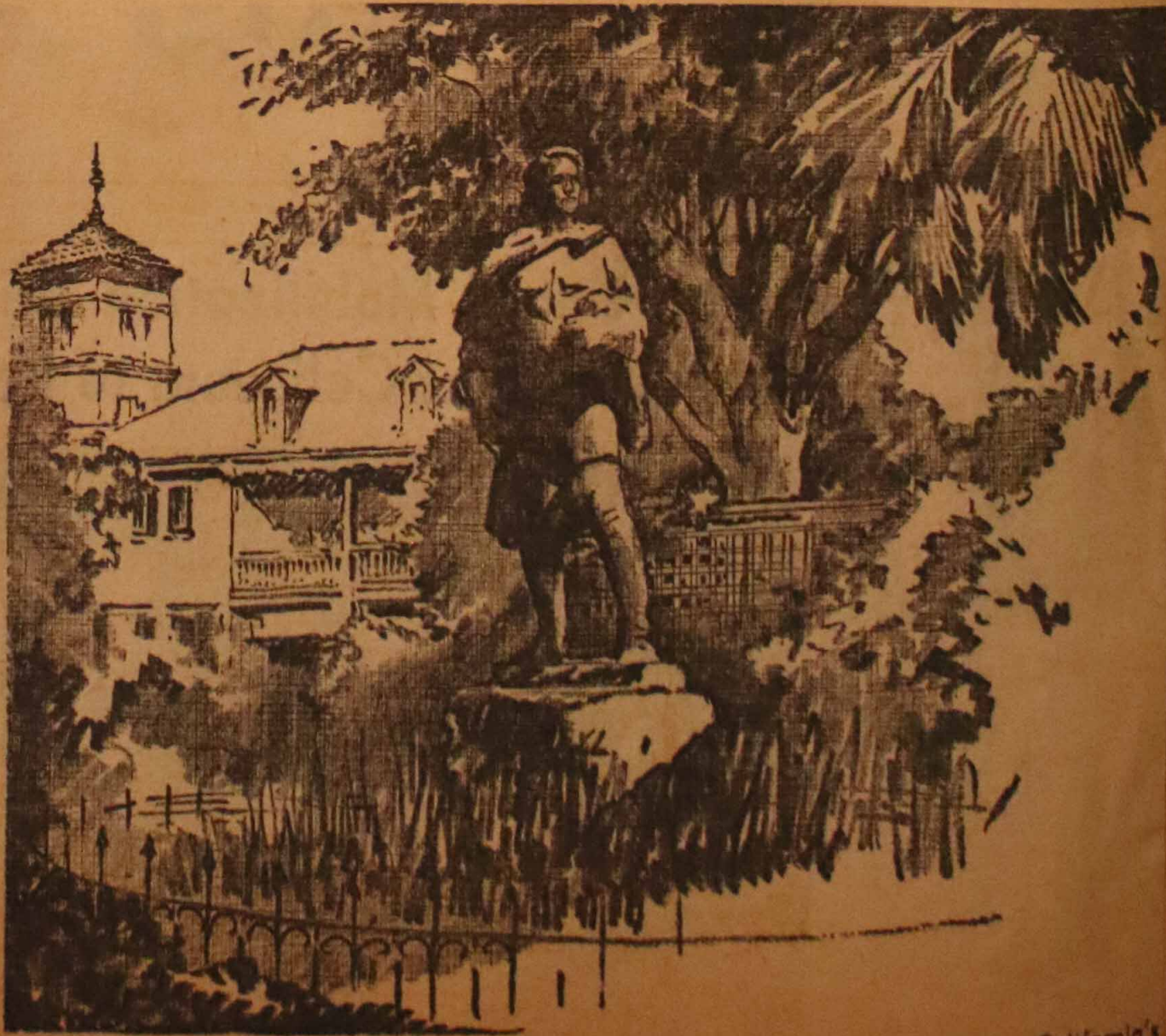
PLAN RECEPTION

The party will leave the mission at 10 a.m., stop for lunch en route and arrive at the Plaza—where lay the long-since eradicated scar of De Neve's sword—by 4 p.m. A reception to pioneers will be held at the Avila Adobe following concluding ceremonies.

Upon this simple but impressive observance the committee hopes to build a permanent commemoration of Los Angeles' anniversary.

Co-ordinating agency for the historical organizations participating in the sentimental trek is the chamber's women's auxiliary, of which Grace S. Stoermer is president.

BECOMES HEART OF METROPOLIS



FATHER OF A CITY—In the Plaza stands this statue of Felipe de Neve, California's third Governor who founded Los Angeles where his likeness now stands.

BIRTHDAY OF SAN GABRIEL

San Gabriel, founded Sept. 8, 1771, celebrates her 169th birthday anniversary tomorrow.

San Gabriel is a modest, quiet town today, but there was a time when all Southern California took orders from her.

It was from the old mission that Governor Felipe de Neve marched 44 soldiers, Indians and Mexican colonists in September, 1781, to found the city of Los Angeles.

Here San Juan Bautista de Anza lay over on his first journey in 1774 and here, on his second trip about the time the Thirteen Colonies on the Atlantic were ringing the old Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, De Anza camped with 240 adventurers, 165 mules, 304 horses and 302 cattle on his way to San Francisco. One person died, but "eight were born en route."

The old mission was built in 1800-1806. It was badly damaged in the earthquake of 1812, but it had enough vitality to rise again.

The first white man from the East, Jedediah Strong Smith, came over the Arrowhead Trail and put up at San Gabriel, in 1826.

The first overland emigrant train with 32 men, a woman and a child stopped at the Marsh ranch.

The Battle of San Gabriel, in which two were killed and eight wounded on each side, and which cleared the way for the Yankees into Los Angeles in 1847, was fought north of Whittier.

On another occasion a band of painted savages swooped down on a company of hooded monks at San Gabriel. They came to kill but stayed to pray.

Many happy returns of the day to San Gabriel, mother of Los Angeles! W. L. Y. D.

L.A. Times

Sep. 2-40

Sept. 10, 1940

Gleanings From History

By PERRY WORDEN

Agua Mansa's Picturesque Finds

SANTA MONICA, THE CITY TO BE THAT IS!

As those familiar with Southern California history know, and especially with the almost phenomenal growth of the so-called Beach towns, Santa Monica began its boom, in 1876, as a watering-place, and within fifty-five years reported the erection of new buildings totalling in cost \$2,500,000, an amount within three years expanded to \$6,000,000; while between 1930 and 1940, its population increased some 15,000. About one-third of the site of the proposed town was offered for sale by the Santa Monica Land Company, on Thursday, July 15th, 1875, and consisted of building and residence lots, and acreage for villa farms; and Harris Newmark, the distinguished pioneer, in his ever-interesting and authoritative "Sixty Years in Southern California," from personal observation, gives some side-lights on the occasion, and the result of investments in that region by Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada silver fame, and Colonel R. S. Baker, the husband of the famous beauty, Dona Arcadia Stearns, who had bought the San Vicente Rancho. Says Mr. Newmark: "After the hotel and bath-houses had been built, an auction sale of lots took place, and was attended by a large number of people, including myself; prospective buyers coming from as far as San Francisco to compete with bidders from the Southland. Tom Fitch, already known as the 'Silver-tongued Orator,' was the auctioneer and started the ball rolling with one of his most prototypical efforts. He described the place about to be founded as 'The Zenith City by the Sunset Sea,' and painted a gorgeous vista of the day when the white sails of commerce would dot the placid waters of the harbor, and the products of the Orient crowd those of the Occident at the great wharves that were to stretch far out into the Pacific!"

What a whoop the projectors, whose enthusiasm and confidence Time has demonstrated to have been well-founded, sought to raise may be seen by the advertisement announcing the realty event, probably the first of its kind in all this section of the Golden State. Hailing the new town as "The Coming City," when the Huntington railroad interests strongly advocated Santa Monica Bay as the best Pacific Coast harbor, the Land Company sought to intrigue the buying public with the following glowing Prospectus: "Thus far Southern California has lacked a commercial city. Los Angeles has, perhaps more nearly than any other place, attempted to supply this want, but Los Angeles has never been quite able to offset the great disadvantages of a harbor so defective as almost to be worthless. The United States Government has expended over half a million dollars on San Pedro Bay without apparent beneficial result, and freight and passengers are discharged into lighters,

thence carried several miles up a narrow, shallow, muddy creek, and finally disembarked in a swamp, twenty-six miles by rail from Los Angeles!"

"Twenty miles north from San Pedro, and directly west of Los Angeles, from which it is but fourteen miles distant, lies the beautiful Bay of Santa Monica. The harbor is so much better than San Pedro that, during a recent gale, while the steamer was unable to discharge into a lighter at the latter place, but carried her cargo on to San Diego, a schooner unloaded at Santa Monica lumber for the construction of the wharf at that point. This wharf is 2,000 feet in length, and reaches a point where there is thirty feet of water at low tide. From the wharf to Los Angeles the road-bed of the proposed railroad is graded; the ties are contracted for, and enough iron has been purchased and shipped to construct the road a distance of forty miles. The grading through Cajon Pass is also nearly done, and means have been secured to construct the road to Independence within a twelve month."

"That Santa Monica is to be 'the Future City of Southern California' will be readily conceded after an examination of its many advantages."

"There is not to be found on the Pacific Coast, and perhaps not on the Atlantic, such another site for a watering place. For ten miles there is a hard, beautiful beach, fit for bathing or driving at all stages of the tide. Unlike other points where there is an interregnum,—so to speak,—of half a mile or so of sand between the ocean beach and the arable land, the fertile valley comes to the very edge of the sea, and from a height of forty feet looks down on the water."

"But it is as a commercial city that Santa Monica has its greatest expectations. When the railroad to Independence shall have reached Cajon Pass—a result which will be achieved by January next,—it will be within fifty miles of the surveyed route of the Texas Pacific Railroad, while that road will be over two hundred miles from San Diego. The construction of fifty miles of road would, therefore, send the Texas Pacific to Santa Monica for a terminus—to Santa Monica, where swift and elegant steamers, running in twenty-four hours to San Francisco, over stormless seas, will convey passengers more pleasantly and as expeditiously by rail. Again, the road to Independence will, at some day not very remote, be connected with the Utah Southern and Central roads, and so connect with the Union Pacific at Ogden, thus making Santa Monica the terminus of two overland roads, and giving to her merchants a monopoly of the rich trade of Panamint, Cerro Gordo, and the mining districts of Inyo, Kern and San Bernardino counties."

son, the noted book-illustrator, is by far the best work covering this field that anyone has yet offered. The stories of less than 20 ranches, all in Los Angeles County, are set forth; but these few involve the rise and development of a dozen or more thriving, if not teeming representative communities, and a magic, almost unbelievable transformation that is a large part of the Golden State's amazing narrative, from data oft evasive and needing to be more than doubly checked. "Indeed," as the author well says, "the story of the first ranch-owners in California, and of those who followed, is not contained in detail in formal histories, but in sources almost entirely overlooked: the archives and land-grant files of the Mexican period, the proceedings of the United States Land Commission and courts, and court-action documents that make up the public records of early American years. Here are letters dictated by men who could not write, concerned with the life-and-death matters of their cattle-business or, perhaps, with the ordering of manteca or aguardiente. Here are the disputes, amusing to present readers, between neighbors who died before President Polk proclaimed that 'a state of war exists between the Republic of Mexico and the United States.' Here spring into being men and women who lived generously and died piously in pastoral California." No wonder that the tenderfoot frequently has a misconception as to historical manuscripts (such as students who have long enjoyed opportunities in the great libraries of the Old World and the East are familiar with), and now to properly appraise them. "Talk of 'Spanish grants,' adds the title-investigator, 'is largely misinformed. It comes chiefly from descendants of first settlers, and from novelists, who like to think of a far-distant king jacking kindly thought of Californians and signing beribboned documents that gave whole valleys to favored and aristocratic men. For these royal documents have a habit of never coming to light.' No wonder, too, that in repeating the story of the rancho many have talked of by Pasadenaans, 'the celebrated Eulalia is often referred to as the first owner of San Pasqual,' where as 'this is technically incorrect, her husband having that honor.'"

And so our colloquial historian, deeply absorbed in his subject, proceeds with annals that tell of what happened to hyperkinetic humans and far-lying lands they coveted, possessed, and so often hoped to hold on to, as it were, forever! "There is, for example, Jose Maria Verdugo, soldier with Portola and an ambitious young man, destined to own a California ranch of 36,000 acres, within whose boundaries was to arise the city of Glendale. 'The earliest mention of Verdugo in Alta California,' says Thomas Workman Temple II of San Gabriel, who has made an exhaustive search of Mission and presidio records, 'is on July 3, 1772, when he stood sponsor for an Indian baptized at San Carlos de Monterey Mission.' Verdugo saw the broad, grass-covered acres that rolled back to the wooded hills on the north. In imagination, he saw his own cattle pastured there, with water-dawn and irrigated fields. Yet, after partition of Verdugo family holdings, what was left was to melt away before the invasion of newcomers and creditors. The various adobes that dotted the great ranch were to tumble into ruin and oblivion." Curiously, the distinguished name was to survive in a social institution. "For many years one of the pleasant features of Glendale's life was the 'Casa Verdugo,' a restaurant managed by Senora Piedad Yorba de Sowl. The adobe and shaded grounds that had been the home of Fernando Sepulveda, son-in-law of Julio Verdugo and husband of Rafaela, stood near the base of the Verdugo Mountains,

and became one of the most popular dining-out spots in Southern California. The Spanish dishes, the California wines, and the songs and dances of señoritas, are remembered." Of about the same age as Glendale, the town of San Fernando, harking back to days on the rancho of that name, and "laid out on Senator Maclay's map of several thousand 25-foot lots, enough to care for an army of land-buyers," was to have streets named for such pioneers as Nadeau, Pico, Coronel, Kewen, Sepulveda, Temple, Banning, Newmark, Wolfskill and others—a realtor's dream giving no guarantee of the survival of time-honored names!

Taking up the beginnings of Long Beach, now one of the outstanding examples of evolution of city from rancho, Mr. Robinson, whose pockets bulge with maps and expedientes, tells of the purchase of Los Alamitos by "Abel Stearns, a shrewd Yankee from Salem, Mass., who had come to Los Angeles and taken out Mexican citizenship," when, in turning over the farmland, "Francisco Figueroa made an inventory, listing horses, mules, hogs, sheep and cattle, and one house of adobe, with two apartments covered with pitch or rushes, and others without roofs, but with two opposite doors." Primitive as was this outfit, "Rancho Alamitos made a pleasant summer home for Stearns' wife, the lovely Arcadia Bandini." Widening the view of ranch-life before there was thought of town or settlement, the author also describes how "Rancho Los Ceritos passed to Yankee hands. Its new owner was John Temple, fellow-Yankee from near Stearns' birthplace, who had come to Los Angeles in 1827"—a year later than the date, 1826, when he reached California, as was first shown by the Writer, some years ago,—"had married Rafaela Cota, and begun building a stately ranch-house, that still stands, after restoration. For its foundation, Temple used bricks brought around the Horn, while for beams and floors he got handhewn redwood. Its walls were of sundried adobe, made on the premises, into which straw had been tramped by Indian feet. Upon the flat roofs, asphaltum was poured, from the tar-pits of Rancho Le Brea, and Temple laid out an extensive garden." Rather strangely, perhaps, no mention is made of the thriving town, Temple, founded by Walter Paul, John Temple's nephew, one of few organized community memorials to any American pioneer.

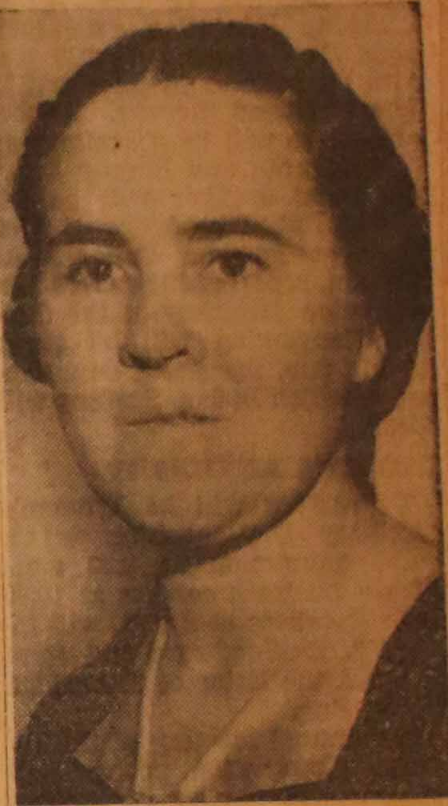
An introduction by Dr. Robert Glass Cleland,—whose scholarly researches, for years past, shown in writing as entertaining as graceful, has added appeal for students and readers of California history,—happily prefaces "Ranchos Become Cities," with Irene Robinson's charming sketches (among them, one entitled, "Pasadena, From Orange Grove Avenue, 1876), the latest and very creditable output of Pasadena's youngest publishing house, the enterprising San Pasqual Press, already having first-class literature to its credit, and announcing other meritorious works. Alas! However, for the fly in the amber, that sneaked in, no doubt, during too-great haste to get out the work: through frequent omission of Spanish and other accents from the text,—sometimes given and then, with the same names or words, quite as erratically ignored, in instances even engendering positive inaccuracy in spelling—a precious element of "local color," everywhere recognized by both dilettanti and scholars as an artistic and desirable feature of artistic book-making, has been lost; when, without appreciable effort on the part of writer or printer, or material expense, it might have contributed to a better perception of atmosphere about that very romantic rancho Past which the author, with sentiment, has striven to make much of, and so more fully satisfy the mind sensitive to simple scientific standards and approved typographical ideals, cherished for centuries by literati and the master-printer.

Historic Newhall Past Recorded

Librarian Compiles Five Volumes to Be Used for Reference Work

NEWHALL, Jan. 22.—Maybe the work of a librarian in a small town doesn't provide much excitement—but Mary F. Brunner, who operates the Newhall branch of the Los Angeles County library system, makes her own.

Working on her own initiative and at her own expense, she's



Mary F. Brunner

been toiling after hours, night and morning, for more than five months on a project near and dear to her heart. She finally has come up with five fat volumes of historical and progress data on every conceivable phase of development in the Newhall and Saugus areas.

HISTORY SLIPS BY

Because she saw living history disappearing each day before her eyes every time an old building was razed, a highway shifted, or a pioneer buried, Miss Brunner was consumed with a desire to record the glamorous chronicle of this history-packed area in a comprehensive and flexible reference work.

Now she has completed it. Using her own rich background of years of residence and library work in Castaic and Newhall, she delved deeply into past records of utilities, transportation, communication, public works, law enforcement, journalism, civic and social organizations and more than a score of allied topics, richly tied in with the history of this section.

WORK UNDONE

Now the work is being typed, bound and arranged at the Los Angeles headquarters of the county library system.

But Mary Brunner's task isn't finished.

"This historical reference is designed for binding in a loose-leaf method," she smiled, "and I plan, with assistance of the many groups who have aided me, to continue adding to its contents as long as I'm on the job here. This compilation of our local history is simple effort to preserve valuable data which stood every chance of being lost."

LA Times

Gleanings From History

By PERRY WORDEN

Agua Mansa's Picturesque Finds

ONCE RANCHO-RANGES, NOW CROWDING CITIES

Not everyday, perhaps, and not with equal satisfaction, may one lay aside a book such as the latest work of Mr. W. W. Robinson, "Ranchos Become Cities," a grouping into one volume of various brochures on local history, each in its time welcomed, as reflected in these Agua Mansa a year ago, when "The Robinsons: Their Literature and Art," were here favor-

ably reviewed; a satisfaction born of confidence that the studious, imaginative author, long a patient browser among musty, dusty, yet interesting official land and pioneer documents, knows what he is so admirably writing about, and that his latest contribution to Californiana of the South, made more attractive by the sympathetic art of his talented wife, Irene B. Robin-

Names Of Adjacent Canyons Connect Present With Past

By MARY TORRANCE

Much has been said about how the streets of Pasadena got their names. But do you know the history behind the names of nearby mountain canyons?

One of the most romantic carriage drives in Pasadena where young swains took their loves a-riding, was Wilson's Canyon at the foot of South Wilson avenue. Hardly discernable now, this canyon winds south to San Marino to the site of the old adobe-brick homestead built in 1854 by B. D. Wilson, at a cost of \$20,000. Half of this sum was spent on the magnificent tile roof.

Built For Short-Cut

Wilson built the road up the Canyon as a short-cut to his colony lands north of what is now San Pasqual Street, formerly the boundary between the Mission-owned San Pascual Rancho, and the Lake Vineyard Tract.

Water from the canyon flowed half a mile to Wilson's Lake; and from there it was run in sluiceways to the Old Mill of the Padres in San Marino.

Wilson's spacious hacienda is gone. His beautiful canyon scene of many a romance, is now subdivided to make room for modern pioneers.

Named For Hero

Rubio Canyon received its name from Jesus Rubio. Somewhat of a hero to his people, Rubio had lassoed horses and cannon belonging to General Kearney during a fight at an Indian village near San Diego. From there he had wandered to this part of the land and filed a squatter's claim at the mouth of the canyon which now bears his name.

A branch to the west of Rubio is Echo Canyon. Pistol or bugle sounds from Echo Mountain would echo and resound in the canyon below from whence it got its name.

A branch of Echo, Castle canyon got its name from its east wall which resembles the ruins of a castle.

In 1883, a party of three found an aged Indian dead in a little shack. He had been murdered. From that time on, the canyon was known as "Deadman's Canyon."

"Las Flores," (Mesa de) meaning "Table of Flowers," needs no explanation.

Wealthy Negro

Born a slave, Robert Owen, "Old Bob," bought his freedom, and came to this pueblo with his wife and three children in 1853. Possessed of business acumen rare in a Negro of those days, "Old Bob," secured government contracts, and supplied firewood to United States troops stationed at Los Angeles. He employed several negroes and Mexicans to cut the wood out of what was later known as "Negro

Canyon." Owen saved his money, and finally bought property which left his family extremely wealthy when he died.

Named Precipicio Canyon originally, because of its precipices and treacherous decomposed granite, Eaton's Canyon got its final name from Judge B. S. Eaton, who was the first to develop water there.

Millard's Canyon was once the "White Canyon," ("Canjon el Blanco.") Filing a squatter's claim in 1862, a man named Millard settled at the mouth of the canyon, only to abandon it 10 years later. Many Indian relics are still unearthed there. They consist mostly of mortars and pestles; no hatchets or arrows ever having been found there.

Last, but not least is the Arroyo Seco. Arroyo Seco means "Dry Creek" in Spanish. Bull fights were once held where the Rose Bowl now is.

Pasadena
Independent
Aug. 23-40

The Dutch Oven

About 50 years ago, Jimmy tells me, one Tom Schofield was searching for underground water for the railroad about 20 miles from Danby, a small station east of Barstow. In the Clipper Mountains he found a pass barely wide enough for a laden mule to get through. This passage was almost hidden by a black boulder. He passed through and found a long-abandoned camp. Shreds of canvas still clung to a tent pole and there were remains of a bed of dried boughs. Near by were railroad ties, some lengths of drill steel and pick and shovel. But the find that thrilled him was an old Dutch oven which, Schofield reported, was half full of virgin gold.

Schofield was too cold and tired and hungry to take more than he could carry in his pockets. Three days later he got to Los Angeles and got \$1000 for that. He spent the money in a few days because there was plenty more where it came from—a Dutch oven still about half full of it.

But when he went back with a partner a cloudburst had altered the landscape so that they couldn't find the mine.

I tell this story because you can't be a real, fully initiated Californian until you have day-dreamed about finding at least one lost mine. And it isn't every mine which already has the gold piled up for you in a Dutch oven.

Lost Mines

Nearly every mining area has its lost-mine story and both lives and treasure have been spent in trying to locate lost mines. The first settlement of Death Valley was due to a lost-mine story and the discovery of borax there resulted in more riches than did any gold mine in California. No doubt many of the lost mines existed only in imagination. But Jimmy Ragland, Santa Fe employee, has been checking legend against fact and is convinced that somewhere near Danby, in the Mojave Desert, there still is an undiscovered lost mine with more than a pot of gold for anyone who finds it. Two books in our Public Library tell about this mine.

THE CAHUENGA CAPITULATION

By HAROLD M. FINLEY

The "13th" of January, at least, should be considered lucky by Californians.

For it was on Jan. 13, 1847, that California actually became a part of the United States of America.

Exactly 94 years ago today, Gen. Andres Pico yielded to Gen. John C. Fremont a force of early Californians who had violently opposed the idea of being under the American flag. They were trapped between the soldiers, marines and sailors of Gen. Stephen W. Kearny and Commodore Robert F. Stockton, pursuing them from the south, and Fremont's volunteers, come from the north as reinforcements for the "regulars." The scene of the surrender was Cahuenga Pass.

The battles marking the conquest of California were mere skirmishes compared with those fought on the main front of a war in which they were but a side issue.

Had the Californians taken a little better advantage of the opportunities created by the mistakes of their foes, California might well have been theirs to have and to hold until the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of Feb. 2, 1848, ending the war between the United States and Mexico.

The war in California started out swimmingly for the Americans. Following the raising of the flag of the Bear Republic, before the Californians could get organized, Commodore John Drake Sloat, commander of American naval forces in the Pacific, raised the United States flag over the customs house at Monterey on July 7, 1846. The war between the United States and Mexico had been on since May.

Commodore Stockton took over on July 29 and organized the Bear Republic forces under Fremont, making that conveniently available government explorer a major for military duty. Stockton himself sailed for San Pedro, Fremont for San Diego. Their two forces closed in almost unopposed on Los Angeles, meeting on Aug. 11. The conquest of California, so both commanders felt assured, was all over but the shouting.

They were so sure of it that they betook themselves again to the north, leaving one Capt. Gillespie and 50 men to garrison the pueblo. An almost unsung hero, Juan Flaco, rode to San Francisco in five days to warn them of their mistake when the "conquered" Californians closed in on Gillespie's band.

Stockton promptly sent Capt. Mervine in the frigate Savannah back to San Pedro with 350 men. Mervine arrived at the port Oct. 7.

The so-called battle of Dominguez Rancho, which resulted from Mervine's attempted march upon Los Angeles, seems amusing now. It wasn't at all funny to the American marines, compelled to follow on foot the magnificently mounted Californian horsemen. The latter had a horse-drawn fieldpiece that they unlimbered every so often and then swiftly dragged away as the "leather-necks" came on at the charge. Retreat on smoking feet to the safety of the Savannah was the marines' only recourse.

In no time at all the Californians, under Jose Maria Flores, were defiantly in the saddle—and that literally—as far north as Santa Barbara.

But meanwhile, Gen. Kearny, acting upon orders from Washington, was en route from Santa Fe to help Stockton take over California. It was Kearny's bad luck that the only news he'd had when ready to leave Santa Fe on Sept. 25 was that California was "in the bag," as it were; he left 200 of his 300 dragoons in New Mexico.

The battle Kearny had with the Californians at San Pasqual, after joining Capt. Gillespie and a small band of volunteer scouts at Warner's Ranch, was a real one, numbers involved considered. It was also costly. The dragoons fought their way on, but they would never have reached San Diego had not Lieut. Edward F. Beale and Kit Carson managed to slip through encircling enemy horsemen to get word of their plight to Stockton.

The combined forces of Stockton and Kearny—600 men—left San Diego for Los Angeles on Dec. 29. They met no resistance until they came to the vicinity of what is now Montebello and camped on the banks of the San Gabriel River on Jan. 7, 1847. Gen. Flores and his Californians had already reached the opposite side of the stream. The Americans won an easy victory the next day and followed it up the day after that by scattering the foe's cavalry about where the Los Angeles Union Stock Yards are now located. The Stars and Stripes went up again in Los Angeles on Jan. 10—and Capt. Gillespie attended to the job.

Fremont, with his 400 men recruited in the north, arrived too late to see any fighting, but, as fate would have it, became the leading figure just the same—the man to accept the sword of the vanquished commander who, as the result of a last-minute shuffling in enemy commands, was Andres Pico and not Flores.

The observance of the Cahuenga Capitulation anniversary is one in which Los Angeles has a peculiar interest. The conquest of California took place practically in our back yard.

men's crowbars, has called a meeting in the City Council chamber for Friday afternoon to discuss ways and means.

Representatives of civic, pioneer and patriotic organizations are invited to attend.

Plans call for carrying the Aliso St. extension through part of the site now occupied by the old building. Briggs proposes to raise funds to move the building to another location, restore it and make it a museum of Los Angeles history.

Historic Building May Be Rescued

Wreckers Threaten Old Baker Block

Councilman Arthur E. Briggs, as chairman of a committee to save the historic Baker Block on N. Main St. from the wrecking

Last Vestige of Town Goes

Prado Residents, in Path of New Dam, Leave Their Homes

PRADO, Feb. 2.—This story is written from a town which is no more—a town and countryside over which the black threat of destruction has been hanging for more than two years. And the threat today was realized. Prado isn't even a ghost town.

It is wiped completely from the face of the earth.

Today was the deadline. Today engineers told residents of this fertile valley they must leave their homes. Prado Dam was nearly completed and the floods might come. Then the residences, the rich farmlands, would be deep under water.

CANYON BLOCKED

The vast earth-fill structure now stretches majestically across narrow Santa Ana Canyon a few miles south of Corona. It is designed to halt temporarily floodwaters which in past years devastated valuable farm and citrus lands and cities in Orange County. The water will be held only until threat of flood is past and then will be released gradually to enrich the lands below.

But when the angry, muddy stream is controlled at the dam the result will be a huge lake covering, at peak floods, about 8800 acres, part of which was the

community of Prado, the dairies, the farms and the homes.

LAND PURCHASED

All but a small part of the land has been bought from the owners. Many of them already have completed the heartbreaking task of moving their houses, their belongings, to some other spot to start their lives again. But many others have remained until the last minute, hoping against hope that something might happen, that plans might be changed and their homes be saved.

But grim reality struck today. Sympathetic officials informed the small remaining band it was time to move. They went, without resistance and without daring to look back. From today on this green and rolling countryside will be a valley of memories.

OLD SCHOOL SAVED

One happier note was heard, however. The Pioneer School will not be a victim to progress. Situated in the heart of the valley, the school was built in 1887 and long has been a landmark. When it was seen that it would be in the path of the rising lake in time of storm, Flood Control Engineer M. N. Thompson of Orange County arranged its sale to a Corona nursing home. It will be reconstructed there, again to hear the noise of happy youngsters.

History lovers also rejoice with news that old Rancho Buena Vista, once the home of Antonio Yorba, early Spanish settler, will not fall a victim to the rising lake. The picturesque adobe, now the home of Mrs. Julia Fuqua, is located 17 feet above the highest peak floods ever will reach, engineers said after a survey.

Prado Dam, which cost \$7,000,000 and which caused moving of a major highway and a railroad, as well as forlorn emigration of the settlers, will be officially completed March 15.

But today was moving day.

Tally-ho Stables, City Landmark, to Be Razed for Filling Station



AWAITS DEMOLITION—Tally Ho garage at First St. and Broadway, where the California Club and Chamber of Commerce were formed, soon will be replaced by service station. This picture of half-century-old landmark was made in 1886. C. C. Pierce photo

A living chapter out of the city's past, the Tally-ho Stables, is doomed by the inexorable march of progress.

Within a month the landmark, built more than half a century ago, will be razed to make way for enterprise undreamed of in the days of its construction—a gas station.

In the Tally-ho Stables, now a garage, at the northwest corner of First St. and Broadway, was organized in 1887 a small association later to become one of the outstanding groups of its kind over all the nation—the California Club.

The group met in offices on the second floor of the structure. And in these same rooms, during the Southland panic in 1888, was born the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

Built by Dr. David Burbank, for whom a neighboring community was named, the stables once housed more than 100 horses. Businessmen of the day rode to town on their horses and stabled the animals at the quarters, much in the same fashion as modern-day workers park their automobiles.

Until last year, when a portion of the building was re-

moved for the widening of First St., there remained the old pulley used by stable hands to lift hay from the ground level to the storage loft.

Sight-seeing trips by horse carriage left from the center, then in the very heart of the community, even after the turn of the century.

After the dynamiting of The Times the quarters were pressed into use for a shelter for those injured in the blast, and as a temporary resting spot for many of the dead.

The fate of the building became apparent in 1907 when it became the Tally-ho Garage.

BAKER BLOCK SITE ONCE NOTED SPOT

Announcement that the city may buy the Baker Block on North Main St. at Arcadia St., in order to extend ancient Aliso St. westward to pass on the north side of the new Federal Building, again calls attention to this historic site. The Baker Building, at one time the most ornate in California, was erected in 1877 by Col. R. S. Baker, who once owned the Bakersfield area, and all of Santa Monica's 30,000 acres when it was the San Vicente Rancho.

Baker married the widow of Don Abel Stearns in the middle '70's. Before the erection of the Baker Block the spot was the site of "El Palacio," the large adobe home of the Stearns family, then richest in California. A score and more of towns and hamlets now occupy the old Stearns holdings.

"El Palacio" in early days was the most famous of all California places. Here all the important weddings and colorful social gatherings took place. Before and during the Civil War period "El Palacio" was headquarters for almost every politician in the State.

H. G. L.

L.A. Times

L.A. Times May 23

L. A. FORT HILL

WHERE FLAG FIRST WAVED

IS DOOMED

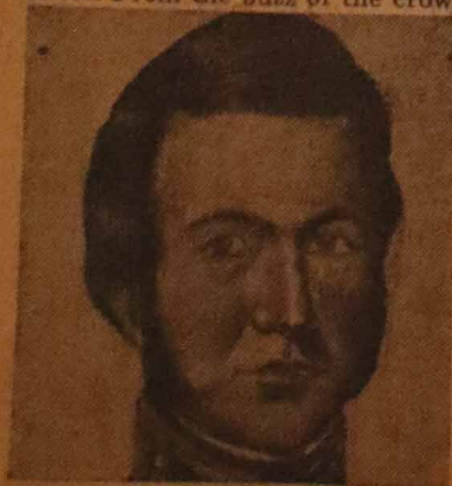


FAMED SITE OF PAST TO BE RAZED

Plan to Level Spot
Where U. S. Flag
First Raised in City

Drowsy pueblo of Los Angeles stirred itself from a sunny siesta 94 years ago to such a pitch of excitement as it had not felt in many a day.

Hurrying through the dusty streets, if one might dignify them by the name of streets, the populace of 1500 converged on Fort Moore. From the buzz of the crowd,



CAPT. BENJAMIN MOORE
His Heroism Named Landmark

like a curious beehive, one could only conclude something important was in the air.

Something very important was in the air. It was an historical epoch. It was history in the making.

And there, at what is now Fort Moore Hill and the North Broadway tunnel, that pueblo crowd reverently stood with heads bared as the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled to a Southern California breeze.

PROGRESS COMES

Progress came as the years rolled by. The tiny clustered pueblo around the historic plaza sprawled and spilled out over many square miles, the population of 1500 increased to 1,500,000. Raucous motor cars, trolleys and trains replaced the burros and foot traffic.

Now, progress—as it has done many times in the past—threatens to wipe out another historic landmark where the city's early and colorful history began, where distinguished families built gracious mansions during the passing of time.

Tomorrow county, city and state officials will get together at 10 a. m. in the City Hall in a meeting

to make plans to demolish Fort Moore Hill. Earth from the hill will be dumped in the city's famous "hole" at Alameda street and Washington boulevard.

The historic landmark, which has looked down on the generations after generations who built this mighty municipality, must go, according to suggested plans, to make room for a \$2,700,000 County Courts and Law Library Building.

LINK IN DEVELOPMENT

It is another impressive link in development of the Civic Center.

In addition to the \$2,700,000 structure, about \$125,000 must be spent in acquiring land, and another \$250,000 for clearing away the hill.

And when the last heap of dirt is removed, if that is what is finally done, the physical reminder of some very rich memories will be gone.

Originally Fort Moore was an earthwork with six embrasures for cannon, unenclosed in the rear. Early military experts estimated that 200 men could have held it against 1000 if attack came from the front, but that a few men could have taken it if it were attacked from the rear.

It was built just a few days after Los Angeles was surrendered to Commodore Stockton and General Kearney on Jan. 10, 1847, after defeat of General Flores in the battle of Paso de Bartolo, and was to guard both against efforts to retake the city and against possibility of revolution by inhabitants.

ATTACK FEARED

Additions to the fort were made feverishly a few months later on reports that the Mexican Congress had raised \$600,000 to besiege the city and that General Bustamente was on his way to retake Los Angeles. More than 500 men were barracked in the fort. But no attack was ever made.

Still a little later, a 150-foot flagpole made of timber brought from the San Bernardino Mountains was erected and the first Stars and Stripes raised here on July 4, 1847.

Col. J. D. Stevenson of the Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers, dedicated the fort and named it Fort Moore in honor of Capt. Benjamin D. Moore of the

First Dragoons, United States Army, who fell while fighting gloriously and trying to capture Gen. Andres Pico at the battle of San Pasqual. Captain Moore was lanced by a Californian when his own sword broke off at the hilt and he was unable to pull his revolver. His brother-in-law, Lieutenant Hammond, was killed trying to save him.

PLANS TOLD

Thus was named the historic old landmark, from which the cannon have long ago been removed, the landmark destined in all probability to be eradicated to make room for the new.

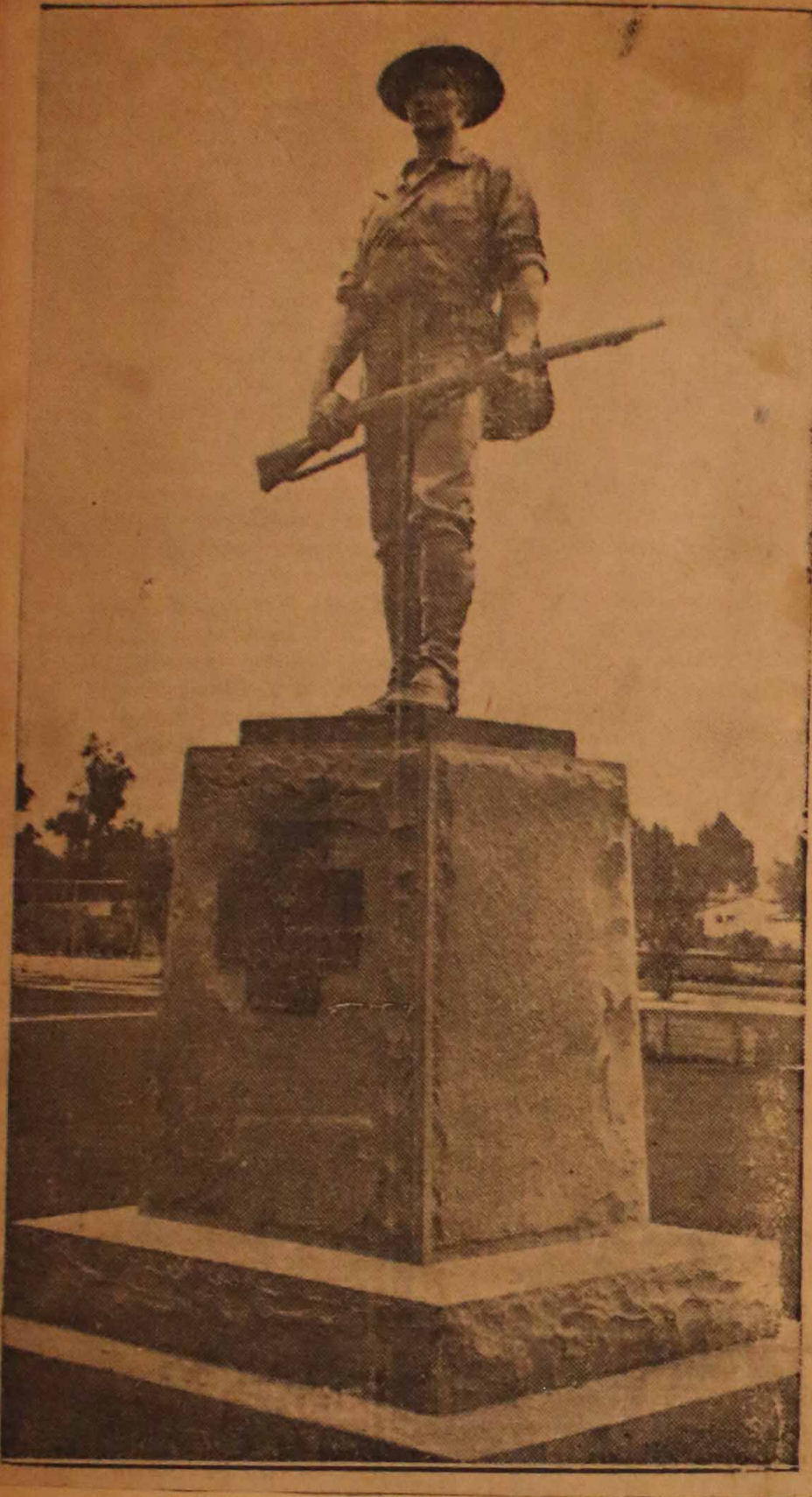
Present plans, which have received the approval of the Joint Civic Center Committee and the City Regional Planning Commission, call for the extension of Aliso street from Spring to Broadway. There is also provision for removal of the present Broadway tunnel.

The county proposes:

1. To purchase the remaining private property holdings on Fort Moore Hill.
2. To open Aliso Street between Broadway and Spring and remove the Broadway tunnel.
2. To open Aliso street between Library Building facing Aliso street between Broadway and Spring, with a connection to the present Hall of Justice.

L.A. Herald
Express
Jan 20-41

"The Hiker" Dedicated Yesterday



Arcadia Bulletin
April-21

THRONG TAKE PART IN FETE

Inspiring and colorful ceremonies marked the dedication of the noted statue—"The Hiker"—in Arcadia County Park last Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the United Spanish War Veterans of Southern California.

With the Arcadia-Monrovia-Duarte high school marching band and other musical units participating, the program attracted thousands of veterans, dignitaries, their families and friends to the park here. Captain L. L. McClary gave the keynote address of the day.

Representing the Arcadia Chamber of Commerce was Gordon S. Eberly who delivered the address of welcome to the throng to Arcadia. Archie J. Bradley of the Arcadia Legion Post, and secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce, represented 18th District Commander Bill Randall on the speaker's platform.

Serving as master of ceremonies for the occasion was Walter L. Lynch, department senior vice-president, Department of California United Spanish War Veterans.

Arcadia
Tribune
Apr 24

War Veterans Dedicate Statue



Pictured above is the 15-foot statue—"The Hiker"—dedicated in Arcadia County Park last Sunday.

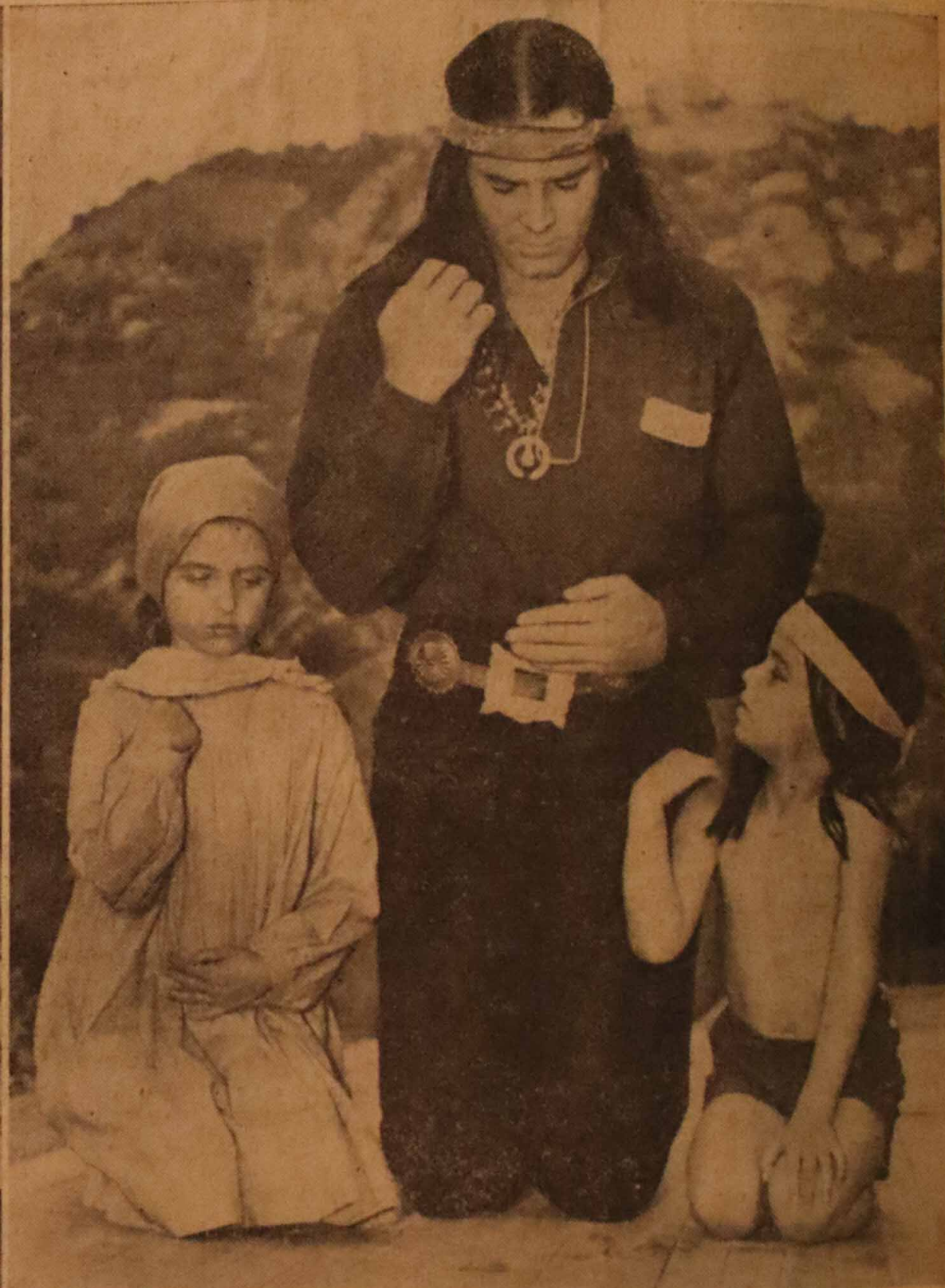
Ramona Pageant Opens

18th Season Before 4000

Los Angeles Times April 20



TRAGIC SCENE—Janet Scott as Senora Moreno, left, tells Juanita Encell, as Ramona, her heritage in colorful Southland drama.



PLAYERS—Robert Kellard, center, who portrayed Alessandro in "Ramona" pageant, shown with Donna Jean Viele, 9, and Norman Enfield, 6.



IN PAGEANT—Four thousand persons yesterday viewed opening of the 18th season of "Ramona," the tragic love story of early California.

Times photos

"Ramona" Play Attracts Crowds To Hemet

"Ramona," famed and dramatic outdoor play of early California, will have the largest cast in its history when the 18th season opens April 19 in picturesque Ramona Bowl near the towns of Hemet and San Jacinto in Riverside County.

Three hundred and eighty have been assembled for the 1941 production. They have been undergoing strenuous rehearsals for weeks under the supervision of Director Jean Inness, for many years the Ramona of the play.

This season the title role will be enacted by Juanita Encell, beautiful and charming actress who has been the Margarita of the play for five seasons. Opposite her will be handsome Robert Kellard, young actor of Hollywood.

Most of the other roles will be filled by veterans of the play. Newcomers will be Helen Seafeld as Marda and Lucille Breneman as Margarita. Returning to their regular roles will be Janet Scott of Riverside as Senora Moreno; Frank Schott, Hemet newspaperman as the irascible old Jua Canito; Frank Felt and Sherman Lewis as Fathers Salvedierra and Gaspara respectively; Mrs. Isadore Costo, Mara; Freda Lewis as Aunt Ri.

General Manager Lloyd D. Mitchell has announced the augmenting of the chorus under

Mrs. Lillian Roberts' direction and the enlarging of the dance group under the supervision of Dance Director Karl Peters.

Increases also have been made in the posse which lends excitement at the close of the play as they dash over the hills in pursuit of Alessandro's killer. Authentic in every detail "Ramona" has become widely known as the foremost California play.

The Sherman Institute (government school near Riverside) will send a large contingent of boys to dance the rituals of the second act. Play dates this year are April 19-20, 27-28 and May 3-4.

Arcadia
Bulletin
April-28-41

Chorus and Dance Groups Augmented for 'Ramona'

Hundred and Twenty Singers Assembled From Hemet-San Jacinto Area



Marjorie Cogley

HEMET-SAN JACINTO, April 15.—Chorus and dance groups will be augmented for the 1941 production of "Ramona," outdoor play of early California which will open Saturday in picturesque Ramona Bowl near here.

Lillian Roberts of Hemet has assembled a chorus of 120 from both Hemet and San Jacinto. The singers have been rehearsing for several weeks. The choral music forms an important background to many of the play's scenes.

Dancers who appear in the fiesta scenes have been trained by Karl Peters, now in his third season as dance director. He came to Hemet-San Jacinto Valley to make his home after successful years in New York as dancer and dance producer.

Among the dancers is Marjorie Cogley, graduate of Hemet High School. The cast this season totals 380, largest in the history of the play.

Los Angeles
Times

ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONCE PROUD MONARCH OF VALLEY



THING OF PAST—Mrs. Ray Reese shown at stump of 84-year-old Monterey cypress which towered 128 feet high.

Times photo

Massive Cypress Tree Passes After 84-Year Stand at Pico

Monarch Which Witnessed Transformation of Valley Into New Era, Cut Down After Fatal Attack by Beetles

The passing of a giant tree, which grew with the development of San Gabriel Valley, lived on into a mechanized age and died finally from a gnawing infestation of its own body, brings to mind a long and historic past. Mrs. Ray Reese, who watched the tree in its splendor and in its death fight, writes the following tribute to the fallen giant:

"A monarch of San Gabriel Valley has passed after 84 years of majestic rule. The woodman's ax, saws, pulleys, blocks and all modern equipment befitting a giant felled the 128-foot Monterey cypress this week at 140 E. Whittier Blvd. in Pico.

LARGEST ON RECORD

"Only two years ago members of the California Forestry Division measured this tree and announced it was the largest species of Monterey cypress of which there is any record.

"Shortly thereafter the deadly bark beetle attacked the beloved giant. Frantic efforts were made in vain to save it.

"The tree died and for about a year it stood in state. Even in death its huge body was still a towering landmark and provided shade and shelter for the passerby. Then it became infested with termites; the outstretched limbs began to crack; small branches fell till it was no longer a thing of beauty. It had to come down.

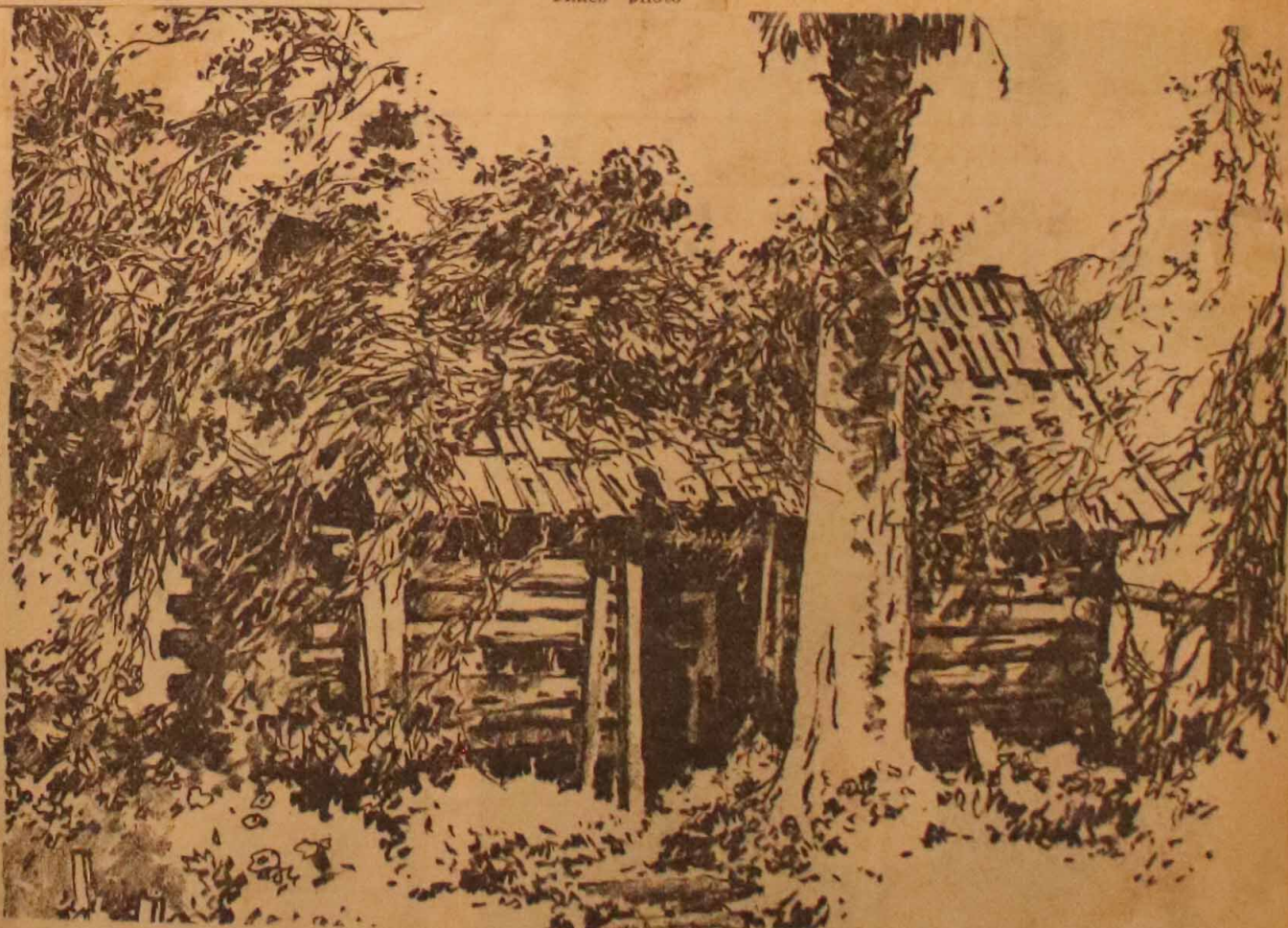
"Many were the tales it might

have told of the days when it was surrounded by a sprawling sweet potato patch and of how it stood between a little white cottage and a narrow dusty road that led from Los Angeles by the Pio Pico mansion to Whittier. In those days there were birthday parties, ice cream socials and children's laughter resounding in its young branches.

CHANGING SCENE

"Time went on until a majestic mansion was built matching its lofty grandeur. A formal garden and a well-kept orange grove complemented the beauty of the Monterey cypress. A wide-paved road called Whittier Blvd. provided a thoroughfare. The tree was a guidepost for children, young and old, to get off the bus or to turn aside to visit the many beautiful orange groves. Prosperity abounded and the tree reigned in all the grandeur and dignity befitting a king. Then evil days came.

"Although it withstood the ravages of time and the tumult of a mechanized age it could not fight the swarming beetles which infested its bark.



LUCKY BALDWIN CABIN

If anyone had ever dared intimate to E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin that he was a rank sentimentalist while he was alive, that old pioneer who marched into California barefooted to win millions, probably would have punched the offender right heartily in the nose. Lucky Baldwin was one of the sturdiest of the lot in a

day that boasted some tough and uncouth hombres.

There's no doubt Lucky would have howled if called a sentimentalist. But there's a cabin out at Santa Anita Rancho which proves he had a streak in him as soft as a squash.

It's a honey, that cabin, made of rough-hewn timbers through which the wind whistles.

The cabin never was native to Santa Anita Rancho. No sir. It first saw the light of day back on the farm in Terra Coupee, Ind., on which Baldwin was born. Baldwin spent many a happy boyhood day in that cabin.

He did not forget it when he became rich and famous.

He remembered those happy boyhood days and had the cabin transported complete to his Santa Anita Rancho in 1880.

The cabin is there today, just as it was in Lucky's days. With the exception that it has grown less sturdy with the passing years and looks as though a stiff wind might bring it to its knees.

Los Angeles
Times

Mount Wilson Tales...

by Mary M. Jones

II.—EARLY DAYS

The old Mount Wilson toll road, for years a busy artery of humming activity, is once more a rocky trail, used only by government and service men. The pioneers who assisted at the birth of the observatory regard the old road with real affection, for every ton of brick, cement and steel used in building was hauled up its steep grades. Mt. Wilson was visited many years before Benjamin Wilson gave the place its name. There were trails of a sort up and across the mountains used, probably, by explorers,

hunters, bandits, Indians, and mission padres. Benjamin Wilson needed lumber for fences, shingles, and wine casks and accordingly, began the first real work of widening and improving the trail we all know. The best way to describe both road and trail is to say they were short, steep, and crooked. On the toll road, in an hour, one went from about 1500 feet elevation to about 6,000. That is really climbing.

In spite of the fact that Mt. Wilson as an observatory site had been abandoned by Harvard in 1890, the location scout for the Carnegie Institution had pronounced the spot ideal. This man had studied locations in both the southern and northern hemispheres. Dr. Hale, with his customary thoroughness, decided to observe weather and "seeing" conditions for himself and double check on the reports of Hussey.

When Hale arrived in Pasadena in 1903 there were two trails up the mountain, one was the Sierra Madre, and the other the "New Trail" which started at Eaton Canyon. There was a battered building on the mountain, humorously called the Casino, and it was there Hale proposed to stay while making his observations.

At this time Hale was living on St. John avenue in Pasadena and noticed, next door, a husky bricklayer working on a fireplace. He went over and talked with him and told him he wanted an all-around man to repair the Casino and work on the mountain. He certainly picked the right man—the kind they needed those days—for the fellow was a big two-fisted New Englander, hard and cold as a brass door knob. He was possessed of an almost blistering energy that seemed to despise the puny efforts of those who could not keep up with him.

Men in those days were hired more for their spirit, nerve and strong backs, than for any specialized knowledge, and Hale made no mistakes in picking his superintendent, engineer and co-workers.

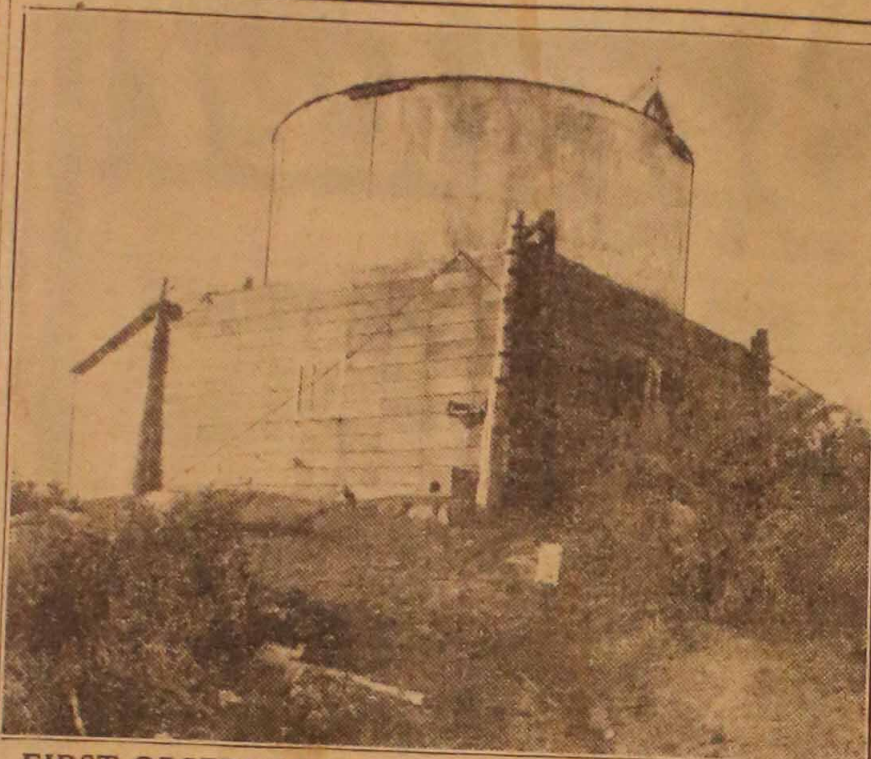
The Casino was repaired, Hale's OK given to the location, the final grant received, and work begun in earnest.

The Observatory's part in improving the road was done by white labor and Japanese. Two separate camps were maintained, two cooks hired, and there were two superintendents. The two bosses got together every night, made out their time sheets, supply lists, and talked over their problems. Book-keeping was done by one man with pencil and paper, by the other with an ancient abacus. Troubles were many—one day the entire Japanese crew threatened to quit because the cook ran out of soya sauce.

Transportation Methods

Many odd methods of transportation were used before the modern truck came into its own. The first, of course, was the burro and horse pack trains. Burros observed no rules of the road except those made

Great Oak's Small Acorn



FIRST OBSERVATORY ON MT. WILSON 1889-1890

in their own stupid heads. If you saw a burro coming you got on the outside of the trail—otherwise you were in danger of being smashed flat against the rock wall on the "safe" side. The most memorable of the burros was a scraggly, gray, tailless fellow called Pinto. He would often pause along the way to snatch up a tasty mouthful of gravel, a spot of paint, or a scrap of paper.

One of the first "things" on wheels to go up the trail was a gadget devised by Hale himself. It was a low platform, slung between four automobile wheels. It had a steering wheel in front and a tiller behind for the back wheels. It was pulled by one large horse—approximate speed one mile per hour. It safely carried the heavy parts of the Snow telescope to the mountain top—so don't laugh.

Mule Psychology

Mule-drawn wagons did their share too and hauled many a heavy load. I knew one of the mule drivers very well. He possessed that rare gift which might be called mule "it." He was a small inconspicuous fellow and the mules in his charge were big, black, murderous beasts. It must have tickled their mulish sense of humor to have the little man boss them around. They would muzzle him affectionately when he harnessed them, and would pull with vigor and understanding on any difficult stretch of road whenever he let out a certain string of warm, earthy words.

The first power vehicle to make the grade was a real contraption, a sort of double jointed truck partly constructed by the Observatory's shops in Pasadena. The truck had a gas engine in it which was con-

nected to a dynamo. Each of the four wheels had an electric motor of its own, and the steering device was a fearful and wonderful thing. It hauled many tons of material to the mountain top and I have heard that it once took ten days for it to make the round trip from the shops on Santa Barbara street.

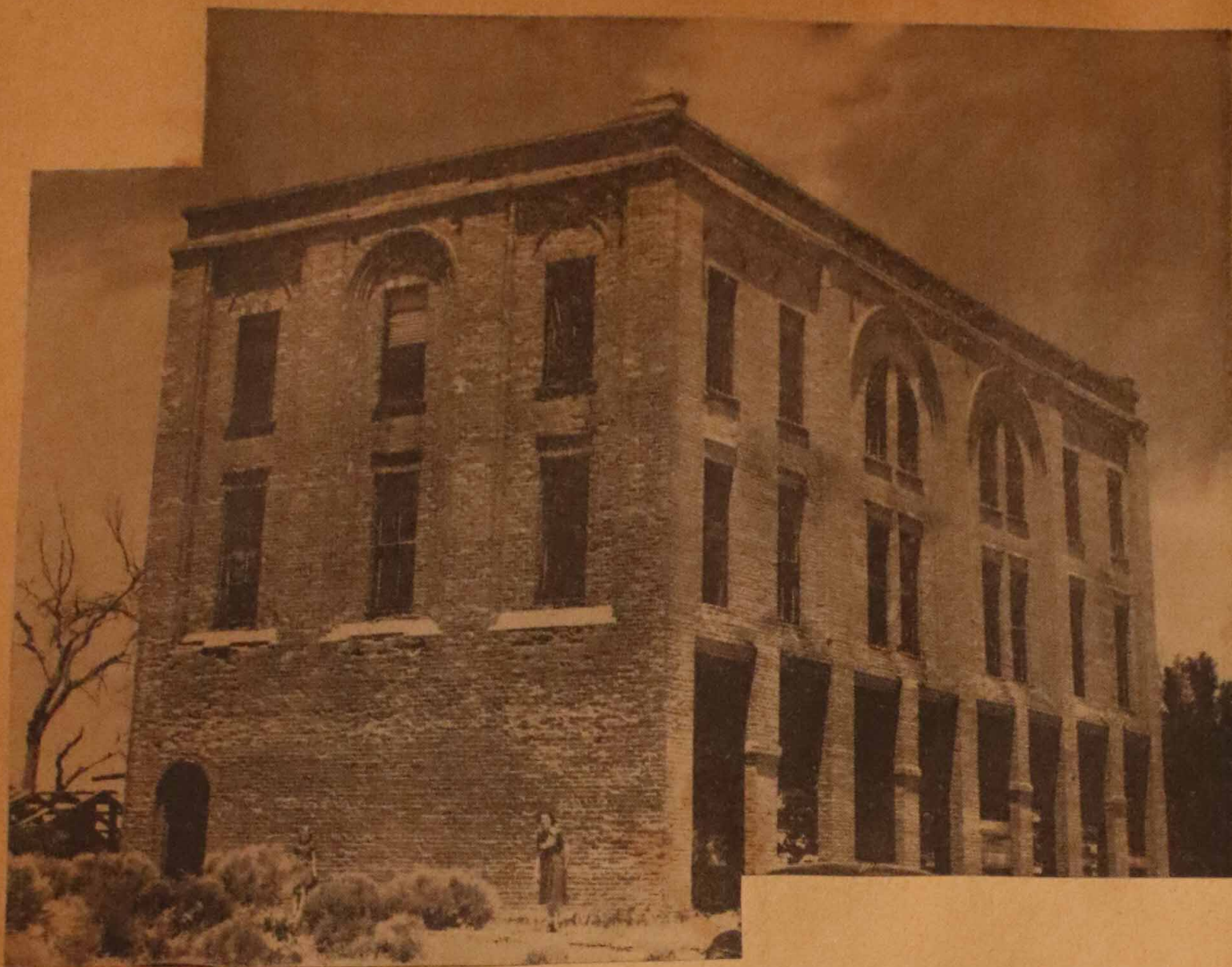
Teeter-Totter Truck

The bulkiest load that ever conquered the trail was a huge crate of machinery. The center of gravity was behind the rear wheels of a small truck, and to keep the truck from rearing up on its hind wheels when going around a curve, the driver had four men stand on the front of the truck all the way up.

There were many picturesque names given to various places along the trail. The Devil's Elbow was the name of the steepest curve. Schneider's Half-Way House, completed in 1898, is still standing. The Desert was a fairly flat ridge that divided Eaton's Canyon from Little Santa Anita. Buzzard's Roost was a steep rocky point that always gave trouble—slides and washouts. White Man's Hairpin was a turn near the camp where the white laborers lived during the widening of the road. Pasadena Gap, a scenic point, was the first place one could get a glimpse of the city on the way down from the Observatory. There were many more but they mean nothing to people who have not welcomed them as friendly landmarks as they passed them.

The county is improving the road to Henninger's Flats, and that is good news, but the old Toll Road that winds on from there up to Mt. Wilson will soon be a memory. That's progress, and we like it.

Pasadena Independent



L.A. Examiner
June 8, '41

EAST of the divide of the San Bernardino range lies a vast wonderland of mountain and desert, offering unlimited opportunity for historical, geological and botanical research. Above, old hotel at Hesperia, relic of the early boom days. "Main Street," envisioned by its builders, failed to materialize. At left,

Plaque Planned for Landmark

Site of City's First Theater Will Be Scene of Ceremony Today

The site of Childs' Grand Opera House, Los Angeles' first theater, will be dedicated today as a California landmark.

Civic leaders, pioneer families and members of historical societies will take part in "the ceremony which will start at the City Hall with a musical program and recitation of the theatrical history and cultural development of the community during the 57 years since the Grand was built.

EVENT'S SPONSOR

Don F. Smith, president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, sponsor of the dedication, will introduce guests. Marek Windheim and Emily Hardy, members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will sing.

L. E. Behymer and Mrs. Leland Atherton Irish will speak. Behymer was an opera-glass venter in the lobby of the old showhouse many years ago and rose to be one of the West Coast's leading impresarios.

DEDICATION SCENE

The dedication will take place at the site of the playhouse at First and Main Sts., where Joe Crail, member of a pioneer Los Angeles family, will imbed a bronze plaque in the ground. The Grand was demolished six years ago.

O. W. Childs III, whose grandfather built the theater, and Hobart Bosworth, who played in the theater in the first year, will take part in the ceremonies.

PARADE OF STARS

Old-timers remember the stars of opera and stage who played there. Among them were Edwin Booth, Maude Adams, Lillian Russell, Frederick Warde, Robert Mantell, Ferris Hartman, John Drew, Blossom Seeley, Fay Bainter was a child actress at the Grand.

Later the theater became a vaudeville house, and as the center of town migrated southward and westward it successively housed burlesque, 10-cent pictures and finally Mexican films.

Fatty Arbuckle owed his stardom to "The Campus," which was produced at the Grand.

The dedication ceremonies are being held under the auspices of the Junior Chamber's historical landmarks committee.

L.A. Times
June 7



TREASURE—Senora Gabriela Quiroz de Temple pictured here with historic chair, once the property of Pio Pico. Times photo

Chair Willed by Pio Pico Prized in San Gabriel Home

Heirloom Owned by Thomas Workman Temple II Said
to Be One of Early Governor's Last Possessions

SAN GABRIEL, Oct. 2.—There is a chair against a wall today in a home at 251 San Marcos St., and while it is made of old and fine wood and upholstered in rare material, its value does not wholly lie therein.

Once it belonged to Pio Pico, who always will stand in history as the last Mexican Governor of California.

WILLED TO TEMPLE

During one of the final days of the month of September, just 46 years ago, Pio Pico died, and in his will the chair was left to Walter P. Temple, in whose home the sick and disillusioned caballero had been nursed for two years.

Today it belongs to Thomas Workman Temple II, who inherited it from his father.

It is a simple chair, good in-laid walnut and fine gold brocade, and was one of the last few remnants Pio Pico had, when he died, of the wealth he possessed when Governor.

ANOTHER HEIRLOOM

When pictured with the chair, Senora Gabriela Quiroz de Temple, a former queen of San Gabriel Fiesta, wore another of the many valuable Temple heir-

looms, a handmade wedding gown of princess lace, bought specially in Paris for the wedding in 1858 of Francisca, daughter of John Temple, a grand-uncle of the present owner's husband.

Catholic Medal Dating to 14th Century Found

SPRING VALLEY, Sept. 17.—A brass Roman Catholic medal dating to the 14th century reign of Pope Benedict XIII was uncovered during excavation work at the old Bancroft ranch.

Ancient Instrument Used By Surveyor Loaned to Museum

The principal part of a surveyor's instrument, as ancient in appearance as in years, was added Tuesday to the collection of interesting objects on exhibition in the San Jacinto Museum. The relic of past days, and past ages, was loaned by Mrs. James Scorse, in whose possession it has been for many long years.

The part is rudely made, in comparison with modern surveying instruments. It is heavy, being made entirely of brass. The design is so different from that of the present age as to scarcely indicate to casual observers what its purpose or use might have been. As one civil engineer who saw it said, it might have been used by George Washington when he was a young surveyor; and the father of his country might then have classed it as "old fashioned."

RELIC FOUND ON RANCHO

Uncovered by the rain on the Rancho Santa Anita where the water from the lake runs off was an Indian relic, a perfect mortar, discovered this week by Floyd Kinsley.

Made of soap stone, it bears out the statement recently published in the Arcadia Tribune under "People Say" that most of the Indian utensils were made in the soap stone quarries of Catalina and floated over to the mainland in dug outs.

Shoshonean Indians of the tribe Aleupkig-na who lived at Santa Anita were undoubtedly the users of this mortar which will be on display during the next week at the office of the Arcadia Tribune and News.

Other relics of this same type have been unearthed on Michillinda Boulevard and are now at the Southwest Museum.

Discovery of the mortar Tuesday makes the Rancho an even more interesting source of history, and eyes of young and old will be keener in search of such relics.

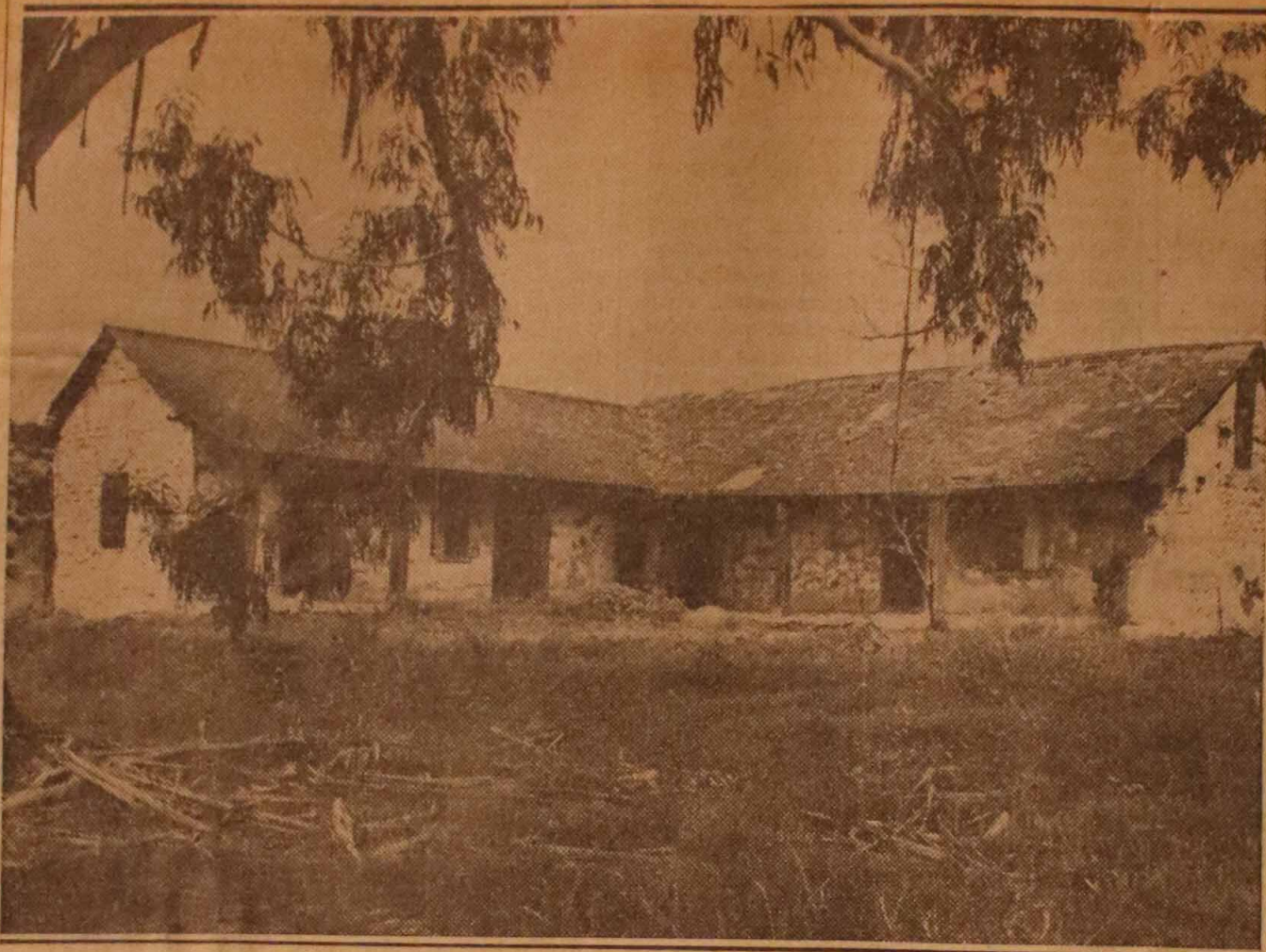
Timerhoff's Given Old Wagon Wheel

Mr. and Mrs. James Storse, of San Jacinto, arrived Saturday afternoon for a week-end visit at the E. E. Timerhoff home, 321 Genoa street, and to attend the old time concert given that evening by the woman's club. They brought with them and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Timerhoff, an old wagon wheel with a history. Mrs. Timerhoff will place her cherished relic of pioneer days on her front lawn but is a little worried as to how to fasten it down. The old wheel came from the Stuart rancho near San Jacinto.

RELICS AND
EXCAVATIONS

Tribune
Mar. 6-'41

Historic Rancho Near La Verne Will Be Preserved



PIONEER HOME BUILT IN 1868

On Site of Water District's Softening Plant Old Adobe Will Be Restored as Southland Landmark

City Part Owner of Old Adobe

Water District Buys Old Carrion Home

By THAD OMORUNDRO

Pasadena has become part-owner of one of California's pioneer homes on Rancho San Jose. Shortly, the new owner, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California, plans to restore the old Carrion Adobe, built in 1868 near La Verne. It became the property of the Metropolitan Water District in a deal for a site for the district's new water softening plant.

Because of its part in the early development of the Southland, the Carrion Adobe will be converted into an historic landmark, in co-operation with pioneer groups of Pomona Valley.

Dated to 1837

As recorded by Don Kinsey, vice-president of the Metropolitan Water District, a history of the old Rancho San Jose home is as follows:

"In 1837, Gov. Juan B. Alvarado granted to Don Ygnacio Palomares and Don Ricardo Vejar two square leagues of land. Palomares, the petitioner, was the son of Cristobal Palomares, a native of Spain who had gone to Mexico and thence as a soldier to Monterey and later, to Los Angeles.

"Ricardo Vejar, born in San Diego, was an old-time friend of the Palomares family. He was the son of another native of Spain who had come to California via Mexico.

"It was a gala occasion when these grantees with their families took possession of this land of promise. Padre Zaldideo from Mission San Gabriel offered a mass of thanksgiving and pronounced his benediction upon the families and their new possessions.

Festival Observed

"The day which was chosen for the occasion was March 19, 1837, the festival for San Jose for which reason the new grant was dedicated as the new Rancho San Jose. (Pomona Township is still known by the name of San Jose).

"In the year 1843, the Palomares family gave to its nephew, Saturnino Carrion, a 380-acre tract on the Rancho San Jose.

"For 20 years, however, Carrion continued to live and to graze his herd of cattle near the little pueblo of Los Angeles.

"During the years, 1862-64, there was a severe drought in Los Angeles, and there was a great loss of cattle, and livestock owners were forced to seek grazing land in the surrounding territory.

"It was then that Senor Carrion, finding his acreage rich and fertile, decided to move his family and his cattle to Rancho San Jose.

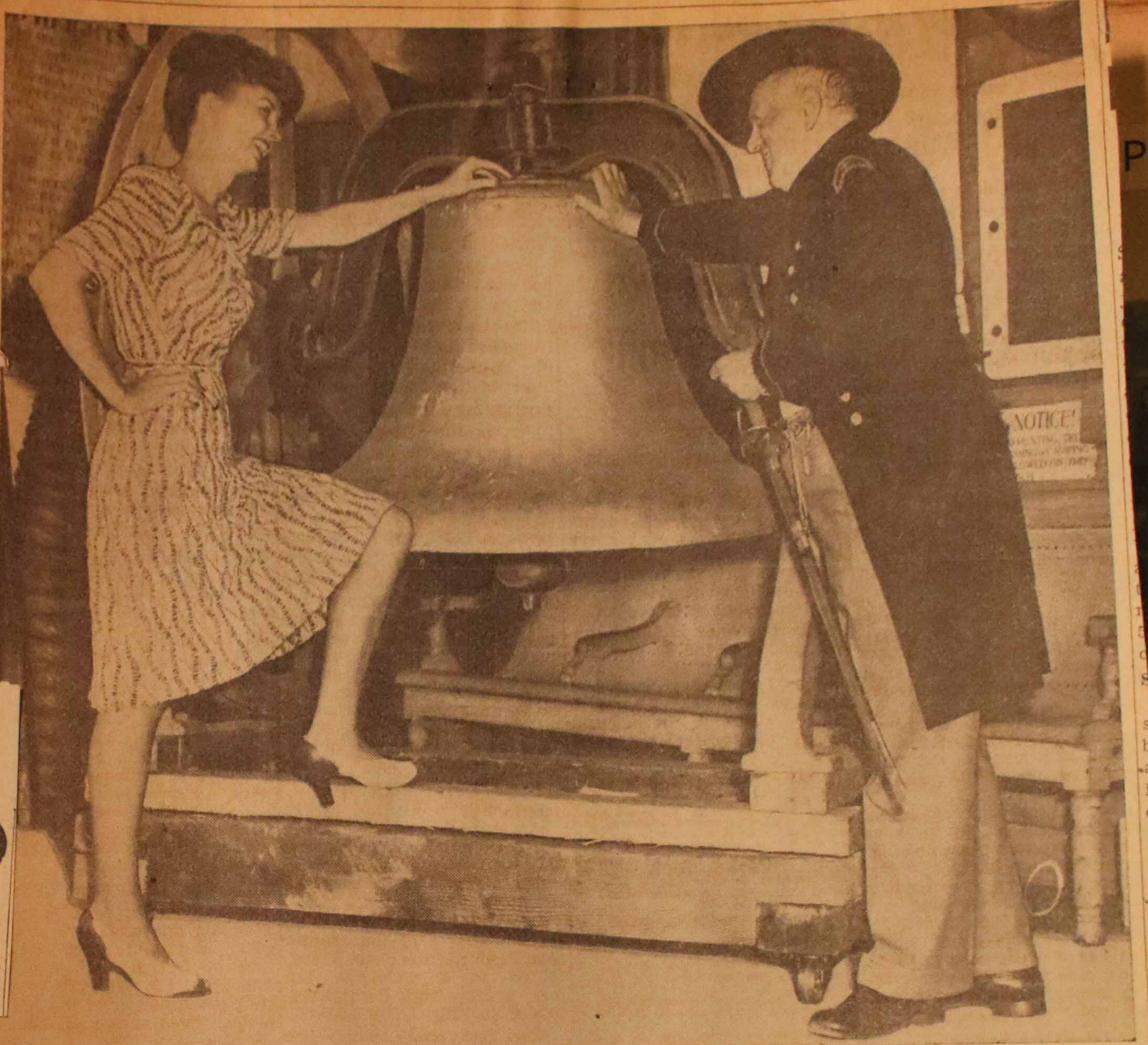
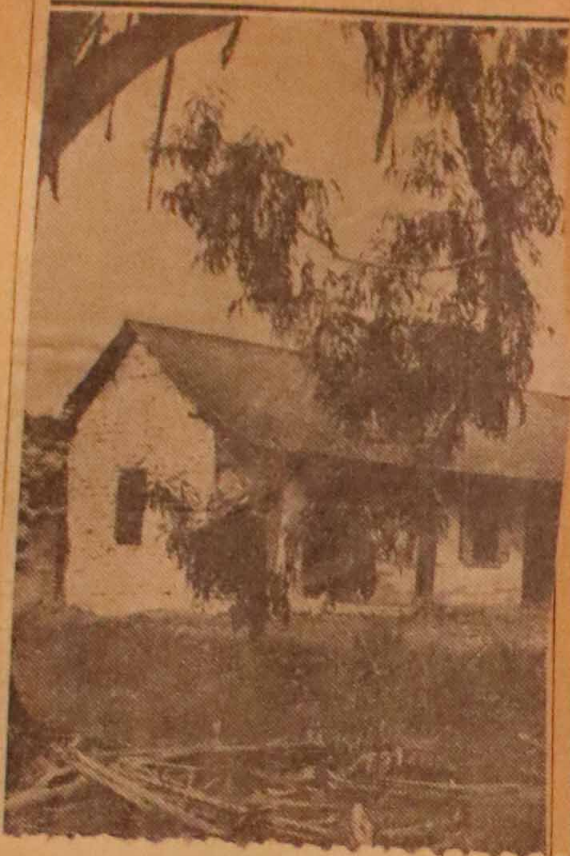
Designed By Italian

"The home to be occupied by the Carrion family was designed by an Italian architect. With the exception of the adobe bricks, everything needed for the construction of the house had to be brought on pack animals, from the pueblo of Los Angeles, 30 miles to the west. As a result of this tedious process, it wasn't until 1868 that the house was completed and the Carrion family moved into its new home."

Because Pasadena is one of the member cities of the water district bringing part of the Colorado River to Southern California, its taxpayers accordingly are joint purchasers of this old rancho.

Pasadena Star-News

Historic Rancho Nec



The SOUTHLAND

Los Angeles Times

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1942

HISTORIC—W. Parker Lyon, Arcadia museum owner, shows "Liberty Bell," which he plans to ring when Unit-

ed States wins war, to Edna Normandin, a visitor. The bell, which weighs a ton, was found in San Francisco. Wide World photo

'Liberty Bell' Awaiting Peace

Arcadia Museum Owner Plans to Ring It When United States Wins

ARCADIA, Aug. 15.—Ownership of a California "Liberty Bell," which is going to ring the day peace is declared, was announced today by W. Parker Lyon, owner of the famed Pony Express Museum here.

Lyon today put on display the huge bronze-silver bell, which he says is the largest in California. It weighs more than a ton, and is believed to have been shipped around the Horn in the '60's.

"I'm not going to ring this bell until the day we win the war and peace is declared," Lyon said, "but then I'm going to ring it so hard it will crack wider than the Liberty Bell."

He acquired the bell in San Francisco, where it had been neglected for many years, the museum owner said. It will be on display at the museum until the war is over, he added.

The day which was chosen for the occasion was March 19, 1837, the festival for San Jose for which reason the new grant was dedicated as the new Rancho San Jose. (Ponoma Township is still known by the name of San Jose).

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Because Pasadena is one of the member cities of the water district bringing part of the Colorado River to Southern California, its taxpayers accordingly are joint purchasers of this old rancho.

PLAN TO ENSHRINE HISTORIC ADOBE



A plea for restoration of the old Lugo house, the first two-story adobe in Los Angeles, was made today by horsemen's and ranchero groups of Southern Cali-

fornia. This photo shows the house as it is today, facing the plaza on Los Angeles street. It now contains stores and little resembles the Lugo house of early days.



This photo shows a model depicting how the Lugo house will be changed to its original form. The model was prepared for the Metropolitan Garden Association,

which seeks to create a center of historic interest and beauty surrounding the Plaza. Dwight Gibbs, architect for the association, and Bacilio Oliveras jr. made the model.

LA Herald + Express Sep. 24

Urge Restoration of Lugo Adobe House

Horsemen's associations of Southern California together with ranchero groups and descendants of the old Spanish families of the Los Angeles area, today joined the movement to revive the Old Pueblo District as a museum, civic and recreation center by making a plea for the restoration of the old Lugo House.

The historic building stands facing the Plaza on Los Angeles street and was the first two-story adobe to be built in Los Angeles. Typical of the more pretentious homes of the Southern California ranchers it was for years a center of the traditional hospitality of the lazy, golden days of Spanish California. Through the El Camino Real Horse Trails Association, headed

by Film Star Leo Carrillo, and the Southern California Rancheros the horsemen and ranch folk are seeking to have the building restored in its original form, with gardens and corrals complete, and made a headquarters for the various equestrian organizations and ranch families.

Active in the movement is Leo Estudillo, descendant of Don Jose Antonio Estudillo, who settled on a large land grant in Southern California in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. The Estudillos were among the most important of the California Spanish families and their adobe ranch home in San Diego has been preserved to posterity as Ramona's Marriage Place.

Estudillo hopes to have the Lugo

House made a similar tourist attraction here and the same time have it serve practically as a rendezvous for the horsemen, among whom he is known as an authority on palominos.

Also interested is the present head of the Lugo family, Andreas Lugo, and his descendants, Vincent Lopez, Dora Lugo Carter and Andreas Lugo.

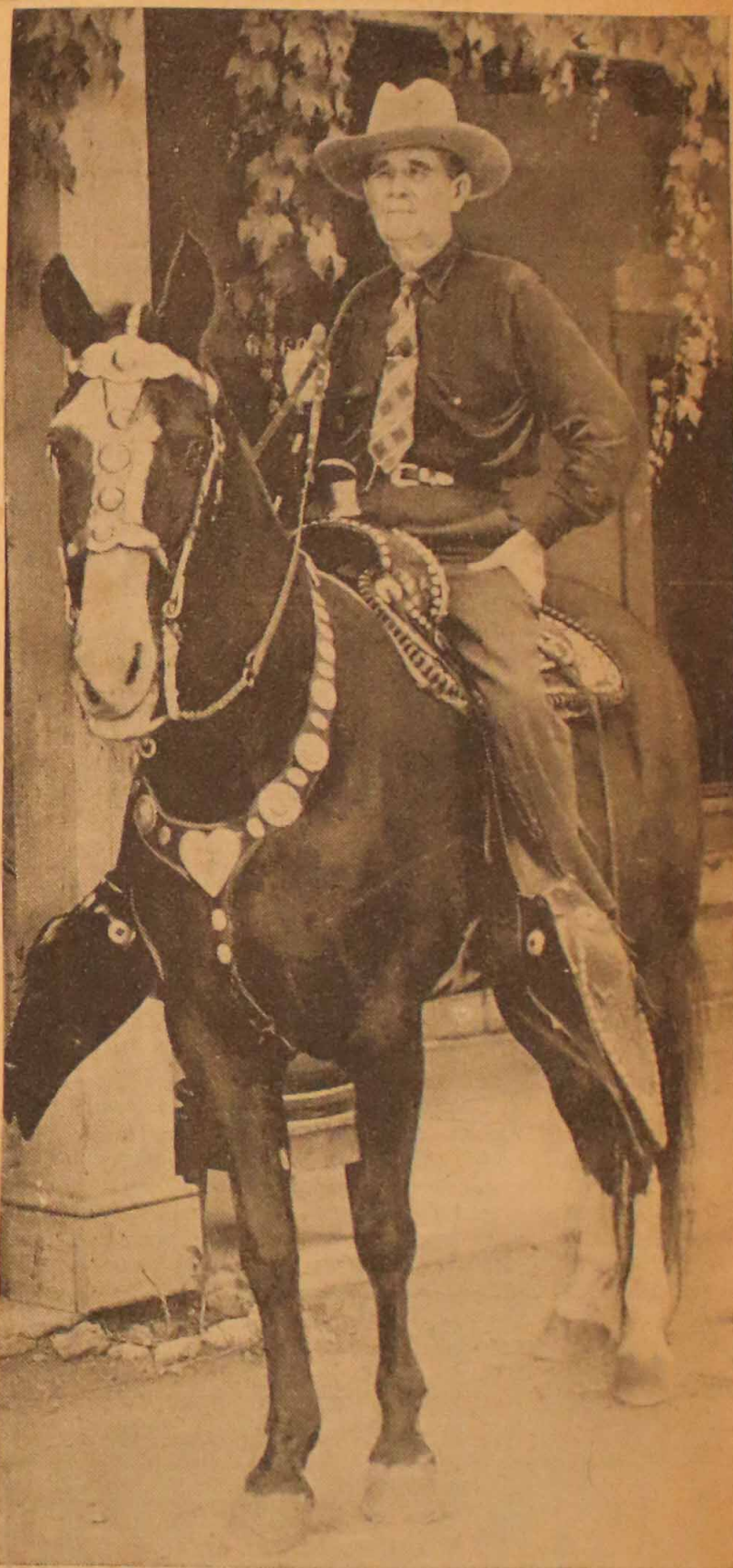
In addition to having been one of the most famous of the early Los Angeles homes the Lugo house has further historic significance as having been the first quarters of St. Vincent's College, which later expanded into the present Loyola University.

The building is one of several, including the Baker Block, the Merced Theater and the old Pico House which civic groups headed

by the Metropolitan Garden Association hope to preserve as landmarks of the little pueblo in which the present giant among cities had its beginning.

The project is planned as part of the Civic Center development and its proponents seek to have the Old Pueblo area, extending from the Union Station through the Plaza, as a national park.

RANCHOS and ADOBES



Interested in the movement to restore the old house is Andreas Felipe Lugo, above, who is 100 years old and still able to ride a horse. He is present head of the Lugo family.



Here are three other descendants of the Lugo family, left to right, Vincent Lopez, Dora Lugo Carter and Andreas Lugo. For years the house was a center of the traditional hospitality of early California.

Let us go back to the diary of Walter Colton of Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1846, and discover that: "It is singular how the

Californians reckon distance. They will speak of a place as only a short gallop off, when it is 50 or 100 miles distant. They think nothing of riding 140 miles in a day, and breaking down three or four horses in doing it, and following this up by the week . . . Their conceptions seem to annihilate space."

However, it must be admitted that the Californios of Colton's time, though great admirers of fine horseflesh, were rather on the cruel side, so it is refreshing to read of the famous ride of John C. Fremont to Monterey, and return, in March of 1847, wherein the powers of the California mustang were amply demonstrated, yet reason and compassion were also present.

BROTHERS SADDLED

To quote from the contemporary account:

"The two horses ridden by the colonel from San Luis Obispo were a present to him from Don Jesuse, who now desired him (upon leaving Monterey for the return to Los Angeles) to make an experiment with the abilities of one of them. They were brothers, one a year younger than the other, both the same color—cinnamon—and hence called el canelo, or los canelos. The elder was taken for the trial, and led off gallantly as the party (which left Monterey

at 4 in the afternoon) struck the plain which stretches toward the Salinas.

"A more graceful horse, and one more deftly mounted, I have never seen. The eyes of the gathered crowd followed them till they disappeared in the shadows of the distant hills. Forty miles on the hand-gallop, and they camped for the night. Another day dawned and the elder canelo was again under the saddle of Col. Fremont, and for 90 miles carried him without change, and without apparent fatigue. It was still 30 miles to San Luis, where they were to pass the night, and Don Jesuse insisted that the canelo could easily perform it, and so said the horse in his spirited look and action.

MOUNTS CHANGED

"But the colonel would not put him to the trial; and shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining 30 miles without a rider. He immediately took the lead, and kept it the whole distance, entering San Luis on a sweeping gallop and neighing with exultation on his return to his native pastures."

The same horses were used by Fremont all the way to Los Angeles, and it was no mere flight of fancy when Colton stated of Californian horses such as the canelos mentioned here, that "they are all grace, fleetness, muscle and fire, gentle as the lamb, lively as the antelope and fearless as the lion."



Palomares Adobe Restored

When the State Department of Natural Resources co-operating with the State Park Commission secured legislative authorization to tag places of minor historical interest, a number of interesting old domiciles in San Diego County were reported for registration.

Now a chunk of terra firma will remain fairly well "put" over a long period, but "casas," or dwellings made by man inevitably deteriorate as time and the elements gnaw away at their vitals. Unfortunately funds have not been available in sufficient volume to fully or properly restore and perpetuate many of these famous landmarks.

There is, for example, Casa de Lopez, home of one of the older Spanish families, in its prime a fine example of the architecture of the period. It was built in 1835 and became widely known as the "Francisco Lopez Place."

Million Soldiers

It is recalled that Senora Prudenciana Moreno, living there on July 29, 1846, while carrying water from a near-by spring, saw Fremont's "army" of 160 men marching up from La Playa. Prudenciana, true to her name, ran to the Plaza to give the alarm, shouting, "here come a million American soldiers."

Another family belonging to the New World Spanish aristocracy was that of Don Miguel de Pedronena who arrived at San Diego in 1838. Of him the State monument archives report, "he belonged to one of the best families of Madrid and was educated in that city and at Oxford, Eng."

Casa de la Bandera

He strongly favored the American side in the war of 1846 and had a cavalry command with the rank of captain. Early in 1850 he took part in the founding of the new San Diego at Punta de los Muertos at the foot of Market St. He died in that year and one report says that he was buried beneath his house, another that he was the first to be buried in the Catholic cemetery, being accorded full military honors.

Building material in San Diego a century ago was largely adobe which is what Corp. Jose

Manuel Machado used in the house he built for his daughter, Dona Maria Antonia de Silvas. This, too, was an outstanding example of Spanish architecture and construction.

Rescues the Flag

The item of historical interest which still hovers over this "casa" is the adventure of Senora de Silvas who had an abiding patriotic love for her native Mexico.

Invading Americans, led by Albert B. Smith, were about to replace the Mexican flag flying just outside with the Stars and Stripes when Senora de Silvas ran from the house waving a large kitchen knife, took the "enemy" by surprise, cut away the Mexican flag, escaped with it into the house and hid it.

Fearing that she might be arrested by the Americans her husband hurried her and her two daughters, Micaela and Lorenza, across the border to Rancho Rosarito which, until a few years ago, was still in possession of descendants of the Machado family.

Casa de Bandini

In this interesting parade of the domiciles of the picturesque dons of the pre-American occupation that of Don Juan Bandini and his father, Don Jose Bandini, could not possibly be overlooked for they were outstanding Spanish caballeros of early California.

In Robinson's "Life of California" it is related that this house was blessed in 1829 though probably built much earlier. It, too, was a social center, young Don Juan being described as "a gentleman of distinguished politeness and hospitality whose wife and daughters are among the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of our State."

This house was headquarters of Commodore Robert F. Stockton in 1846 and from it Kit Carson and E. Beale delivered their urgent message calling for reinforcements to be rushed to the aid of Gen. Kearny on the night of Dec. 9, 1846.

In the '60's the house was remodeled and a second story added. It was rechristened the Cosmopolitan Hotel and used as a stage station. About 10 years ago it was "restored" by Cave J. Coutts, great-grandson of Don Jose Bandini.

Motorists who drive along Highway 101 and read signs pointing to Refugio Beach might pause at this historic spot if they knew of the exciting events that took place there. The original ranch buildings were destroyed by Bouchard, of course, but the area is still used as a cattle ranch. Historians believe that the original El Camino Real, the "King's Highway" of the Spanish padres, turned off at this point and wound its way up Refugio Canyon and down into the beautiful Santa Ynez Valley where Mission Santa Ynez was founded on Sept. 17, 1804.

Rolling on to Los Alamos, still the center of a rich cattle country even as it was 100 years ago, our Times-LaSalle-Seaside scout party kept to the left at the highway junction less than a half-mile out of Los Alamos, leaving United States 101 on the right and continuing along what used to be the old Coast Highway through Harris (then Harrison) and Orcutt before the cutoff through Solomon Canyon was built. At Orcutt we again kept to the left and after a few jogs and about eight miles of travel, arrived at Casmalia, a town which in its natural state very closely resembles a set for a "western" motion picture, and one almost expects to see Gene Autry or Bill Boyd tearing Hector-for-leather through its quiet streets.

VAST RANCH VISITED

From Casmalia we drove south over the hills for a few miles to the vast Marshallia Ranch, which takes part of its name from Casmalia and the forepart from that of the late Edwin Jessop Marshall, who owned the property until his death three years ago.

Ed Vale, partner of the late Will Rogers in the cattle business, is the leading rancher in this vicinity, and he not only runs thousands of head on his own Rancho Jalama near by, but leases the Jesus Maria on which thousands more of his white-faced Herefords graze. Here, then, as nearly as is possible to find today, is the heart of the old California of pastoral days.

POMONA RELIVES ROMANTIC PAST IN PALOMARES CEREMONY



OPEN AGAIN—Part of huge throngs is shown yesterday at all-day dedication of the restored Palomares Adobe, landmark of Pomona Valley.

Famous Rebuilt Adobe Opened

Early Pomona Valley
History Recalled at
Palomares Dedication

POMONA, April 6.—Pages of Pomona Valley's romantic history were turned back three-quarters of a century today in an all-day dedication of the restored Palomares Adobe and official turning over of the keys to the structure to Mrs. Bess Adams Garner, president of the

Historical Society of Pomona Valley, by Mayor Charles Short.

Father Joseph of Los Angeles, a Franciscan father, blessed the structure at 10 a.m. and Rev. Harland E. Hogue, president of the Pomona Ministerial Union, pronounced the invocation at the afternoon ceremonies when keys were presented Mrs. Garner.

Highlighting the afternoon's festivities, Ygnacio Palomares, grandson of Don Ygnacio, who now is in his 70's, danced the dances taught him by his grandmother, his granddaughter, Hilda Ramirez, being his dancing partner.

Edwin A. Meserve of Los Angeles, Fred J. Smith and J. Lee Cathcart, Pomona, with their wives, received felicitations from visitors as former residents of the original adobe structure.

Daughters to Mark Historic Adobe House

An adobe house, built in 1776 on Las Tunas Rancho, in San Gabriel, will be marked by Californiana Parlor, Native Daughters of the Golden West tomorrow. The original three-room adobe was the dwelling of the first Franciscan monks, who went to San Gabriel to live while the mission there was being erected. The old house, which is located at 523 Mission drive, is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Menasco, who gave the parlor permission to place the commemorative marker.

Taking part in the unveiling ceremonies will be Mrs. Hazel B. Hansen, grand president, who will make the presentation speech; Albert J. Grieb, mayor of San

Gabriel, who will deliver the address of welcome, and Col. L. A. Purcell, a former owner of the adobe, who will give a brief history of the house.

Clad in colorful costumes, the Ruiz California Dancers, will also give an air of festivity to the occasion by dancing old Spanish numbers. Mr. and Mrs. Menasco will be hosts during the afternoon, serving tea to the guests.

Mrs. Thomas J. Garcia is chairman of the California history and landmarks committee for the parlor, her assistants being Mesdames Alphonse B. Fages, president of the organization; Thomas E. Commins, Dexter Monroe, and J. P. De Soto.

The historic house is distinguished for its gardens, which the state horticulturist has said contain more old trees than any other spot in California.

Pomona Adobe Now Landmark

By International News Service
SACRAMENTO, May 2.—The Adobe de Palomares, built prior to 1854 in Pomona, was registered as a state historical landmark by the Department of Natural Resources today.

LA Times



CRUMBLING RUINS of the Cota adobe on hilltop overlooking Prado

Plans Underway For Observance Of Rancho's 100th Birthday

In connection with the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the land grant of Rancho Santa Anita, the Evening Herald and Express will devote its radio program, "When Presses Roar," Sunday, April 13, at 9:30 p. m. over Station KFI to a dramatization of this historic event, it was announced this week.

Sponsored by the History Landmarks committee of Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, assisted by other historical societies and units of the southland— including

the History and Landmarks Section of Arcadia's Woman's Club—the 100th anniversary of the land grant of Rancho Santa Anita will appropriately be celebrated on Saturday, April 19, at 2 p. m.

This was the announcement made yesterday afternoon by J. H. Harvey, chairman of the committee in charge.

Old-timers of the San Gabriel Valley will join with noted southland leaders in making the observance a day long to remember. Efforts were being made this week

to secure Leo Carillo, popular native Californian motion picture and stage star, to serve as master of ceremonies for the elaborate program being mapped out for the fete here.

Bringing the principal address of the day will be Palmer Conner, president of the Land Escrow and Safe Deposit Company of Alhambra, famed California historian and author.

Serving as chairman of the patrons for the anniversary affair is Mrs. Anna Begue Packman, with her committee comprising:

John B. T. Campbell, Leo Carillo, Phil Townsend Hanna, Marco Newmark, whose grandparents were former owners of the rancho, Ed Ainsworth, Erwin Widney, John G. Mott, Marshall Stimson, Joseph Mesmer, Stewart O'Meldeny, Joseph Scott.

Mayor Albert H. Perkins will play a prominent part in the program, it was announced this week, unveiling the bronze plaque which has been placed in a huge boulder brought down out of Santa Anita Canyon.

The entire celebration ceremony will be staged in the old adobe house of Hugo Reid in the Baldwin home- stead area. Famed entertainers will be presented in a gala musical extravaganza during the afternoon, it was announced. Plans are being made to invite history classes from valley schools to attend the celebration.

A short distance beyond the latter point we turned left onto a dirt road and headed for the old Cota adobe, which stands on a bluff overlooking the Santa Ana River bottom. The old ranch house must have been quite on the order of a feudal "castle" among ranch houses of that day. It was uncommonly large and well built for its time, particularly so for the district in which it was once the chief edifice.

FINE VIEW OBTAINED

The old house commands a splendid view of the San Bernardino Mountains, whence came its timbers, and the lush bottom lands of the Santa Ana River Valley, the area that will soon be under water. It is located about two miles to the east of the Coronado-Chino road and can hardly be missed by the motorist in search of it.

The old adobe is rapidly falling into decay and so should be seen before it entirely disintegrates. It is one of the genuine landmarks of Southern California, having been built in 1840 or 1841 by Juan Bandini who sold it three years later to Bernardo Yorba. A short time later Yorba gave the house, with about nine square miles of land, to his daughter for a wedding present when she married Leonardo Cota, hence the name "Cota house."

Symphony Concert To Celebrate Rancho's Birthday

Plans are being made by the Santa Anita Athletic Club for a symphony concert to be held the afternoon of April 27 on Rancho Santa Anita by the lake.

One hundred years ago on April 16, Hugo Reid was granted the provisional title to the Rancho, thus becoming its first owner.

In commemoration of this event, a WPA orchestra will be brought here for an out-of-doors concert. Chairman in charge of this event are Mrs. A. R. Chambers and Mrs. Harold Bell.



An Invitation to One of Southern California's Outstanding Events

Barn Dance, Dinner Parties Follow Rancho Celebration

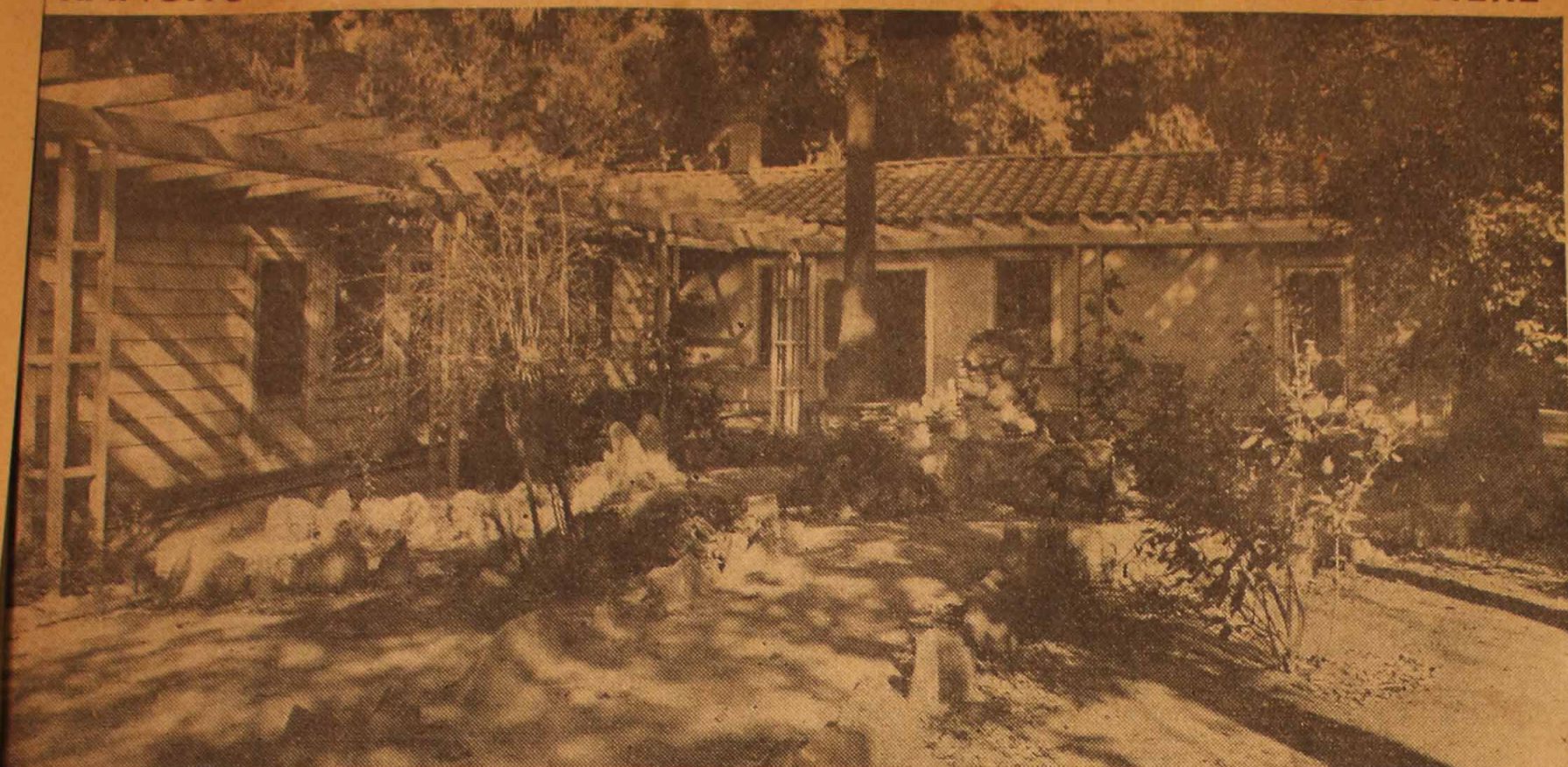
"You are cordially invited to attend the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the granting of Rancho Santa Anita to Hugo Reid," such reads the invitation to the festivities that present day rancheros are planning to attend this Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Santa Anita Park on Old Ranch Road, and for which parties, dances, and dinners, following the celebration at the Reid adobe are being planned.

Tribune
March 16-41

Tribune
April 10-41

continued
on
next
page

RANCHO SANTA ANITA CENTENNIAL TO BE CELEBRATED HERE



ORIGINAL ADOBE — The first home on Rancho Santa Anita built by Hugo Reid, owner of the first title, will be

scene of the dedicating of a plaque commemorating the granting of the rancho title 100 years ago.

Plaque to Be Unveiled Today

Santa Anita Rancho Adobe Will Be Scene of Centennial Ceremonies

History will unroll at Rancho Santa Anita today as the story of its 100 years is told at ceremonies before the adobe hut of Hugo Reid, first owner of the property.

The centennial of the granting of title to the rancho to Reid by Governor Juan B. Alvarado will be marked by the dedication of a plaque presented by the historical landmarks committee of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

CEREMONIES PLANNED

Heading the observance as master of ceremonies will be

Marshall Stimson, with Palmer Connor, authority on Los Angeles County history, as principal speaker. Mayor Arthur H. Perkins of Arcadia, a city built on part of the original grant, will also participate.

Visitors to the dedication site will be shown through the old Reid house, where in later years lived E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin, who later acquired the tract. They will also be taken through the Casino, or Queen Anne cottage, the formal Baldwin home where he entertained but never

lived; shown the coach house and stables where Baldwin bred horses that won many a Derby; and the graveyard that he maintained for his dead horses.

PLAQUE ON BOULDER

The plaque is set on a huge boulder, brought from Santa Anita Canyon. It reads:

"This plaque placed in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the granting of Rancho Santa Anita by Juan B. Alvarado, Mexican Constitutional Governor of California, to Hugo Reid on April 16, 1841."

Elaborate Celebration Will Mark 100th Anniversary of Rancho Santa Anita Saturday

Honoring the 100th birthday of Rancho Santa Anita, an elaborate celebration, sponsored by the History Landmarks committee of Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, and other historical societies of Southern California, including the History and Landmarks section of Arcadia's Women's club, is planned for Saturday, April 19, at 2 p.m.

Leo Carillo is expected to act as master of ceremonies, and Palmer Conner of Alhambra, noted as California historian and author, will be the speaker of the day.

Mrs. Anna Begue Packman is chairman of the celebration, heading a committee which includes Mr. Carillo, Columnist Ed Ainsworth, John Marco Newmark, whose grandparents were former owners of the rancho, Phil Townsend Hanna, Erwin Widney, John G. Mott, Marshall Stimson, Joseph Mesmer, Stewart O'Melveny and Joseph Scott.

Mayor Albert H. Perkins will unveil the bronze memorial plaque which has been placed in a huge boulder brought from Santa Anita canyon.

The History and Landmarks

section of the Woman's club will take part in the program, Mrs. C. E. Hoover, chairman, announces, and is to attend en masse.

The entire ceremony will take place in the old adobe house built by Hugo Reid. Entertainment will include gala musical numbers by famous performers.

Arcadia Bulletin April 18-41 (See "Publicity")

GALA PROGRAM OUTLINED FOR CELEBRATION

Plans for the centennial celebration of the granting of Rancho Santa Anita are rapidly being completed, according to an announcement made yesterday by Ozra W. Childs, III, chairman of the Historical Landmarks Committee of the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, which group is sponsoring the commemoration ceremonies to be held in Santa Anita Park Saturday afternoon.

Assisting the chamber group in drawing final arrangements are many leaders of Los Angeles County historical circles headed by Mrs. Ana Begue Packham. Other patrons include John B. T. Campbell, Leo Carillo, Phil Townsend Hanna, Marco Newmark, Ed Ainsworth, Erwin Widney, John Mott, Marshall Stimson, Joseph Mesmer and Stuart O'Melveny.

Heading the Arcadia participants, in which township a portion of the original grant is located, will be Mayor Albert H. Perkins, who will take an active part in the dedication ceremonies which will be held at the Hugo Reid adobe, home of the first owner of the famous land grant.

Santa Anita's fascinating history will be told by Palmer Conner, authority on Los Angeles County history, author of many papers relating to the ranch, and who served for 17 years as historian of Title Insurance and Trust Company.

GRANT TO REID

The original rancho, comprising over 13,000 acres was granted to Hugo Reid on April 16, 1841, by Juan B. Alvarado, then Constitutional Governor of the Department of the Californias, and this grant was later confirmed by Mexico and later still by United States patents.

Reid held the rancho until 1847 when he sold to Henry Dalton for \$2700. The acreage in the transactions was guessed to be 13,000 acres as no surveyor was immediately available, and a few acres more or less made no difference. Later it was discovered that the transaction actually included 13,319 acres. Thus this great rancho first sold for less than twenty cents per acre.

Most famous owner of Santa Anita, of course, was E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin, whose fabulous exploits had brought him world-renown.

Many of the places of historical significance located on the ranch will be open for inspection during the celebration. Among these are the Hugo Reid adobe, where Baldwin lived while at the ranch, the Casino, Queen Anne Cottage, horse burial ground where rests the first California horse to win the American Derby under the Baldwin colors, and many other landmarks.

This is the second recent landmark activity of the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, the group having recently marked the site of the Columbia Broadcasting Company as the site of the first motion picture studio in the Southland.

One of the hay barns on the Baldwin ranch will be the scene of a gay barn dance at which Santa Anita Oak residents will gather in costumes befitting the occasion. Master of ceremonies at the barn dance is Martin E. Zinsmeyer of 1240 Ramona road who has as his assistants Louis W. O'Bryan, Bruce Moore, Carol G. Wynn, Don McKellar and A. M. Peterson.

Lieut. and Mrs. George Jones are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hurry and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Balling, Jr., at a dinner following the ceremonies.

Guests of the Richard Fitzpatrick at the Reid adobe and afterwards at their Rancho home will be Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris of Pasadena and Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Moore of San Marino.

Present as a group at the celebration Saturday will be California History and Landmarks section of Arcadia Woman's Club. Also planning to attend are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brandes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin J. Burrell, Dr. and Mrs. Hans W. Schmidt of 835 Murieta drive would be there if it were not that a business trip to San Francisco takes them away.

PEOPLE SAY—

Helen Raitt
Joanna FitzPatrick

EDITOR'S NOTE: In honor of Rancho Santa Anita's 100th birthday, which occurs April 16 of this year, the Arcadia Tribune and News is publishing a series of reminiscences and anecdotes of the Rancho entitled "People Say."

Authors are Joanna FitzPatrick, owner of the first home lot sold on the new Rancho tract who knew the ranch as a child, and Helen Raitt, Society Editor of the Tribune, and great grand niece of the early California writer, Margaret Collier Graham, whose "Stories of the Foothills" and other volumes are part of early Californiana. All facts printed have been carefully checked for accuracy.

One hundred and three years ago Hugo Reid asked the Mexican government for a "small parcel of near worthless land to preserve and promote his family." This parcel of land was a forest of oaks, around a group of springs with sycamore, ash and an underbrush of wild roses and berry vines as well as nettles and other uncomfortable plants.

The springs flowed off down the hill on to the lower land and Hugo Reid said to Victoria his wife, "Here is the most beautiful place in the world and here I shall make my home."

My grandmother told me that before Lucky Baldwin came to Santa Anita Rancho, before even Hugo Reid was granted the Rancho lands by the Mexican government a

hundred years ago this April that the Indians had a little village near where we live today.

She said that there were springs where the lake is now and that it was always green there. From Sierra Madre to the ocean there would be a village wherever it was green in summer.

I asked what kind of Indians, and she told me that they were Gabrielines, a group of the Shoshonean Indians, named after the Mission San Gabriel. They differed from the other Southern California Indians little, except in dialect.

It is thought that the migration of the Shoshoneans to Southern California was the first Indian migration to this state, and it is estimated that they had been isolated here for not less than 1,000-1,500 years before the Spanish fathers came. In the time before history they were undoubtedly of the large Aztec group.

Some of their utensils and other relics have been found here on the ranch, south of the reservoir and near Michillinda Avenue. These were given to the Southwest Museum.

Skeletons have been discovered on Catalina Island buried in a sitting position, but evidently the mainland Indians burned their dead, and so here, only utensils and like relics are found.

These early Indians were small in stature and not supplied with oversized brain cavities. Their weapons were bows and arrows and clubs. They lived on weeds, seeds and small animals including rattlesnakes. Though the country abounded in deer and bear there was no evidence that the Indians used them for food.

They used little salt because "it made the hair turn gray," but they were very fond of the wild honey which was plentiful. Their cooking utensils came from the soapstone quarries of the Catalina Island Indians and it is supposed the utensils were brought across the channel on rafts in good weather, or perhaps occasionally in dugout canoes. These cooking dishes were precious, and if

they became broken it was necessary to use the pieces for some other purpose and so on until the pieces were too small for any use whatsoever.

My grandmother told me that while they were not much for weaving and building, they were strong on morals, very gentle and kindly toward each other. Their tortures were reserved for prisoners, whom they always killed. Marriage was under no circumstances permitted to relatives in any degree, and to keep the race pure was of greatest importance. I expect that was a holdover from their Aztec ancestry.

The name of the village which later became Lucky Baldwin's "paradise," and later yet our home, was Aleupha-gna (-gna meaning village.) I said these people were not much as builders. They were probably the wealthiest of the Shoshoneans in the state, yet their best homes were built of a framework of poles holding some mats woven of tules, and the majority were entirely satisfied with a brush house, not even a mud cover. This in the midst of a country abundant with wood and game. Ceremonials were held under an oak tree.

There is no evidence of weaving other than the small pieces used by the women for clothes. Father Crespi who was with the first boat to land at San Diego describes the Shoshonean garb. For the first few days he saw only men who were entirely naked, and having seen this he was very much worried about the time when the women must appear.

He writes in his diary "The males go entirely naked with nothing more than that with which nature clothes them. The women, however, are decently covered. In front they wear an apron of fibres suspended from a girdle around the waist; in back they wear a piece of wold or other skin. They also cover the breast and other parts of the body with a sort of mantle made of rabbit skins. Men and women paint themselves a good deal. The men, moreover, have the cartilage of the nose pierced and from it dangles pieces of snail or of mother-of-pearl."

The days of the Indians on Rancho Santa Anita were not to last forever, for events were taking shape in Europe that were strongly to change the history of the red men of California. In 1759 an ambitious, energetic leader in the person of Carlos III came to the Spanish throne. In 1763 at the conclusion of the seven years' war between England and France, the English won Canada, which greatly extended their power in North America. The Russians in Alaska constituted another menace to Spain's colonies in the New World.

Consequently, Carlos III of Spain gave orders to Jose de Galvez, viceroy of Mexico and an excellent executive "to extend the Spanish dominion," establishing the Catholic faith and checking "the ambitious schemes of a foreign power."

Galvez chose for his leaders in this great undertaking Gaspar de Portola who was to remain and be governor of the new province and Father Junipero Serra, the father president of the new missions to be founded in California. Three expeditions were organized, two by land and one by sea. On April 11, 1769, the boat San Antonio reached San Diego. The others arrived later.

In July of the same year a scouting party with Governor Portola in command started overland for Monterey. It was on this trip that many of our cities and rivers were given their names, as the company travelled slowly and named each stopping place for the saint whose day it was on the church calendar. It has been suggested that Santa Anita was named in this manner on a later trip.

Missions were planned to be so far apart as to "furnish a chain of hospitable resting places for weary travelers."

FOURTH MISSION

The San Gabriel Mission was fourth in the link to be founded. The original intention of the fathers had been to locate it on the Santa Ana River, "that sweet name—Jesus de los Temblores."

When in August, 1771, fathers Somera and Cambon found no suitable site on the Santa Ana, they went further and chose a fertile wooded spot on the River San Miguel, now known as the San Gabriel.

The story of the founding of this mission is told: "As the Spaniards stopped to begin their ceremonies, the Indians clustered around them, threateningly and very noisy. One of the priests opened a banner with a picture of the Virgin and child on it—immediately the chiefs dropped their arrows and placed their ornaments under the banner, and all the other Indians did the same. The priests call this the first miracle of the Mission."

"The raising of the cross and regular ceremonial routine which constituted the formal founding of the mission took place on September 8 and the natives cheerfully assisted in the work."

INDIANS AFRAID

Hugo Reid, first owner of Rancho Santa Anita, the most quoted source on the Indians of the pre-mission days, describes the Indian's first introduction to the white man in this

manner:

"The Indians were sadly afraid when they saw the Spaniards coming on horseback. Thinking them gods, the women ran to the brush, and hid themselves, while the men put out the fires in their huts. They remained still more impressed with this idea, when they saw one of their guests take a flint, strike fire and commence smoking, never having seen it produced in this simple fashion before. An occurrence, however, soon convinced them that their

strange visitors were, like themselves, mortals, for one of the Spaniards leveled his musket at a bird and killed it. . . . Because these white men killed animals as Indians themselves did, they decided white men, too, were human beings but "of a nasty white color, and having blue eyes."

MISSION VIEJA

The first mission, called the Old Mission, because it was later moved, is in Potrero Heights. In the past two months Stanley Arndt, of San Marino, has been instrumental in having a sign placed on the road so that it is easy to find the site of Mission Vieja. It is on the west side of the San Gabriel boulevard, one-fourth mile northwest of where San Gabriel crosses Rio Hondo.

"The structure of this first mission consisted of poles, or saplings and reeds whose interstices were crinkled with mud. They were roofed with thatches of tule or rushes and were enclosed within a stout stockade of heavy posts."

The first two years at the mission were not considered very successful. "Father Junipero Serra attributed it largely to the bad conduct of the soldiers. He complained that 'the soldiers refused to work; paid no attention to the orders of their worthless corporal, drove away the natives by their insolence, and even pursued them to their rancherias, where they lassoed the women' and beat the men."

Hugo Reid in his account says that women whom the soldiers took "were obliged to undergo a long purification; and for a long time every child born with white blood in its veins was strangled."

Better times were in store for this mission, however, and it was moved sometime in 1774 or 1775 to its present location on the San Gabriel river. This was done partly because of the earthquakes, "los Temblores," and partly because the new site, says Father Font in his diary, "has such fine advantages for crops, and such good pastures for cattle and horses that nothing better could be desired."

Rancho Santa Anita by
Helen Raitt (Arcadia Tribune)
Joanna FitzPatrick

Chapter II

If one goes down by the lake on the Rancho today he can find wild celery, wild parsnips, wild onion and water cress. This is worth noting in view of the fact that Father Font in his diary of 1775-1776 says of the territory near the Mission, "In the creek, celery and other plants which look like lettuce, and some roots like parsnips, grow naturally . . . and near the site of the old mission . . . there is grown a great abundance of watercress, of which I ate liberally."

In the same year, 1775 the fathers requested some cats from the presidio at Monterey, because of the "great abundance of mice." One Rancho homeowner today remembers the field mice with round ears and long tails which visited him when he first moved into his new home here. The four cats were carried on horseback in a cage from Monterey to San Gabriel. Only two were allowed to remain at the Mission, the other two were sent on to San Diego. Precious cats!

Early Mission history is full of such colorful incidents and descriptions which we cannot tell about here as our concern is with Rancho Santa Anita.

As early as 1806 the name Santa Anita is mentioned in reference to the Rancho. It would be convenient to state that on such and such a date a Padre stood on the present knoll of the Rancho and with his eyes toward the blue Sierra Madres, he formally named this oak covered area, Santa Anita. Such is not the case as far as we have been able to discover.

CLAUDIO AND ANITA

People say that according to the Lopez legend the Rancho was named for Claudio's tragic love, Anita. This makes a delightful story which has been told before, but which cannot be claimed as fact.

What we do know, however, is that Mission herds of cattle with the San Gabriel Mission brand on their hides roamed these pastures and Indian neophytes from the Mission tended sheep and goats, raised corn (and we think grapes) here on the Rancho.

The valuable ranch lands contributed to the prosperity of the Mission which under the regime of

Father Zalvidea "achieved its greatest material as well as spiritual success." There is not space to list the numerous industries and trades developed or to tell of the irrigation, agricultural, dam and mill projects.

However, because he is part of Santa Anita's history and an integral part of the progress of the Mission we must mention Claudio Lopez, who came from a noble family of Spain and was mayordomo of the San Gabriel Mission for a great number of years when the Mission was at its peak. He was "overseer or head boss of all the agricultural, stock-raising, herding and other industries of the Mission."

In 1826 he was alcalde or Judge in the pueblo of Los Angeles and married one of Anita's cousins, Maria Louisa Coto.

An equally illustrious figure of Zalvidea's administration was Eulalia Perez de Guillen, "a sort of Mother Superior to the Indians" who lived to be 143 years old it is said, and who trained and taught Victoria Reid, daughter of the Indian chief.

In 1822 California became part of Mexico, rather than a Spanish possession and the Fathers began to have difficulty in holding the rich lands of the Missions for the Indians. Land grants were asked for and the land lying closest to the Missions was the last to be surrendered. It is little wonder that Santa Anita's beautiful rich acreage was the object of much controversy.

LOPEZ CLAIM

Tiburcio Lopez, Claudio's son and Donna Eulalia's son-in-law was one of the claimants to this vast estate.

Investigation of this claim brought us a most interesting conversation with Senora Alphonse Fages who, it will be remembered, was guest at the Arcadia Woman's Club at Fiesta time.

This charming Senora was formerly Isabella Lopez, the great great grand daughter of Estaban, son of Claudio. She tells us that Claudio's home, called the mayordomo's house was situated across the street from the Mission San Gabriel where the park is now and that she believes a small remnant of the original home can be seen today. Claudio's grave is in the Mission under the Holy Water Font.

"The Lopez family have no written evidence to prove their claim that they were the first proprietors of Rancho Santa Anita," she says. If Claudio had had a deed to the property, it would have been lost in the fire which occurred at his death, destroying all his personal

possessions, she suggests. Stimulating our curiosity is her statement that in the county records on Rancho Santa Anita a section of the first page has been neatly torn off.

"If your claim is of priority, then surely the Lopez family must have owned some building on the Rancho," we suggested.

Senora Fages has an answer for this which has never been published before to our knowledge. She states that her relative, Mrs. Francisca Lopez de Bilderein said before her death that her father told her that he remembers as a little boy accompanying his uncle on a trip of inspection to a small adobe house on the Rancho, which belonged to the uncle and was used by a Vaguero.

She suggested that we see Senora Luis de Lopez Macalonan of Menrovia for more details.

At the age of 6 she went to stay at the Mission and was locked in the monjero (dormitory) where she lived a completely segregated life, almost as secluded as that of a nun.

At thirteen Bartolomea like all the other Indian girls who lived in the Mission had to choose a man to marry. With no experience with the opposite sex she listened to the advice of Donna Eulalia who suggested choosing an older man. Bartolomea chose "Pablo Maria of the Yutucubit rancheria, an Indian of lineage as ancient as her own, and of respected position in the community." He was 28 years older than herself.

Her first son, Felipe was born when she was fourteen years old and two others arrived soon after. Donna Eulalia, fond of Bartolomea invited the whole family to come live with her at Rancho San Pascual. Pablo assumed responsibilities for Donna Eulalia who was too old to continue to take charge of all female activities of the Mission. Under the wise tutelage of this Spanish gentlewoman, Bartolomea was given a training equal to the finest of any Senorita of early California.

OUR FIRST LADY

Susanna Bryant Dakin of San Marino in "A Scotch Paisano" gives the best picture of our first lady of the Rancho. She says, "Save for shining black braids," she "did not resemble the squat and humble Indian women . . . seen in service . . . She possessed a quiet assurance of good birth and self-respect which hardship and sorrow could never take from her. Her carriage was proudly erect, and her speech the purest Castilian Spanish, acquired from long and close association with the family of a Spanish officer."

When Hugo Reid, the dashing young Scotch vagabond and business man visited Donna Eulalia, it

is little wonder that he became fascinated with Bartolomea's charms. Disappointed in love by a girl named Victoria, he had left Scotland to travel, and previous to trying his fortunes in Alta California he had been in business in South America and Mexico.

Society of the day regretted that Hugo Reid was no longer the available bachelor, tall, handsome and musical, but was spending all his spare time at San Gabriel.

Business affairs and a political involvement, however, sent Hugo back down to Hermosillo. Here his friends believed the young Scotsman would break loose from the spell of Bartolomea. Fate willed otherwise, for Pablo died of small pox shortly before Bartolomea's fourth child was born. Hugo received word that his love was a widow and with all possible speed he returned to San Gabriel determined to establish himself in Alta California and make a home there.

Marriage with Bartolomea presented complications. Hugo had now become a member of the Catholic Church. An exhaustive marriage investigation was undertaken and four witnesses produced who had known Hugo Reid, Don Perfecto Reid as he was called. With the final permission granted and the bans published all went well for the ceremony.

Bartolomea was referred to always afterwards as Donna Victoria. Whether her name was changed to commemorate Hugo's first love in Scotland or in honor of the Queen of England, there is no certain record.

Donna Victoria and Perfecto Hugo Reid were married in true early California tradition at the home of Donna Eulalia Perez in September 1837. The wedding celebration lasted a week and was attended by the social register of the day.

When Hugo Reid married the tall striking looking Indian woman, Dona Victoria, the gente de razon (people of culture) at first shrugged their shoulders and thought "another squaw man," and pictured the degradation they believed inevitably to follow. They were mistaken.

Donna Eulalia, at this time 61 (if the first Los Angeles census figures are correct), social ruler of San Gabriel, invited the couple to remain with her while their first home in San Gabriel was being completed, to help prove to Hugo's friends Victoria's right to be considered a gentlewoman, and removed the "squaw man epithet."

His bride was to have a big house, planned Hugo, one with two stories such as he remembered in Scotland. The walls were to be four feet thick and clapboards to cover the roof were to be hauled in carretas behind oxen all the way from San Bernardino. These plans, did not allow for Dona Victoria's deep rooted fear of earthquakes which she had received when a child. Imagine Hugo's embarrassment when his bride would have nothing to do with the upstairs of the new home. A living room on the first floor was converted into a bedroom for the newlyweds, and the children or guests were sent upstairs. The home was called Uva Espina, meaning spiny grape or gooseberry.

Equal to her dread of earthquakes was Victoria's dislike of horses. That "a carreta was safe and oxen never ran away," was one of Victoria's convictions, said her friend "Lalita," a child whom Victoria loved in her later life. Hugo, who had by this time been elected to the city council of the pueblo of Los Angeles and made frequent trips to the city on horseback, could never persuade his wife to make the jour-

ney behind or on the speedier horse.

These long expeditions behind oxen to the pueblo usually ended with a visit to the home of Don Abel Stearns, one of Hugo's best friends, and a prominent figure of the day. It was he who at the age of 42 married the beautiful Arcadia Bandini, a fresh young bride of 14 in June of 1841, the same year in which Hugo received his grant to Rancho Santa Anita. Hugo twits his friend (called by the paisanos "horse face" because he was so homely) about his young bride whose own father was younger

The first lady of the Rancho was of the family Comcribat, her father being an Indian chief with pride in the past strength of his people. She lived with her family at the Comcribat Rancheria, a collection of huts called jacales clustered together, near San Gabriel.

than Don Abel. The two families along with the Bandini's, also powerful in governmental circles, were the best of friends.

Thus in 1839, Hugo was a respected figure in California, a scholar and a gentleman, one of the few secretaries of the day (only three were listed in the 1836 census) an accountant in demand, and at 31 the stepfather of four Indian children whose education he began personally to oversee, much to their mother's despair.

"With a mind like a child and manners like a queen, she deemed it a waste of time to learn from books what she had already learned from nature," said Lalita about Victoria. She feared that hours spent indoors with books would injure her children's health. She noticed that Hugo frequently coughed and was some times too ill or tired to make the long trips to the pueblo.

This marriage had brought Don Perfecto much property and great responsibilities. Largely through the efforts of Dona Eulalia, Victoria had been granted the rancho La Huerta del Cuati, later known as Lake Vineyard and on which the Huntington Library is now situated. Some say that Mission San Gabriel gave beautiful Rancho Santa Anita to her. But the right of Indians to hold lands was opposed by the Mexicans and it is believed that Hugo, knowing this, set about the business of securing a clear title to Rancho Santa Anita in his own name. He made his first petition in 1839.

Following this request Hugo began life as a hacendado, making corrals on the ranch, sowing wheat, clear-

ing ground for 10,000 vines and 1000 fruit trees. He made preparations for his stock of cattle.

The next year he allowed Dona Victoria to choose the site for their country home. In the midst of this dry but beautiful country Victoria selected a green spot by the lake, surrounded by cottonwood and willow trees. Here Don Perfecto erected the Reid home which stands on the Rancho today. He referred to this as his "house of stone" although for the most part it was built of adobe.

Of course the kitchen, probably a lean-to on the outside cannot be seen today, and gone are the huts for the Indian servants. At that time stone steps led down to the boat landing at the lake in which there were fish.

John McHenry Hollingsworth, a handsome young soldier who was stationed at the barracks in Los Angeles gives the best description of the garden by the house. He says in his journal, "I was riding in the neighborhood of the Mission when I came to a beautiful lake, and proceeding a little farther came to a high doby wall which enclosed a beautiful garden. . . . In one corner . . . there were some beautiful flower beds . . . laid off with taste and in borders . . ."

Here he met Dona Maria Ignacia, Victoria's daughter. The young dragoon recites how he thinks he made an excellent impression on her with his fine horse, its trappings and his uniform, and many times praises the quality of fruit from the ranch which she either gave him or sent to him.

Chapter VI

William Heath Davis says that Rancho Santa Anita was "the most picturesque spot in Southern California, with mountains, valleys, springs, and running silvery streams."

In 1840 a large percentage of Californians could neither read nor write, let alone figure. For business or estate audits, they packed up their books and papers and brought them to the accountant, sometimes staying in his house until the work was completed. It was for this reason that Davis with a friend stayed for two months at Santa Anita.

Davis' description of these visits are the best pictures we have of life at the Reid adobe during this period. He says, "Both Reid and his wife are epicures, and they had everything (their own market place on the hacienda) to entertain visitors sumptuously." Dona Victoria's fine Indian cook had been taught in the Mission, but Dona Victoria herself supervised everything.

Lavish breakfasts were served on a neat cloth with the "furniture of the table exquisitely clean. "The food must have impressed Davis for he gives in detail, typical menus for every meal in the day. A dinner he said, "consisted of chicken soup, roast duck, guisado de carne richly flavored, sweet potatoes grown on the land, frijoles, chicken salad, and lettuce. This fine dinner was served with old wine of the make of the Mission San Gabriel, and custard and pies and coffee."

These descriptions would lead one to think that the Reids were firmly

entrenched at their rancho, which they were, as the supervision of some 13,000 acres required much labor and time. However, Hugo did not have a clear title to the property, although he had erected his home, tilled the fields, and brought in his cattle. The administrator, Juan Bandini, had given Reid permission to occupy the land until the final decision was reached.

Reid's claim to the land was based on the fact that he was now a naturalized Mexican citizen, had undertaken "labor and expense" to improve it and in addition he had a strong claim in his family. There were four children to provide for whose Indian father and mother had been instrumental in keeping the Mission Indians peaceful. These were strong reasons, and whether or not the land had been given to Victoria, the Mission would not oppose this ownership.

There were other claimants, among them the powerful Lopez family, who retained Don Jose Antonio Carillo as their lawyer. Reid wrote for assistance to his friend in Monterey, Wm. E. P. Hartnell, considered the best lawyer in the state (whether by his own right or because of his 25 children we do not know.)

These and other claimants were heard in announced meetings be-

fore the Ayuntamiento, as was the law. Records of this time were incompletely kept. One record book was used for all kinds of records, and as these books were moved from place to place as necessity demanded even some of those records are lost. So we do not know on what the Lopez family based their claim, or whether or not the rancho had been previously given to Victoria.

Father Ramon Catalan, who is today preparing a new history of the San Gabriel Mission, believes that all discussion as to who deserved the various ranchos is now of no importance. The purpose of the Mission plan was to turn over land to the Indians as soon as they were able to handle it. Father Ramon says that the Mission tried three times to give the Indians land. The first two times were entirely unsuccessful and the third attempt was hampered by the threatened secularization of the Missions. In this third attempt three Indian grants were approved, one of these

being the Huerta de Cuati rancho to Victoria.

For three years Reid had worked to acquire the title. Finally in April 1841 he wrote directly to the Governor. After describing the many improvements on the ranch he said, "I find myself obliged to trouble your Excellency, entreating that, taking into consideration the labor and expense I have undertaken, as well as the fact of having a family who have a right to it, you may cause the respective title to the property to be issued to me, that I may live in security and work as I desire."

This petition was granted by Governor Alvarado to Perfecto Hugo Reid on the 16th day of April, 100 years ago.

It seems significant that the original purpose of the Missions was partially carried out in the granting of Santa Anita. A Scotchman by marrying an Indian outwitted the Mexicans and secured the oak covered rancho for himself and his Indian wife.

Chapter VII

The finest grapes in the world had been brought to the San Gabriel Mission as early as 1786. Louis Vignes had had experience with wine making and grape culture in France. He taught William Wolfskill who passed his enthusiasm on to Hugo Reid. All the talk of the day was of grapes and ships. Hugo fell for both—he walled Huerta de Cuati, planted it to grapes and bought the Mexican schooner, Esmeralda.

This first trading trip kept Hugo away almost a year, while Victoria with the help of Felipe, her oldest son, tried to keep the two ranches going. Subsequent trips on the Esmeralda to dispose of wine and other products from his ranches (he had now planted orange trees on Santa Anita) were not very successful and by 1844 Hugo realized that he must sell something in order to pay his debts.

At this same time Hugo was elected Juez de paz (justice of the peace) for San Gabriel, a great honor, but one with great responsibilities. Hugo even stopped saying "damn" to be a good example to the citizens. Since Hugo Reid was the person in whom the Indians had confidence, they demanded that he do things usually performed by the Mission Fathers even to the baptizing of their children.

Indian raids were frequent. Simon, a vaquero on Rancho Santa Anita was killed by an Indian arrow. Gabrielino paisanos left their homes and came to the Mission for protection. The long years of abuse of the Indians left seeds of resentment and rebellion toward the white man which even Hugo's fair administration could not quiet.

Perhaps Hugo believed that if he owned the Mission lands he could better control the situation and perhaps he was greedy for land. He watched the speed with which Pio Pico the last Mexican governor gave away land. In 1846 the Governor sold to Reid and William Workman the Mission and its lands, together with its debts and the obligation of supporting the church and the padre for \$7000. This obligation really pressed Hugo for money. He was forced to sell something without delay.

Henry Dalton, an Englishman, and a former partner of Reid's in Peru had come to Los Angeles with money to spend and ambitious to become a great landowner. In 1844

he added to his other holdings Azusa de Dalton and a large portion of the Rancho San Jose and in 1845 applied for San Francisquito in his own name, which was granted.

Where the Hall of Records now stands in Los Angeles Henry Dalton built a store facing on Main street. Here he traded merchandise from ships coming into San Pedro to rancheros for wines, hides and tallow, and through it disposed of the products of his ranches.

Dalton was anxious to buy the most beautiful rancho of them all, Santa Anita, because it adjoined his San Francisquito on the northwest. Unable to find a buyer for Cuati, Hugo was forced to sell.

In an interview with Dalton's grandson, now living at Azusa, we heard the story of the sale. Roger Dalton says, "there was a rumor that he paid for the ranch with only a bolt of calico, but it must be remembered that Hugo was a Scotsman." Actually he paid a sum of \$2,700 on May 29, 1847 for three square leagues of land whose boundaries generally were not well defined. Because Reid had been miffed when Duarte de Azusa was granted to Andres Duarte, Ignacio Palomares came between them as peacemaker, and the boundary on the east was definitely settled. Norumbega drive in Monrovia marks that line. Other boundaries were marked by "burned stakes," a patch of brush in a dry wash and other such transient markings.

Two months later Dalton asked Hugo Reid to baptize him since he was in love with Maria Guadalupe Zamorano. Dalton took the names Hugo Perfecto, but was always called Enrique. Married at the Plaza church in Los Angeles, the couple did not move to Santa Anita, but went to live at Azusa because it was nearer to the center of Dalton's land holdings.

The turn of events in the shape

of war with Mexico changed the careers of many early Californians. The battles of Cahuenga Pass and San Gabriel were like a musical comedy. Intrigues and soldiers for both sides were everywhere, but in 1848 the war with Mexico ended and California was annexed to the United States. Reid's claim to the Mission lands were completely rejected by the United States government, of which he was now a citizen. The indebtedness had made the lands too great a burden for Reid even prior to the end of the war.

Hugo was no longer a ranchero. A move to San Francisco, participation in the gold rush, and helping to form the first Constitution of the State of California, are the highlights of these next five years of Reid's life.

In 1852 Reid's letters about the Indians appeared serially in the Los Angeles Star. These form the best source material on the early Indians of this locality. His death came in 1853 while still comparatively a young man.

Hugo's later years had not been very successful financially and Victoria was forced to sell her rancho, Huerta de Cuati to Don Benito Wilson.

A glimpse of Victoria's last years which were spent in San Gabriel have been made particularly vivid by Senora Petra de Rangel, who is 91 years old and remembers visiting Victoria when she was a child.

Senora Rangel, the great granddaughter, and oldest living descendant of Dona Eulalia answered our questions about Victoria in Spanish with her daughter, Angelina, translating.

"Victoria was a tall, well built woman, not what one could call beautiful," she said. "I went often to her home. It was always very clean."

The house, according to Senora Rangel, was a big square house at the corner of Broadway and Mission drive "across the way" from her own property at 227 W. Mission drive on which Senora Rangel has, herself, always lived.

Victoria lived alone these last years, except for her Indian cook and visits from her grandchildren, a boy and girl from San Francisco, she told us.

Her death came in 1866 from small pox, the same disease that had taken Pablo, her first husband, her daughter and it is believed one of her sons. Senora Rangel remembers the death.

Like Hugo Reid, Enrique Dalton was unable to hold Rancho Santa Anita for himself and his heirs. In 1850 the municipal government of the United States supplanted the old Mexican ayuntamiento. Los Angeles County was bounded "by the Colorado River."

To support this government there was to be a tax on land. Antonio Coronel made his first assessment roll of "unruled sheets of Spanish foolscap pasted into leaves over 3 feet long and stitched into a book of 30 pages, covered with blue calico." One entry is, "Enrique Dalton—45,280 Acres—including) Santa Anita Rancho—value \$10,223."

Dalton not only felt the pinch of the taxes assessed to him but had to finance litigation to settle his boundary lines. Since he had used so much of his cash to buy land, he was glad to sell Santa Anita for \$33,000 to Joseph A. Rowe, a circus man. We know very little about Mr. Rowe, except that in 1857 he had to borrow money. He mortgaged Santa Anita for \$12,500, at the very reasonable rate of 24 per cent interest per year. He sold his equity in March 1858 to William H. Corbitt and Albert Dibblee for \$2,260.

Dibblee was the rancher, and Corbitt the banker of the partners. But as Dibblee's headquarters were in Santa Barbara management of Santa Anita was somewhat difficult in view of the weather which followed.

1858 was a very dry year. The next winter was very wet. In December 1859 it rained 12 inches in 24 hours. Horses and cattle, weakened by the previous dry winter died from exposure. With such misfortune the partners were glad to sell 2,000 acres of the ranch west of Michillinda avenue to L. J. Rose for \$4,000.

If the past two winters had been bad for the rancheros the next was even worse. It began raining December 24, 1861 and continued for 30 days with only two slight interruptions. The Santa Ana River was 7 miles wide. The loss of cattle was terrific. Still the end of misfortune was not in sight. In 1862-3 the rainfall was less than 4 inches, and by the fall of 1863 there was nothing at all for the stock to eat. Gulnn says there was not rainfall "sufficient to sprout grass seeds." The cattle industry was ruined completely, never to revive. Talk began to be of sheep, but Corbitt and Dibblee chose rather to sell.

William Wolfskill, who had taught Hugo Reid about wine-making, was very active in horticultural experimentation. In 1865 he added Ran-

cho Santa Anita to his other holdings for \$20,000. He also bought Rancho San Francisquito at the foreclosure sale. Thus Wolfskill owned all of what is now Arcadia and Monrovia.

Harris Newmark says Wolfskill "was a man of marked intelligence and . . . kindly disposed toward his fellow men." Certainly he was one of the foremost citizens of this early time.

The mulberry-silkworm craze was the get-rich scheme of the moment. One nurseryman in San Gabriel advertised 700,000 trees for sale. The Legislature gave a bounty on 2-year old plantations. We think that some of the mulberry trees on the ranch were planted by Wolfskill. The same may be said for persimmons, since Wolfskill introduced them to Southern California.

Roger Dalton verifies the story that Wolfskill planted the first eucalyptus trees on the ranch. Although the first group of nine, southeast of the adobe, is gone, it is thought the marked tree, south of the adobe, was one of this first planting. An effort was made several years ago to measure the age of some of these trees, but the wood is too hard to insert the necessary tools.

William Wolfskill died October 3, 1866, leaving Santa Anita to his youngest son, Louis, who had married one of Enrique Dalton's daughters.

We talked with John Snoddy, who lives on Las Tunas just east of Sixth avenue. His father owned this property when Wolfskill owned Santa Anita, and Mr. Snoddy thinks Louis Wolfskill lived in one of the buildings he remembers to have been near the old adobe. They are now gone.

He recalls his father telling that the Wolfskill orange trees were old when he first took up his ranch, and that there were vineyards where the racetrack is now.

Santa Anita was lucky, he said, in having water in the lake, which at that time extended across Old Ranch Road and was crossed by a wooden bridge. It was surrounded by tules and marshy land and full of catfish. Mr. Snoddy told us how precious water was. All of it had to be hauled from the mountains, and not a drop was wasted. Some of the ranchers had tried to dig wells but all of them were dry.

About 1871 sheep raising really made money. There was also talk of the Southern Pacific building a railroad. In 1872 Harris Newmark bought Rancho Santa Anita for \$85,000.

With wool so high it would be easy to make the quarterly installments beyond the \$20,000 down payment! But 1872 "was the most disastrous year for wool in our history," said Mr. Newmark, who had great difficulty in meeting the payments.

In 1875 Elias J. Baldwin passed the ranch, which Bancroft says "was covered with a wild tangled growth," fell in love with it, and bought it for \$200,000, greatly relieving the Newmarks.

Mr. Baldwin not only contributed most to the development of this ranch, but to surrounding ranches as well. He developed a water system which brought irrigation water from the mountains. He solved the greatest problem of his neighbors by showing them that wells could be dug which would give water. Even now Arcadia gets part of its water from the ranch, and plans for the future include more water from that source.

The development of "this wild tangled growth" into one of the showplaces of the whole country is a story in its own right, more remarkable and interesting than the tales of gambling and parties with which Mr. Baldwin's biographers have been wont to fill their pages. Whether Mr. Baldwin made any real profit from the ranch is a question, but he did make it a place of beauty.

The End.



ADVICE—E. J. Carrillo, New York World's Fair construction engineer, left, aids his brother, Leo Carrillo, in putting finishing touches on Rancheros Visitadores museum.

Visitadores Open Museum

Relics of Ranch Life
to Be Displayed in
Famed Adobe Mansion

SANTA BARBARA, Oct. 15.—National headquarters of Los Rancheros Visitadores, that company of horsemen which gathers from over the United States each May to ride for a week from rancho to rancho over back-country trails, was permanently established here this week.

More important to history-loving Santa Barbarans, two famed adobe "mansions" were brought together on one site for permanent preservation.

MUSEUM PLANNED

One will serve the fun-loving Visitadores as a clubhouse, while the other is being filled with priceless relics of early-day ranch life as a museum. Between the two venerable buildings lies a patio with a fountain from Spain in its center, where Spanish dancers perform and where formal observances may be staged.

Oldest of the adobes is the Carrillo-Pico-Covarubias residence, dating from 1817, when it was built by Don Jose Antonio Carrillo for his bride, Senorita

Concepcion Pico, descendant of Gen. Andres Pico. This adobe will house the museum.

BUILT IN 1836

The second adobe was built in 1836 on a State-St. corner and has been moved twice since its purchase by John R. Southworth in 1921. The house was Gen. Fremont's headquarters in Santa Barbara after his defeat of the Californians. It boasts a veranda 75 feet long on which its five rooms open and is roofed with mission-made tiles.

Daniel O. Brewster has been brought from Boston to serve as curator for the museum. He has been an assistant instructor at Harvard University and at the Massachusetts Art School.

San Gabriel Mission's Last Indian to Be Buried Today

SAN GABRIEL, Oct. 21.—An era will end for this city tomorrow.

Nicolas Ochoa, 85, last of the mission era Indians of San Gabriel, is dead, and tomorrow in a simple ceremony at Mission San Gabriel Arcangel his friends will gather for his funeral.

The mission was founded 169 years ago to bring a spiritual uplift into the lives of an extensive colony of Indians and now the mission has outlasted the last of these. There are others

AGED WOMAN STAYED AT HOME 79 YEARS

SANTA BARBARA, (P)—Delphina de la Guerra, a living link with the romantic days of Spanish rule in California, has lived all her 79 years in the same adobe house and sleeps in a room adjoining that in which she was born.

Senorita de la Guerra herself was never a Spanish subject but her father was one of the most prominent of Spain's California officials. Her home is now in the heart of the business district.

MODERN RABELAIS PRINTS MEMOIRS

At long last Pasadena's veteran privy councillor has found himself where he has rightfully belonged for many years, between the covers of a book.

"Pot Luck," written by Ed Ainsworth, Los Angeles newspaperman, looks at life through the wise old eyes of Pasadena's own W. Parker Lyons, politician, prankster, and proprietor of the unique Pony Express museum.

Typical of West

Only the West could produce a character like "Colonel" Lyons, as Irvin S. Cobb points out in a preface to the book, and only a work like "Pot Luck," witty, diverting and racy, could do justice to the man who at six years of age stole a ferry boat, and at something like 70 collects chamber china for public display.

Lyons has been a citizen of Pasadena for many years, after a career that started in San Francisco as an auctioneer and came to its climax when the "Colonel" was elected mayor of Fresno on a wide-open ticket.

Fresno Memories

What happened to Lyons — and to Fresno — is history that old-timers of the San Joaquin valley recall with scandalized amusement to this day. Some of these happenings, streamlined and aircleaned, are told in "Pot Luck."

But mostly "Pot Luck" is distilled essence of W. Parker Lyons, vivid, somewhat bawdy and vastly interesting.

Mrs. Verdugo Dies at Glendale Home

Ancestors Once Owned
San Rafael Land Grant

Another link with the gracious traditions of early California was severed yesterday after the death at her Glendale home, 1311 E. Harvard St., of Mrs. Gila R. Verdugo.

Mrs. Verdugo was the wife of Julio Verdugo, a direct descendant of Jose Maria Verdugo, who in 1784 received the San Rafael grant of 36,480 acres from Governor Fages. Mrs. Verdugo died Monday.

She leaves, besides her husband, five sons, Elias, Leo, Richard, Fred and Daniel, and three daughters, Mrs. W. E. Patrick, Mrs. W. T. Walker and Miss Viola Verdugo.

Funeral arrangements are to be completed today by Pierce Bros. mortuary.

TRADITION

Ben Overturff has been around Monrovia so long that he has become a tradition. The other day he was going up the streets with his burros when a little girl danced out and said, "I'm 5 years old today and I want to ride on your burro. You must know who I am because you gave my mama a ride on your burro when she was 5 years old, too" . . . The young lady got her birthday ride . . .

OBSERVING

Overturff has come by his knowledge of rain predicting and nature lore the hard way . . . His Deer Park lodge is only seven miles from Monrovia but in going to it with burro trains year in and year out for a third of a century or more he has seen and heard things not noticed by ordinary men . . . He has killed never less than 23 rattlesnakes in any one year, once bagged 38. Only one ever got away from him . . . He can tell you why a snake's tongue is forked and that it isn't really a tongue at all, but really "ears" on antennae . . . He can tell you why a cat holds up its tail and swishes it when it is hunting and how to halt a runaway horse by grabbing its ears and flipping up on its back and why a setting hen loses weight and why pack rats act the way they do . . . But mostly he likes to talk about his burros . . .

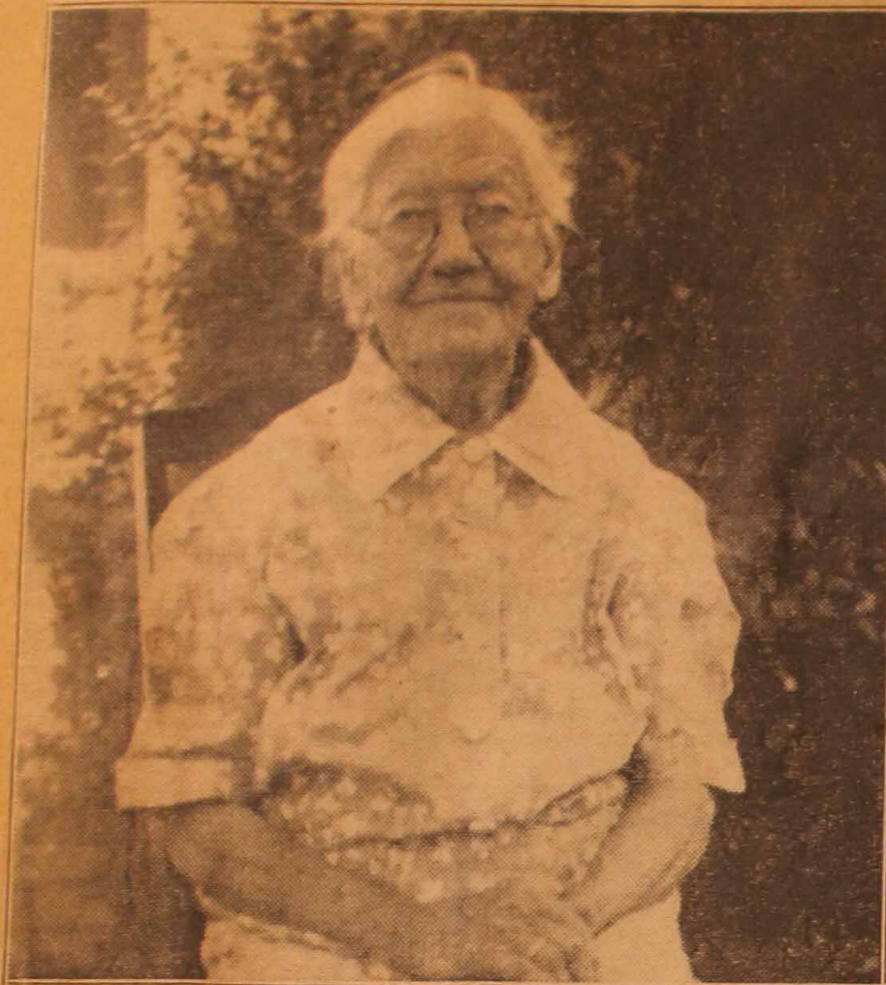
SMART

A dish-faced lady burro named Blondie that he got when she was 18 months old was his favorite . . . She was so mean at first she balked 15 times in seven miles, soon was cured when, instead of the usual kicks received from ordinary burro owners, she got a gentle nose pinch instead. Blondie was carrying some long timbers up the trail one time when she came to a washout. She took a running start, tried to jump across. Instead she just suspended herself in midair when the timbers came down on either side of the washout. It was a job to get her down . . . Ben Overturff says all burros are smarter than humans, but some naturally are smarter than others. He contends burros are naturedly good humored, but can be driven into obstinacy and meanness . . . He has only two left now, Buddy and Buck . . .

USEFUL

Ben Overturff with his kindly face and direct gaze and big hands is a good man to have around in a pinch, as fire fighters can testify from the "big fires" of years gone by in the mountains. He knows what to do . . . He knows his rain signs, too. So watch out for that cloudburst . . .

GRANDPA MADE HISTORY



MRS. ELLA THOMPSON TOWNE

John Brown's Granddaughter Recalls Great Abolitionist

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

She is the grand-daughter of "Old John Brown," the abolitionist. Though she is eighty-four, her mind is as clear, her twinkling gray eyes as alert and keen, as most women of half that age.

Her most vivid childhood memory is of a tall, gray-bearded man who strode into the house of her parents, in the company of a swarthy East Indian, at North Elba, New York, just a few days before the historical raid was made on the arsenal at Harper's Ferry.

Ella Thompson was then a little girl of four. She was playing with a penknife when she looked up and discovered that huge man standing over her. He reached his hand and spoke in a booming voice, and in spite of his kindly smile she jumped with fright, cutting her finger.

"Don't be afraid, little one!" he consoled. "I won't hurt you! I'm your grand-pappy!"

But she refused to let him touch her. It was the dusky Indian who picked her up and bandaged her bleeding finger.

Collects Mementos

Her present home, in West Hollywood, is literally filled with priceless mementos, pictures, and personal belongings of the great abolitionist. His thumb-worn Bible, many of his letters, and a vast collection of documents, data and clippings which give an authentic and complete history not only of "Old John Brown," but of his great number of descendants. He had 21 children — six by his first wife, 15 by his second.

Two of his sons, Owen and Jason, were familiar characters in Pasadena during the eighties. Their log cabin home was on Echo Mountain where they lived a reclusive, almost hermit, existence. They were uncles of Ella Thompson. Jason, second son of "Old John," died in 1895. Owen's grave in Millard's Canyon, is only a short distance from the site of their cabin. He died in January, 1889, at the age of 64.

Came Here in 1885

Ella Thompson Towne was 29 married, and the mother of three children when she and her hus-

band, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thompson, arrived in Pasadena from North Elba in 1885. The original home of the Thompsons was on the east bank of the Arroyo Seco in the park-like woodland that later became the lower section of the famous Busch Gardens.

"My folks sold that place for \$1500!" she distinctly recalls. "The man who bought it of them sold it for \$15,000." She has a photo of the Thompson home — a rose-covered cottage among the oaks and sycamores, with her father and mother on the porch. The Townes lived for many years in Altadena, in a house which later was moved to make way for the cemetery.

Ella Towne smiles about that now, as she can joke and smile about everything. The stark tragedies that have come into her long life have failed to put gloom into her natural cheerful spirit.

Active As a Girl When the writer called at her home, she was in the kitchen getting dinner — and singing. Her daughter came in, and like a pair of happy school girls making ready for a holiday, they completed plans for an automobile trip up the coast to San Francisco and beyond.

"I love to go places — to see interesting things — and meet people!" she declared. "Last year we made a long trip up through Oregon and Washington, where I saw Glacier Park, the Columbia Highway and much of our own wonderful California." She has a son at Eugene, Oregon.

Her hobbies? "Collecting historical pictures and doing needlework!" But her keenest interest, she emphatically reminds, is her scrapbook. As a matter of fact, she has number of scrapbooks, artfully made, and crammed with pic-

tures, data and facts relating to the "Brown family." Mostly, this is a valuable historic record of "Old John Brown."

Historical Material

She has many of his last letters, and photographs of his descendants, and of the 20 trusted men he recruited at Kennedy Farm, in Kansas, who accompanied him on his ill-fated endeavor to free the slaves. Pictures and newspaper clippings, many of them yellow with age, trace the life story of the abolitionist from the date of his birth, May 9, 1800, at Brandy Hill, Conn., to the hour of his death, by hanging for treason, December 2, 1859. In the scrapbook is a picture of the gold medal presented to the widow of John Brown by Victor Hugo, the famous novelist, in 1874.

"There was just one small store, a grocery, in Pasadena, when we came there in 1885," she recalls. "But I will never forget how beautiful the little town seemed to us — with its pretty homes set among the orange groves and flower gardens."

Sixty Years Married

She and her husband have celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, and are moving happily along toward their sixty-fifth.

"Think of it!" she smiles. "Still living with your first husband, after your sixtieth wedding anniversary — in Hollywood!"

She willingly admits her liking for Hollywood. "I have had my collection on exhibit in four different studios," she proudly relates, "and though I can't make a definite announcement about it just yet, I can say that something is going to be done which should mean a real triumph for us!"

Champion of Freedom

Getting back to "Old John Brown": I can't think of him as a traitor! He loved all humanity — black as well as white. Human slavery was to him a curse and a sin. He stood for the Union and he stood for liberty and freedom. The tragedy of his life was that his ideals and his actions were ahead of the time. He made the first move toward the unshackling of the Negro slaves. To colored people adore his memory, and every year, at the commemoration of his birth, hundreds of them make pilgrimages to his grave, some from far-away places. I like to think of him as he stood on the gallows in the last moment of his life — the same tall, powerful, unflinching graybearded man from whom I shrunk in fear as a little child. He smiled at the crowd as he had smiled at me. He was not afraid to die. Just before the noose was put around his neck, he was asked if he had anything to say. Before he answered, he turned his gaze over the fields. It was a December morning, but the sun shone brightly. "Gentlemen," he said in a quiet, kindly voice, "God has made this a beautiful day, and this is a beautiful country!"

Promise To Care For Grave Not Forgotten In 50 Years

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

For fifty years, Edward Simmons, whose home for an even longer time has been in Millard Canyon back of Altadena, has kept green the grave of Owen Brown, son of John Brown. The abolitionist's second son was buried on the crest of a rugged butte, at the head of the mountain gorge in January, 1889.

Ed Simmons, then a boy of 14, accompanied the pioneer pallbearers when they lugged the heavy coffin up the steep and brushy slope. The burial spot is only a short distance from the site of the cabin the two Brown brothers, Jason and Owen, occupied for several years, and where they spent a hermit existence.

Final Rite

Owen was a big man, with a long, white beard. He was 64 when he died. At the graveside the casket was opened. One of the pallbearers took a comb from his pocket and solemnly proceeded to comb Owen's whiskers.

"I promised him I'd do this," he soberly remarked. "Owen was always careful of his beard."

The rite attended to, the coffin was lowered into the grave. A monument of native granite marks the spot. On the stone is the brief inscription:

OWEN BROWN

Son of
JOHN BROWN
"The Liberator"
Died Jan. 9, 1889
Age 64

That final simple act had a profound impression on young Simmons. As he watched the brawny men shovel the stony earth into the grave, he vowed that for as long as he lived, he would see that it was properly cared for.

This he has faithfully done — for half a century! Twice a month, through the summer, he carries water up the hill in buckets to keep alive the little pines he planted to replace the larger trees which were killed by the great fire that swept Millard Canyon in 1935. He hauls the water from the Swigart place a few miles below. In earlier years he used a wagon; now he drives a truck up the narrow, winding road which Jason and Owen Brown built with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow 60 years ago. The Southern California Edison Company makes use of it now, to reach their power line. It originally led to the Brown cabin on the south side of Echo Mountain.

Striking Pair

Owen Brown came to Pasadena in the early eighties, shortly after the arrival of his brother. They were bachelors, and a striking pair, with their flowing white hair and beards. Neither was ever seen wearing a hat or coat. Both became friends of Professor Lowe, who built the inclined railroad and the world-famous mountain-top resort that were popular with tourists during the nineties. He gave the "Brown boys" odd jobs and helped them in many ways. Jason was made "curator" of the museum at Echo Mountain House.

After Owen died, Jason stayed on in their mountain hermitage. Loneliness compelled him finally to leave the place. He went back to Ohio where he lived with relatives till he, too, passed on in his seventies. Nothing remains of their cabin except a few scraps of rusty iron

KEEPS VOW



EDWARD SIMMONS
At Grave of Owen Brown in
Millard Canyon

—a broken section of the cookstove — and scattered masonry. The last portion of the ruins was destroyed by the canyon fire. But the "guaylitos" trees they planted, still stand, and the second-growth sprouts of the lone maple at the gorge rim. Close behind the spot rises John Brown Mountain, named in honor of the liberator.

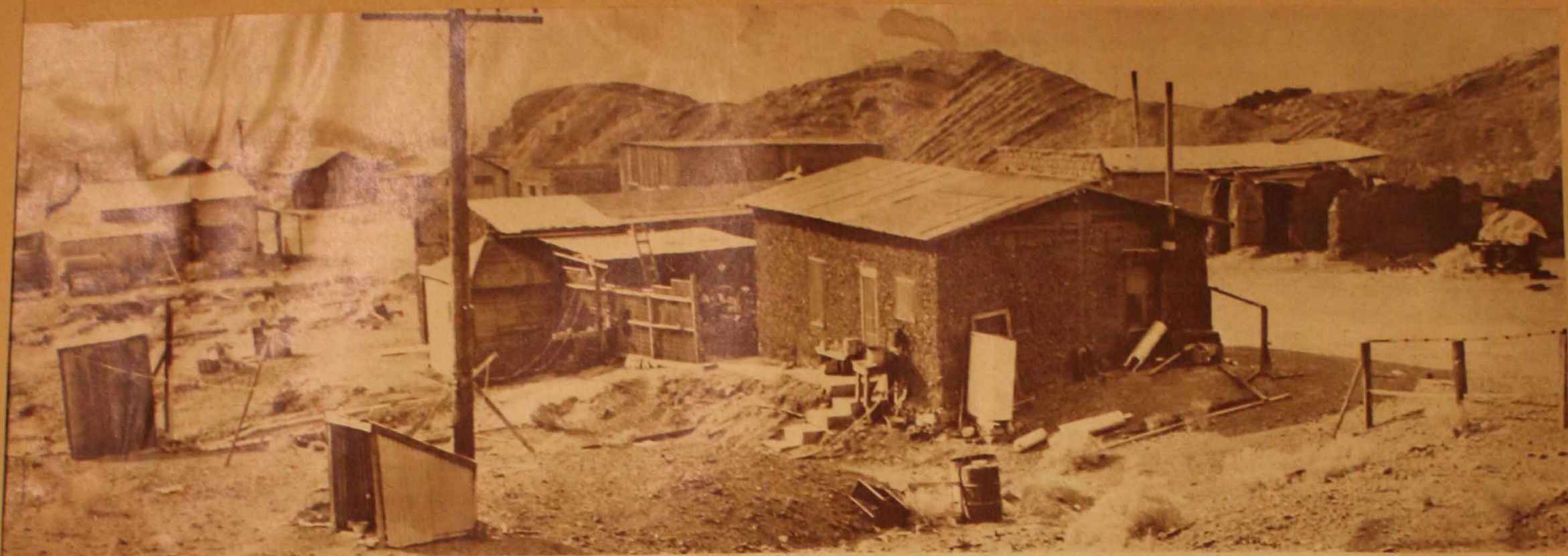
To make certain the grave of Owen Brown would not be desecrated, and the ground pass into indifferent hands, Edward Simmons bought the entire butte. His father developed the place at the mouth of the canyon belonging to Mr. Millard. The two Brown brothers originally owned the 80 acres that became Las Casitas Sanitarium, developed and operated by Mrs. Dr. Adehle. The exclusive Swigart ranch, which has to be crossed to reach "Owen Brown Butte," makes use of the splendid water supply first located by Owen and Jason Brown in the eighties.

It is the hope of Edward Simmons, self-appointed benefactor, that the burial mountain, the cabin site and the scenic environs, may sometime become a memorial park.

"I'll Keep Toting Water"

"Till that time arrives," he smilingly declares, "I'll keep right on toting water up the hill. I sincerely feel that Owen Brown, true son of the great liberator for human freedom, deserves this much from me."

Now and then he does get a helping hand, as on the day this writer accompanied him on his pilgrimage with truck and barrel. In the party of four were E. A. Heflinger, of Altadena, who has manifested a genuine interest in keeping the little pines green for several years, and gives assistance in carrying water to them. Another of the party was V. C. Stewart, of San Gabriel, likewise interested. The county forestry department provided 50 young conifers, about half of which are growing — due to the constant care of Edward Simmons.



CALICO TODAY—A few old houses and store buildings mark the site of the teeming mining town of the '80's. The Cokes are 12 miles from their nearest neighbor. They have made a hobby of collecting relics of old Calico, finding many in the hills above town, and have put them in a museum.

Visiting the old ruins where Diamond Lil once reigned, Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Fox, 2112 South Sixth Avenue spent a fascinating weekend in and around the ghost town of Calico, which is 12 miles from Barstow, famous for its wealth of silver in the '80's.

Arcadia Tribune
Oct. 10-40

JOHN SUTTER

September is just one California anniversary after another.

On Sept. 4, 1781, El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles de Porciuncula was born.

On Sept. 8, 1849, the first California Guard soon growing into the National Guard now called to the colors was formed.

On Sept. 9, 1850, California was admitted into the Union.

On Sept. 28, 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo discovered the California coast at San Diego. Hernando de Alarcon had slipped his foot into the back door over on the Colorado two years before.

But possibly the most fateful, though not generally recognized, event was Sept. 1. On this day in 1840, just 100 years ago, John Augustus Sutter was empowered to build a fort at what is now Sacramento. The next year he received a grant of 50,000 acres from Mexico. Sutter called his holdings New Helvetia, after his native land, Switzerland. Farming was his hobby; but he raised cattle, carried on a lively trade and trapped for furs. For years he reigned like a king.

But when gold was discovered by his boss-carpenter in the mill-race, Sutter's troubles began. His

lands were trampled, dug over and expropriated. He was practically run out. Gold filled California with settlers so quickly that in two years it became a State.

Still pleading with Uncle Sam to restore his property, Sutter died in Washington, D.C., in 1880.

All that Sutter got out of California's gold was a pension, a paragraph in history and a headache.

W. L. Y. D.

THEY WEIGH the silver in the old general store which Mrs. Coke has converted into a museum.

Los Angeles Times



Visitadores Reliving Days of California Dons on Ride

Modern Caballeros Spread Good Will



ATTIRED IN the fashion of the dons and with a song in their hearts, the Rancheros, prominent business and professional men are riding

smartly caparisoned steeds over California's legend-steeped hills spreading good will among the ranchos in the vicinity of Santa Barbara.

A rollicking fiesta and hijinks are among the many gay events arranged for the 450 modern cavaliers who are participating in the ride.

Recalling the days when the dons rode over California's legend-steeped hills as carriers of romance and adventure, 450 modern caballeros set out yesterday for a week of good-will visits.

Known as the Rancheros Visitadores, these 1940 cavaliers, prominent in private life as business and professional men, educators and scientists, began their annual horseback journey to the ranches in the vicinity of Santa Barbara.

Most of them were attired in the fashion of the dons and their steeds were caparisoned accordingly. Some even took guitars. All took a song in their hearts for the minstrelsy that will be theirs around their camp fires, and at their barbecues and chuck wagon rendezvous.

Some, older or less accustomed to horses' backs, rode in stage coaches, but to them the West was just as young as it was to the harder horsemen.

Last night the visitadores foregathered at Ray Skofield's Rancho Paraiso on Mission Ridge, above historic Santa Barbara Mission, where they paused to receive the blessing of Father Augustine Hobrecht. Tonight the riders will hold their annual hijinks at the same ranch. It will be attended by such celebrities as Irvin S. Cobb, Lewis Stone and Leo Carrillo.

Seventeen prominent Chicago business leaders made a special trip by chartered airplane to

join the ride, arriving at Santa Barbara yesterday.

Led by P. K. Wrigley and Gen. Robert Wood of Sears-Roebuck, the party included Lucius B. Manning, J. Bruce Allen, John Clay, Kenneth Curtis, Charles H. Hunter, Barrett King, E. H. Scott, Col. William M. Spencer, and Justin Dart, who was accompanied by his wife, the former Jane Bryan of the films.

New Yorkers who arrived for the ride include Frank A. Vanderlip Jr., Harry E. Benedict, George P. Dyer, W. H. Beal and J. Spencer Wead.

Among the Los Angeles and Hollywood visitadores making the trip are Walt Disney, John Boles, Edgar Bergen, Irvin S. Cobb, Dr. Frank F. Barham, P. G. B. Morris, John G. Mott, Gen. Walter P. Story, Jimmy Rogers, L. J. "Dick" Burrud of the Hearst Ranches; Gene Autry, Charles P. Skouras, Capt. William Banning, Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, Leo Carrillo, Robert H. Cobb, Municipal Judge Leroy Dawson, Lewis

Stone, Chief Raymond Cato of the State Highway Patrol, U. S. Marshal Robert E. Clark, William May Garland, Jack Garland, Earl B. Gilmore, Charles Hackley, E. E. Duque, Dick Dickson, Robert Montgomery, Harry Sherman, Major C. C. Moseley, John O. Melveny, Tom Mix and John L. Orcutt.

At dawn tomorrow the visitadores will ride forth again, led by Majordomo John J. Mitchell of Chicago and Montecito, and head across Gibeon Flats with T. Paul Dalzell's T.P. Rancho as tomorrow night's goal.

Tuesday the route lies through the Santa Ynez Valley to Dwight Murphy's Rancho San Fernando Rey, and on to Camp Drake, in the mountains, where they will pass the night.

At sundown Wednesday the horsemen will arrive at Mitchell's Rancho Juan y Lolita to camp for the remainder of the week. Thursday a visit will be paid to

Refugio Canyon. A rodeo will be attended Friday, followed by religious services at Santa Ynez.

A rollicking fiesta on Saturday will conclude this year's outing. Mission.

Mrs. Mary C. Chapin

L.A. Times Feb. 4

Los Angeles Examiner

May 15, 40

It's census time again. But things are a little different from what they were 80 years ago in Los Angeles . . . I was just talking to a woman who remembers the census of 1860 here very well. She ought to. Her father took it . . . She is Mrs. Mary C. Chapin who now lives quietly—but not too quietly—out on S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles. At the time of the 1860 census she was a frolicksome 13-year-old schoolgirl residing on Olivera St. directly across from the Avilla adobe, now the street's most famous structure. If you'll do a little figuring, you'll note that Mrs. Chapin now is 93 . . . Her father was James L. Pennie, United States Marshal for the Southern District of California and an officer at the same time as Sheriff Gene Biscailuz's grandfather, Billy Warren . . .

SOME JOE

Mrs. Chapin is a mentally keen student of modern af-

fairs who wears a black choker and steps around spryly to look up clippings on topics of current interest. She treasures inscribed pictures of Sheriff Biscailuz and a picture of the Golden Gate in the '60's taken, on white satin, by her brothers . . . Her memory of the 1860 census is so vivid because when her father led the group in charge of counting noses he was gone for six weeks. All the outlying ranches had to be visited and it was a wearisome task . . .

BIG GAIN!

As for Los Angeles itself, there was a wonderful gain in population. The 1860 total was 4355 as compared with a mere 1610 in 1850! San Diego, although it was founded 12 years before Los Angeles had not made much use of this head start and could muster only 731 souls by 1860 . . .

SCHOOL DAYS

But Mrs. Chapin's memory goes back further than this. After coming out here from Albany, N.Y. when she was 10 in 1857, she went to school at the new two-story red brick

school at Second and Spring Sts. It was quite a walk from the Plaza, particularly in the mud . . . The girls were all downstairs, the boys upstairs. There were no music lessons but lots of exercises called "demonstrations." Mrs. Chapin said she never did discover exactly what was being demonstrated. A little punishment for laggards was the learning of 10 pages of history by heart. Her father was on the School Board and when the board got in a fight with a teacher it didn't like it put a new lock on the schoolhouse door! . . . The hill now called "Fort Moore Hill" was then known as "Fremont Fort Hill." There wasn't a tree or a sign of a fence at the Plaza . . .

VINO

You took something of a chance of getting strange flavors in your wine in those days . . . The chief winery was on

Olivera St., just below the Pennie home. The Indians who used to tread the grapes with their bare feet would get out of the vats and walk around in the dust and then go back on the job. Nobody seemed to mind a little redskin when the wine ran red . . . When the weather was hot Mrs. Chapin recalled, the kids all would go out and lie in the zanja, the main water supply ditch . . . Big entertainment event was the arrival in town of the Negro minstrels . . . It was an awful job to keep the coyotes from digging up the bodies in the graveyard . . .

GROWTH

Naturally, Mrs. Chapin is pretty interested to know what the 1940 census will show. After all, it's not many persons who see a city grow from 4355 to some 1,450,000. But even this thrill may not equal the one Mrs. Chapin had back in Albany in 1851. She can remember hearing Jenny Lind sing then . . . And she also enjoyed having old Phineas Banning for coachman when her family arrived at San Pedro by ship from New York . . . I hope the census suits her all right . . .

MEET THE PEOPLE

with
NINA BLETHEN

Victoria Reid, Indian wife of Hugo Reid, socially prominent in Arcadia in its early beginnings, started a trend when she drove her oxen-team so frequently between her San Gabriel home and her week-end cottage in West Arcadia.

Fear of fast horses, and with eight miles to cover, when 15 miles a day was top mileage for speedy oxen, did in no way keep her from becoming famous for hospitality. Entertainment on a grand scale was staged in the adobe cottage on the shore of Baldwin lake, which was finally sold to Henry Dalton for 20 cents an acre and twenty-five years later sold to Lucky Baldwin for a lump sum of \$200,000. Arcadians are still fired with the Reid determination and love of doing things and fear of fast transportation has been curbed to some extent . . . not one team of oxen was hitched in front of the Arcadia Woman's club house Wednesday when feminine Arcadia met. Tch, tch.

West Arcadia
Press-Dec. 6

Historians Make Banquet Plans

White Man's First
Visit to California
to Be Commemorated

Celebrating the 400th anniversary of the first visit of a white man to California, the Historical Society of Southern California will conduct its 57th annual banquet at the Wilshire Bowl next Monday at 6:30 p.m.

Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz will be the guest of honor.

Former Superior Court Judge William Rhodes Hervey will be guest speaker. Other speakers and entertainment are also scheduled.

It was 400 years ago when Coronado, facing the setting sun, commanded a troop of Conquistadores to go forth in search of the Strait of Anian (Northwest Passage.) The cavalcade pushed forward under the guidance of Francisco Lopez. They pierced the Grand Canyon and found California.

Fifty-eight years ago early Californians organized and now call themselves the Historical Society of Southern California. The purpose of the organization is to preserve traditions in California.

Marco R. Newmark is president.

SCHOOLMASTER MARKHAM SEEN AS SCHOOL BOY

Brought to San Francisco in 1849 in his infancy, Samuel D. Woods, later a distinguished veteran of the Stockton bar, at the age of seventeen began teaching school, with such results that, in time, he instructed several who grew to be notable, both in California and the United States. Among these was Edwin Markham, whom he first met in 1867, by 1899 famous as the author of "The Man With the Hoe," whose poetic genius Woods first discovered in the little building then known as "Black's Schoolhouse," four miles East of Suisun City, where Markham was a wide-awake pupil. Years later the honored lawyer, full of years and honors, with time both for reflection and writing, penned "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast," brought out, as one of the most serviceable copyrighted items of Californiana by the Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers of so much that has made their name long familiar, and endeared including the annually-appearing handsome little volumes of reference, the "New Standard Year Books," always offering interesting California data down to date. And as a mark of esteem and affection, Woods dedicated the very readable work "To Edwin Markham—my beloved pupil of long ago; he and I can never forget the little school house in the sunny Suisun hills, where we together found our lives." Neither was likely to forget that place; for Woods tells how, when he applied for the post as teacher, the school trustees discouraged his ambition, saying: "There is a boy in this district who has broken up the last two schools and whipped the schoolmaster!" A week's negotiations, however, placed the stranger Woods in charge, he agreeing that if anyone could break up the teaching, the school authorities would not owe him a cent.

"A week passed," says Mr. Woods, "and no incorrigible boy appeared; but on the first morning of the second week in walked a splendid specimen of stalwart boyhood, broadshouldered, straight and arrogant. I saw at once that I was up against his destiny and my fee for teaching for a term; and we both won. For a week he came and went without any sign of insubordination; but one quiet afternoon, while my face was turned to the blackboard, there came a sudden outburst of laughter. As I looked over the school, I saw one calm face, the face of Markham, and I knew the culprit. I said quietly, looking into his eyes, 'There must have been some very funny thing happened to have made you all laugh, and when something funny happens, people are entitled to laugh.' and I turned again to my blackboard. That look into the eyes of Markham was the beginning of a new day.

"When the hour came for dismissal of the school, I said: 'Markham, I want you to stay after school; I want to speak to you.' The entire school was alert, and they thought that the conflict was again on. The school was dismissed, but

the scholars lingered, expectant, and I said to them: 'Go on to your homes; there is nothing between Markham and myself that concerns you.' They went, and Markham and I had our hour alone. He remembers that hour, for it was the supreme hour of his life. I took up with him the afternoon's laugh of the school and that he was the incitement thereof, and then I went over with him the loneliness of his life, of which he did not know I knew; the piteous childhood of which he wrote in after years, and of which neither he nor I ever spoke again. I recounted enough of his life to show him that I was not ignorant thereof, and that I had seen in his brow and eye the promise of high achievement; and that of all pupils I had, he alone was the one to whom my heart had turned, and with whom I desired to measure the great things that were to aspiring souls possible.

"I recalled to him the fact that we were both young men, of about the same age, and that the world held much in common for us. Shall he or I ever forget that hour! I do not want to forget it, and I know he does not. He looked at me with longing eyes, at first defiant, and then changing to a wondrous sweetness, as I touched his spirit. As we talked, he broke down and, leaning his head upon the desk, sobbed out his grief; and when he looked up, I saw the spirit which in these later days has made him a prophet of righteousness. He was 'born again.' I said: 'Go home, and come back to me with all the past slogged off.' Obediently he went, and came in the morning, just as I had suggested. He took off of my hands all the younger scholars, teaching them their simple lessons, so that I was enabled to give to him more time in his studies. He was in a class alone. We worked together, and began together our climb to better things. Well, I knew that he was destined to greatness, but I did not as yet fully comprehend his powers, or the trend and breadth of his mind.

"The school lasted for three months, and for several years I was engaged with my own work, and lost sight of Markham. His genius had not developed, for great things move slowly, and I heard that he wrought with his hands for bread in a blacksmith shop. His genius was incubating. I was not impatient, for I knew what the future held for him; and the next I heard was that he was the principal of the Tompkins School in Oakland. This was an advance from the blacksmith shop, but was still far beneath his capacity, and his possible achievements. But at last, on a January morning, in San Francisco, as I wended my way home from church, I purchased an 'Examiner,' and read in it, 'The Man With the Hoe.' It stirred me as the trumpet did the old war-horse, and I immediately wrote to him: 'Your time has come to leave the narrow walls of the schoolroom, and to take your place among the workers of the world.' I do not know how much influence this letter had, but the next I heard of Edwin Markham was that he was in New York, had identified himself with some of the publishing firms of that city, and had engaged in that work that has not only engrossed him, but is enriching the world."

Californians, proud of the men and women writers of the Golden State, and the literature they have produced, should, in this instance of Schoolmaster Markham, be thankful not only to the Poet himself, but to his friend and biographer, the reminiscing Samuel D. Woods; and no less to the broad-gauged, enterprising omnific publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, and their catholic tastes taking cognizance of Western authors.

Pasadena
Star-News
Sep. 3, 40



CLIMAX TO A FIESTA—Santa Catalina's festival of Las Posadas culminated late last week with a grand ball at the St. Catherine. Arriving at the party, and expressing the charm and dress of old California, are Madelein Vaesen (center) of New York and Bernadette Dugal of Montreal. Jack Small, the driver, is escort, a touch of yesteryear!

Los Angeles Times - Jan 13 - 1941

● Spotlighter

HELEN RAITT

Now we can let down our hair about Federation Day, Fiesta Time at the Woman's Club last week. When Ed Ainsworth said in introduction "Looking around this room I don't know whether to greet you with a war whoop or put a snood on my scalp," it was quite appropriate. Mexican señoritas, Indians a padre, we didn't even recognize Marian Hobbs disguised as a gay caballero.

What's more we liked the table decorations and the exhibit of pictures. Dorothy Stoll's oil of the High Sierras was most appropriate to the occasion and received many admiring glances. Alfred James Dewey of Sierra Madre, formerly New York illustrator, had kindly loaned three large oil paintings, a desert scene, a brilliantly hued picture of sycamores and a quite striking California street crossing.

Among the bouquets handed around last Wednesday was the nice one to Emilie Timerhoff. Mrs. Oscar Elvrum, district president, told of having known Mrs. Timerhoff for many years and stated, "No matter what department in club work one has been in, publicity, conservation, history and landmarks, it was always Emilie Timerhoff who took the lead. . . ." The applause that greeted W. Parker Lyon at the luncheon belies the statement that one is never appreciated in his own town. . . Mrs. Charles Hoover who had the responsibility for the whole fiesta or her capable shoulders tells us that she can get autographed copies of "Pot Luck" for any club members wishing to purchase the same. A new section of the Woman's Club was formed at our table last Wednesday when Mrs. John Ross, who by the way belongs to all the four sections, suggests we have an eating section.

Tribune Feb. 27

The week after J. Parker Lyon had spent a weekend in Palm Springs recently, a local columnist came up with this description of one of Arcadia's most celebrated citizens, "J. Parker Lyon, that colorful and slightly indecent individualist of the early west who roams the country against a background of those robust early days when a pot de chambre was a thunder mug."

Feb. 2-41

● Spotlighter

HELEN RAITT

Yes, we heard "When Presses Roar" on Sunday night, too. We thought it well done, but wonder why many writers treat dear Victoria Reid as a 'maid.' Palmer Conner calls her the Indian maid and Sunday night she had to have her father's consent to marry Hugo. Tut, tut! She had three children and a husband when Hugo fell for the "Little Indian maid," and she was a widow with four when he married her. That's more of a story! We think Hugo and Victoria must have been two of the most colorful of all early Californians. We know we would have liked Hugo — witty, clever and a vagabond, and as for Victoria, the first lady of our rancho, we'd like an interview with her along with Wallie Simpson Windsor. . .

Don't forget to drop in Saturday afternoon over at the Rancho and pay tribute to Hugo and Victoria on this centennial anniversary.

Which reminds me that the story of the romance of Don Abel Stearns and the beautiful Arcadia Bandini told prior to Sunday night on "Presses Roar" made quite clear how lovely was the Spanish pronunciation of Arcadia (Ar-cad-ee-a) with all soft a's and the accent on the i. It's Santa Maria, La Jolla, San Juna, Capistrano, why not Ar-cad-ee-a?

All this publicity given the beautiful Arcadia Bandini who 100 years ago married the Yankee trader, Don Abel Stearns brings up the question—how did this city get its name?

Mrs. B. R. Charles states that Lucky Baldwin gave this city its name, and Mrs. Charles has heard the late Anita Baldwin herself discuss this point. To Mr. Baldwin this district represented the ultimate in pastoral life and romantic beauty. In keeping with this ideal the name Arcadia was chosen.

Which leaves us satisfied as to one point but not as to another. We are still sending out a plea to historians and amateur historians (such as we) to find the origin of the name Santa Anita. Lucky Baldwin apparently gave his daughter the place name of his Rancho. Many references are made to Santa Anita years before Anita was born. Our history, which we have been writing with our collaborator, Joanna Fitzpatrick, is finished this week. The centennial anniversary is here. But we do not know why—when—or for whom Rancho Santa Anita was named.



On the Fence

with
BILL ZIMA

HISTORY NOTES. . .

We find a memo on our desk from our society field operator, Tiar Neleh, that the California History and Landmarks section of the Arcadia Woman's club (whew! why don't they just call it the Explorer's club?) visited the Charles Fletcher Lummis home in the Arroyo Seco section of Los Angeles yesterday.

Now before the anniversary is over and Hugo and Victoria are forgotten for another hundred years, we wish to give credit where it is due—to Susanna Bryant Dakin of San Marino who in "A Scotch Palano" has written a most illuminating life of Hugo Reid. The volume is obviously the work of years of study and research and brings to light material heretofore unpublished. University of California Press is the publisher.

And we want to mention again Senora Petra de Rangel, the oldest living descendant of Dona Eulalia. Can you imagine the thrill of hunting up every word about the first lady of the Rancho, pouring over old historical society volumes, reading what someone who has since died said about Victoria and then finding quite unexpectedly a 91-year lady living in San Gabriel today who remembered Victoria and could talk about her in Spanish. Now we know what Ed Ainsworth meant when he said the past and present mingle in California. A salud to Hugo and Victoria Reid!

Our files reveal that we have a few pertinent facts on the gentleman concerned, having some time ago made the acquaintance of a lady who was a personal friend of Mr. Lummis. It may be of interest to the ladies who made the trip, and to our six regular readers. . .

Charles Fletcher Lummis was a schoolmate of Teddy Roosevelt's at Harvard, both attending that university in 1877. This friendship lasted for over forty years. After graduating, the wanderlust gripped Lummis, and he walked all the way from Massachusetts to California on foot, stopping off at New Mexico for a visit that brought about his great love for that country.

He it was who gave that country the designation of the "Great Southwest." He also originated the expression, "See America First." Lummis was one of the first white men to explore and chart the Grand Canyon, and his short description of the canyon itself, a condensed masterpiece, is still carried on the Fred Harvey souvenir maps sold at the canyon. During his travels through that gorge, Lummis fell from a cliff and broke his arm. Securing his wrist about the trunk of a tree, Lummis set his own arm, fixed splints of bark, and bound it with his own shirt!

Lummis at one time, after settling in Los Angeles, was librarian of the L. A. City library. He inaugurated the present cataloging system used there. The matrons of the city had him expelled from the position because he insisted on wearing imported corduroy suits of a deep wine color with a red satin sash around his waist. When told that he was being relieved, Lummis shouted, "They can borrow my books, but they won't tell me what to wear!" His unique costumes later earned him the title of "The Grand Bohemian."

Leaving the library, Lummis became the first city editor of a small starving paper, which he often said

had no future. That paper was the "Los Angeles Times." Holding this position, Lummis worked so hard that he suffered a nervous breakdown. He resigned and spent several years traveling through New Mexico. There he made the acquaintance of the Apache chief, Geronimo, when the entire U. S. Army was looking for the Indian.

The location of the Lummis home is on the original site of the California terminus of the camel caravans from Santa Fe. He built the home himself, stone by stone, from the rocks in the Arroyo Seco. The beams in the living room are Santa Fe railroad ties from the track running near his home which Lummis helped survey and build. The bell in the mission tower at the west end is the original bell from the San Fernando mission, which Lummis saved from destruction by raising funds for its preservation.

The home, where Teddy Roosevelt once climbed a ladder to visit with Lummis who was laying roofing, is indeed a worthy site for visitors to see. Should you go there for an evening dinner sometime, you will really feel the presence of Charles Fletcher Lummis as the candlelight toast to "The Absent One" is given.

California History and Landmark Section at the Lummis Home April 25-41



Mrs. Chapin . . . keen student of modern art—the new two-story red brick . . . The chief winery was on . . .

Among the bouquets handed around last Wednesday was the nice one to Emilie Timerhoff. Mrs. Oscar Elvrum, district president, told of having known Mrs. Timerhoff for many years and stated, "No matter what department in club work one has been in, publicity, conservation, history and landmarks, it was always Emilie Timerhoff who took the lead. . . ." The applause that greeted W. Parker Lyon at the luncheon belies the statement that one is never appreciated in his own town. . . Mrs. Charles Hoover who had the responsibility for the whole fiesta on her capable shoulders tells us that she can get autographed copies of "Pot Luck" for any club members wishing to purchase the same. A new section of the Woman's Club was formed at our table last Wednesday when Mrs. John Ross, who by the way belongs to all the four sections, suggests we have an eating section.



PASSES—Senora Adelaida Alvarado y Ruiz de Lugo of pioneer Alvarado family, who died yesterday.

Kinswoman of Alvarado, Early-Day Governor, Dies

**Senora Adelaida Alvarado y Ruiz de Lugo
Was Human Tie to Glorious Past of Southland**

Senora Adelaida Alvarado y Ruiz de Lugo, last of the Alvarados tracing a close relationship to Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado of Early California, died yesterday.

Her passing at the age of 93 severed a true tie with the Southland of the past.

She was born at the old Alvarado ranch on what is now Los Angeles St., the daughter of Arcadia Ruiz de Alvarado and Francisco Javier Alvarado. The latter was Alcalde (Mayor) of the Pueblo of Los Angeles and a cousin of the famed early-day Governor Alvarado.

LIVED ON RANCHO

She was baptized in the Plaza Church and on her 18th birthday was married to Antonio Mario Lugo Jr. Her husband was the

son of Don Vicente Lugo of Rancho San Antonio, and a grandson of Don Antonio Mario Lugo of Rancho San Bernardino.

For a quarter of a century Senora Lugo lived at Rancho San Antonio rearing a family of six. There are six grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

In recent years she resided with a daughter, Mrs. Rose Stombs. She died at the Stombs home, 126 E. Manchester Ave.

OTHER CHILDREN

Other surviving children are John Lugo, Mrs. Petra Vignes and Mrs. Amelia Bradford.

Rosary will be recited today in the chapel of Ruppe's Mortuary at 7 p.m. Requiem mass will be celebrated tomorrow at 9 a.m. in St. Vibiana's Cathedral, with interment following at Calvary Cemetery.

L.A. Times

Feb. 3, 41

A WINDOW ON THE WEST

Berkeley, Calif.

"A liberal education in one easy lesson" might well be the slogan for an hour's easy ride to the top of Mt. Diablo near here.

History, geography, botany, nature study, mineralogy, paleontology, physics, chemistry are a few of the subjects offered on this unique trip.

To begin with the "ologies," shells have been found imbedded in rock which are reckoned to be about 35,000,000 years old. Studies of the Paleontology Division of the University of California go back 150,000,000 years and in the new museum being completed on top of the mountain, the University at Berkeley is placing most of its exhibit of prehistoric animals and fossils that was shown at the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island in 1939 and 1940.

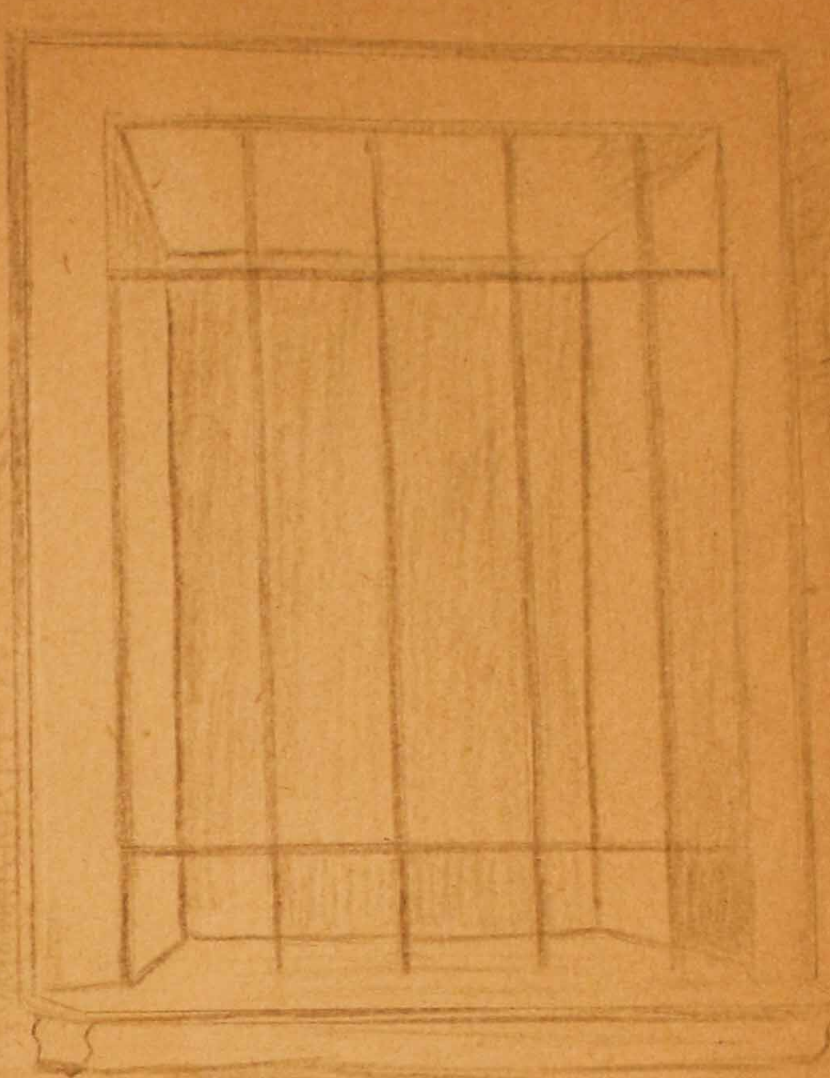
Rich in Memories

Historically speaking, the old stone house built by Dr. John

Marsh in 1838 still stands along the automobile highway leading to the summit. There are also places closely associated with John Swett, father of California's educational system; and with John Muir, naturalist who was largely responsible for the establishment of the national parks in California; and with Bret Rarte, who did much of his writing at Danville, a tiny village snuggled at the foot of Mount Diablo.

In contrast to the present "high gear" highway leading to the mountain summit, Col. Leander Ransom fought his way through underbrush and over rocks to the top of Mount Diablo in 1851 to establish the base line and meridian upon which rests the public land surveys of most of Northern California and Nevada.

More than 400 varieties of wild flowers have been found growing on the mountain, with wild life and vegetation in abundance. The geologist has found countless specimens from fossilized marine life in sedimentary formations to igneous rocks.



A Window on the West

Special to The Christian Science Monitor

The so-called Golden Age of California, when life flowed along like a song, and Spanish dons spent endless hours in dancing and entertaining is charmingly described in a booklet, "History of the Ranchos," compiled here by the Federal Writers' project of the Work Projects Administration, and sponsored by the San Diego Historical Society. The volume was published by the Union Title Insurance & Trust Company. The author of the book is R. W. Brackett, but much of the material came from descendants of the one-time powerful dons who live in and around San Diego.

The booklet traces the history of the Golden Age with its historical background. The major part, however, has to do with descriptions of the 29 ranchos or grants which were situated in San Diego County.

Many of the musical Spanish names of towns and villages are derived from that easy-going era when work was an avocation, and pleasure seeking was a 24-hour job. Names of some of these ranchos were adopted later by localities, such as Agua Hedionda, Buena Vista, Cuyamaca, name of the mountain range east of San Diego; El Cajon, a town 20 miles east of here; Jamacha, Jamul, Encinitas, Otay, Pauma, Rincon, Santa Ysabel and San Dieguito—all names of towns or localities.

Only One Remains

Only one of the 29 ranchos is intact today. That is Guajome (Indian, "Home of the Frog") which is located east of San Luis Rey Mission, and about midway between Vista and Bonsall. Formerly a part of the San Luis Rey Mission lands, Guajome rancho was bought for \$550 from two Indians about 1850 by Abel Stearns. The ranch was given to Mr. Stearns' sister-in-law as a wedding gift in 1851, when she married Col. Cave Coutts.

About 1853, Colonel Coutts built

the rambling hacienda which stands today at Guajome. An outstanding example of Hispano-California architecture, the home contains 20 rooms, which are built around a beautifully landscaped patio. This patio has a fountain in the center and is landscaped with trees, shrubs, flowers and vines.

It was in these hospitable surroundings that Helen Hunt Jackson spent several days when she was compiling material for "Ramona."

First Piano

Included among the household furnishings of this typical California rancho is an iron safe and a piano, said to be the first brought to California.

Owner and present host at Guajome is Cave J. Coutts, Jr., who maintains the rancho in the old style, employing Indian servants and sleeping in the same bed in the same room in which he was born in 1856.

Most of the other Mexican grants have long since been subdivided and occupied by the "Yankee" invader. Rancho de la Nation is now the site of National City and Chula Vista, while Coronado is situated on the old Peninsula of San Diego. San Diego proper occupies most of the Mission San Diego de Alcalá, while the little settlement of Santa Ysabel is located on a part of the old Santa Ysabel rancho.

Bing Crosby owns a rambling adobe house in early California style on the old San Dieguito rancho, which also contains Rancho Santa Fe. However, in true Hollywood fashion, Mr. Crosby has added a swimming pool and tennis courts. Virgil Wyatt

Oct. 10

A Look At California



BRET HARTE (1839-1902) WROTE HIS MOST FAMOUS BOOKS, "THE OUTCASTS OF ROVER FLATS" AND "TENNESSEE'S PARTNER" IN CALIFORNIA. THE CHARACTERS WERE DRAWN FROM TUOLUMNE COUNTY AND THEREABOUTS

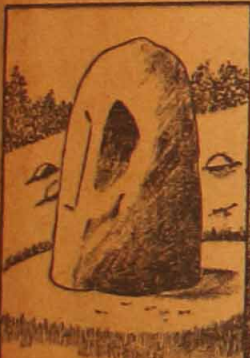


FIRST HOUSE IN LONG BEACH (BROADWAY AND AMERICAN)

LONG BEACH WAS FIRST CALLED WILLMORE CITY. FOUNDED IN 1861 BY WM. WILLMORE

"THE OLD MAN WITH THE PIPE"

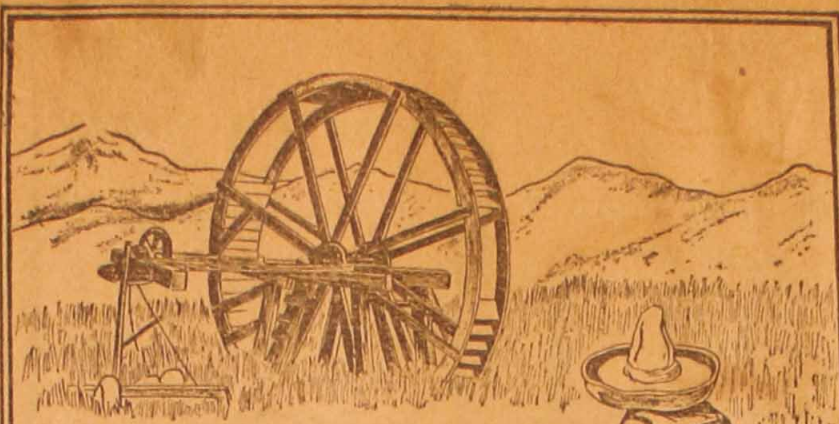
ONE OF NATURE'S PHENOMENAL FORMATIONS ON THE NAPA-MONTICELLO HIGHWAY!!!!



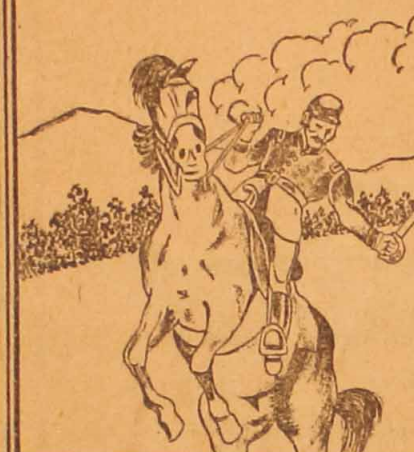
BOULDER

MARKER OF THE "BATTLE OF SAN PASQUAL" - HERE GEN. STEPHEN KEARNEY MET GEN. ANDRES PICO'S CALIFORNIANS!!

SAN MATEO COUNTY WAS CREATED APRIL 19, 1850 - IS SPANISH FOR SAINT MATTHEW MEANING THE GIFT OF JEHOVA.



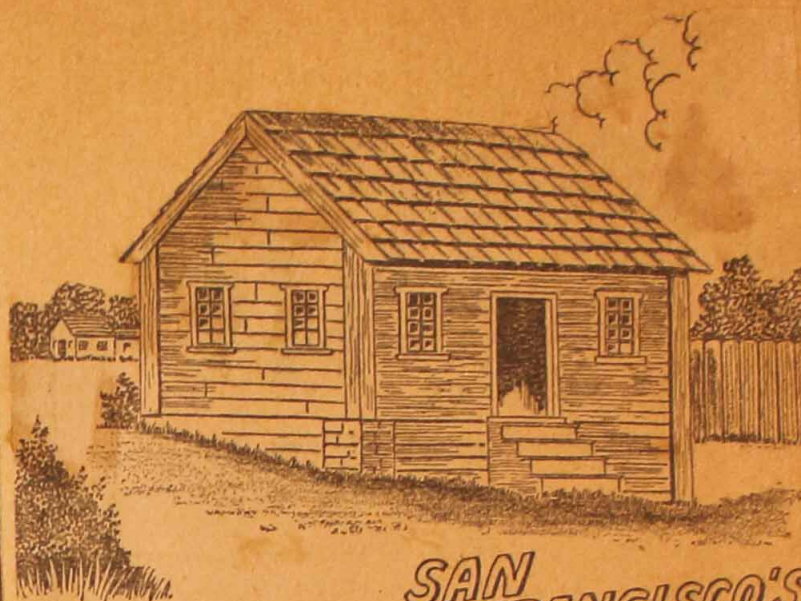
OLD SPANISH WATER WHEEL IS STILL STANDING NEAR LONE PINE, INYO COUNTY!!



KERN COUNTY

WAS CREATED APRIL 2, 1866 AND NAMED FOR THE KERN RIVER, WHICH WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF LIEUT. KERN OF JOHN FREMONT'S EXPEDITIONS IN 1845-47.

Copy 1940 by Northwest Syndicate, Inc.



SAN FRANCISCO'S

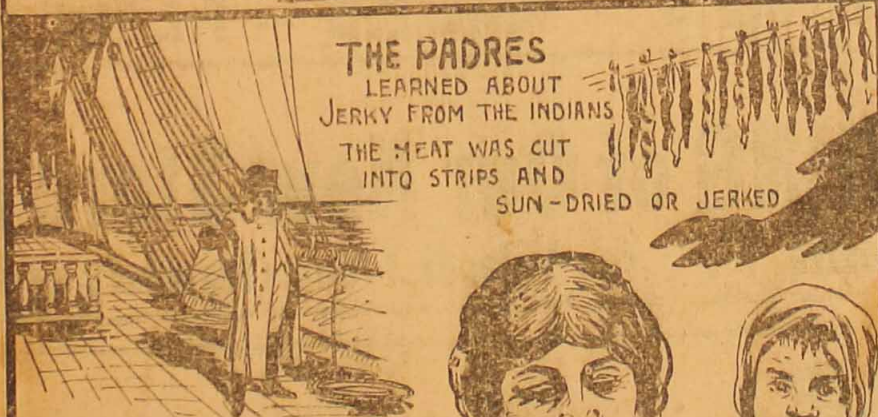
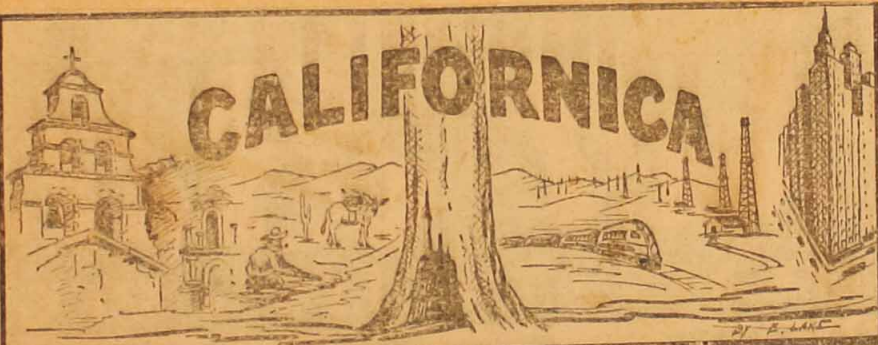
FIRST AMERICAN SCHOOL!!! OPENED APRIL 3, 1848, ON PORTSMOUTH SQUARE. THIS LITTLE REDWOOD SCHOOLHOUSE WAS ALSO USED AS A CHURCH, JAIL, COURTHOUSE AND TOWN HALL -

LOS ANGELES'

FIRST NEWSPAPER WAS THE "LOS ANGELES STAR" (LA ESTRELLA de LOS ANGELES). PRINTED MAY 17, 1851!! THE 4 PAGE WEEKLY WAS PRINTED IN ENGLISH AND SPANISH ON A HAND PRESS!!!



From the Pasadena Star-News



THE PADRES LEARNED ABOUT JERKY FROM THE INDIANS. THE MEAT WAS CUT INTO STRIPS AND SUN-DRIED OR JERKY

PARTS OF THE "NATALIA", THE VESSEL IN WHICH NAPOLEON ESCAPED FROM ELBA, WERE USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CASA ADREGO BUILT IN MONTEREY IN THE 1830'S

DOUGLAS TILDEN THE FAMOUS DEAF-MUTE SCULPTOR WAS BORN IN CHICAGO IN 1860.

MISSIONARIES ONCE BROUGHT THE INDIANS FROM SAN NICOLAS TO THE MAINLAND. A SQUAW AND HER CHILD WERE LEFT BEHIND. THE INFANT DIED. THE SQUAW AFTER 20 YRS. IN SILENCE WAS BROUGHT TO SANTA BARBARA TO DIE OF OVER-EXCITEMENT. SOME OF THE GARMENTS SHE MADE ARE TODAY IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM.

THE LAKES FEATURE SYNDICATE GRANDE CALIFORNIA

LASSEN COUNTY

WAS CREATED APRIL 1, 1864 AND NAMED FOR MT. LASSEN. THE ONLY ACTIVE VOLCANO IN THE U.S. THE PEAK WAS NAMED FOR PETER LASSEN, FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER!!

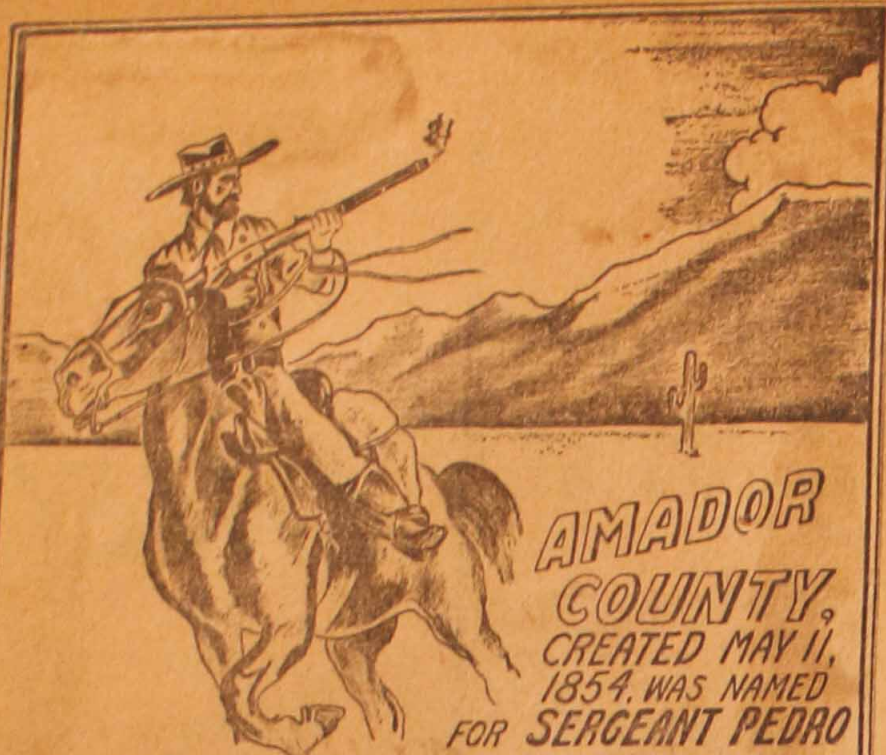


"IN THE GOLD RUSH DAYS OF '49 A KENTUCKIAN GOT HIS START SELLING HOME MADE PIES AT TEN DOLLARS EACH.



THE "DAYS OF '49" ARE CELEBRATED EACH SPRING AT ANGELS CAMP. MARK TWAIN'S "THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY" INSPIRED THE FROG RACE, ITS MOST LIVELY EVENT..

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**AMADOR
COUNTY,**
CREATED MAY 11,
1854, WAS NAMED
FOR **SERGEANT PEDRO**

AMADOR, ADVENTURER AND INDIAN FIGHTER IN
THE SPANISH ARMY—AMADOR MEANS, "LOVER OF
INANIMATE OBJECTS."

**THE END OF THE KEARNY
TRAIL AT OLD TOWN SAN
Diego!! THIS HUGE BOULDER
COMMEMORATES THE ARRIVAL HERE
OF GEN. STEPHEN KEARNY AND
RELIEF FORCE DEC. 12, 1846 !!!**



Copy 1940 by Northwest Syndicate, Inc.



**THOMAS
STARR KING,**

CLERGYMAN AND
PATRIOT OF EARLY SAN FRANCISCO
WHOSE FLUENT ORATORY INSPIRED CALIFORNIANS
TO CONTRIBUTE \$25,000 A MONTH TO THE UNION
CAUSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR!!!

**THE PHOENIX
SEAL OF THE CITY
OF SAN FRANCISCO!! THE
INSCRIPTION: ORO EN PAZ
EN GUERRA FIERRO—GOLD
IN PEACE—IRON IN WAR!!**



Copy 1940 by Northwest Syndicate, Inc.

BY MACFARLAN



**SIERRA
COUNTY**

WAS CREATED APRIL 16, 1852
AND WAS NAMED FOR THE MANY RUGGED,
SAW EDGE MOUNTAIN PEAKS WITHIN ITS
BORDERS—"SIERRA" IS SPANISH FOR "SAW"

